THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

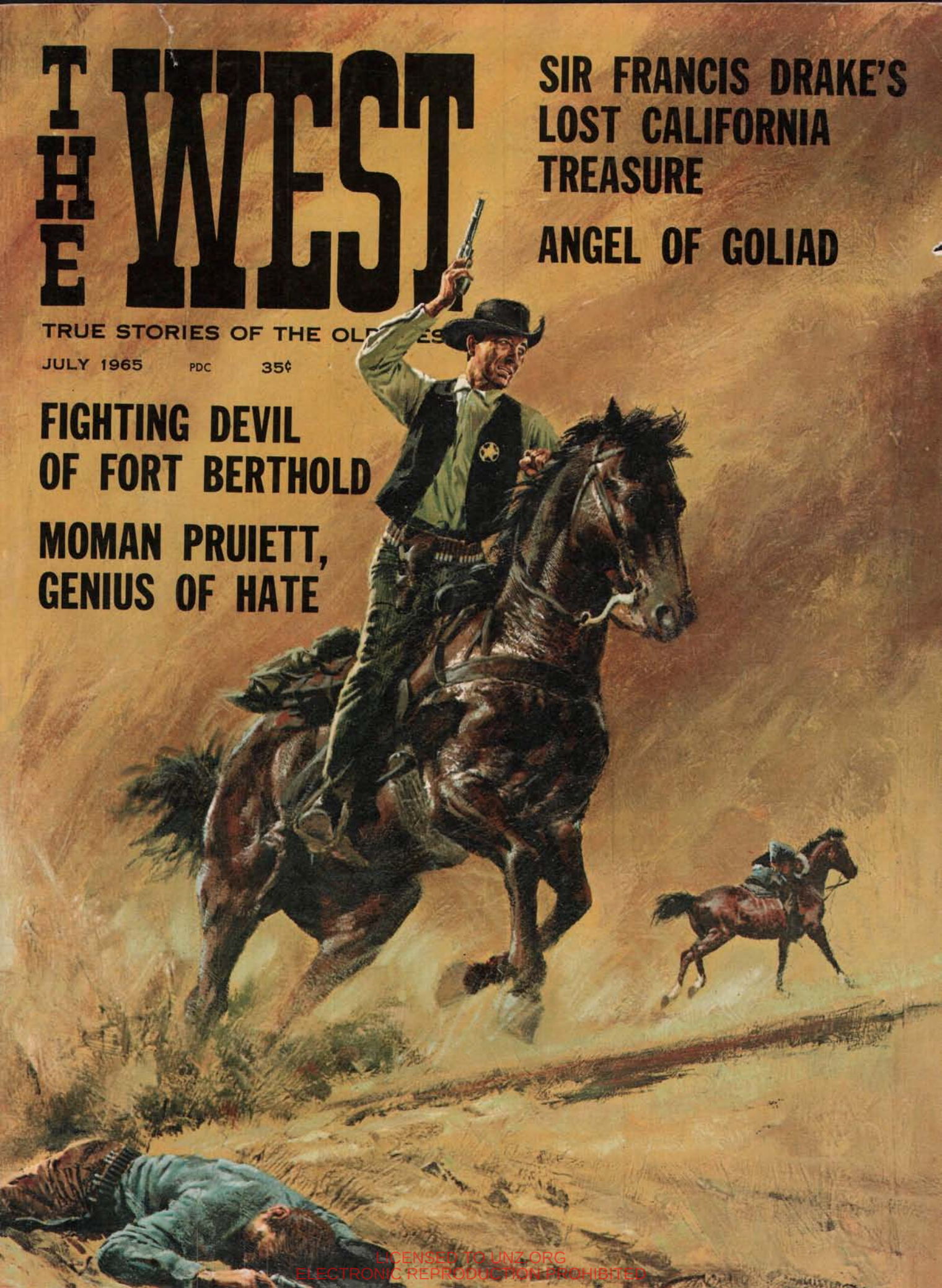
JULY 1965 PDC 35¢

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S LOST CALIFORNIA TREASURE

ANGEL OF GOLIAD

FIGHTING DEVIL OF FORT BERTHOLD

MOMAN PRUIETT, GENIUS OF HATE



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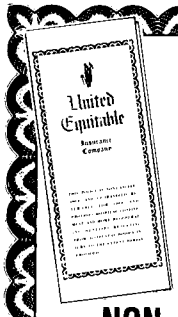

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MAIL THIS APPLICATION TODAY WITH 25¢ PUTS POLICY IN FORCE FOR ONE FULL MONTH

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Dear Sirs: Please put in force the Special Form 210 policy. Enclosed is 25¢ in coin to cover payment for a 30 day Introductory Period.

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FIRST NAME MIDDLE INITIAL LAST NAME

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STREET NO. R.F.D. ZIP CODE

CITY_____ STATE_____

OCCUPATION_____

BIRTH DATE_____ HEIGHT_____ WEIGHT_____ SEX_____

Are you now free from mental and physical illness to the best of your knowledge or belief? Yes_____ No_____ If NO explain

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I understand that this application is subject to receipt and acceptance at the Company's Home Office.

Date_____ Sign Here_____

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NOW! A FISH LURE THAT DIVES CLIMBS ... FLOPS ON ITS SIDE BY ITS OWN POWER!

Propelled by its own power — even on a slack line! It dives — climbs — flops on its side like a crippled minnow — **all on its own power!**

***Yes! It drives the fish around you to such a frenzy* with its movements that they practically tear the rod out of your hands — they're so anxious to get their mouths into the hook!**

Prove it yourself! Try it for one full month entirely at our risk! Pull in catch after catch that makes your friends' eyes pop open in astonishment — OR IT DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY! Here's how:

ACTUALLY MOVES UNDER ITS OWN POWER LIKE A CRIPPLED MINNOW

Yes! Just picture this revolutionary, completely-patented, SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE to yourself! Imagine a water-resistant, weather-resistant, wear-resistant plastic lure—slashing through the water in brilliant reds and whites and yellows — measuring only 2 inches by ¾ inches — **and yet carrying enough fuel inside it to cut through the water for as much as one full hour from a single load! Plunging down to fifteen foot depths — rising to the surface almost *once every minute*!**

Think of it! To fuel up this amazing, live-action lure, all you do is this! Simply snap open the fuel chamber — pour in the absolutely harmless fuel — and close the fuel chamber again! It takes less than 60 seconds! You don't even dirty your hands! But then — simply cast or lower that power-packed lure into fresh or salt water — **and get set for the fishing thrill of your life!**

For perhaps one minute, that lure will float quietly on the surface of the water! But then the water will reach the fuel charge inside — the lure will seem to shudder for a second — and then it will spring dramatically to "life!"

Instantly, the nose of the lure will point downward, *and it will begin its first descent! Slowly, jerkily, like a maimed minnow*, it will swim noisily downward! If no fish intercepts it, on this first exploration downward, it will then automatically stop its descent — slowly raise up its nose — and begin its irresistible climb to the surface again!

And again! And again! Roaming restlessly in the water beneath you — even on a slack line — even when your boat is tied up — even when you're curled up on the dock, sound asleep!

Yes! It drives the fish around you to such a frenzy with its movements that they practically tear the rod out of your hands to get their mouths into the hook!

PROVE IT YOURSELF WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

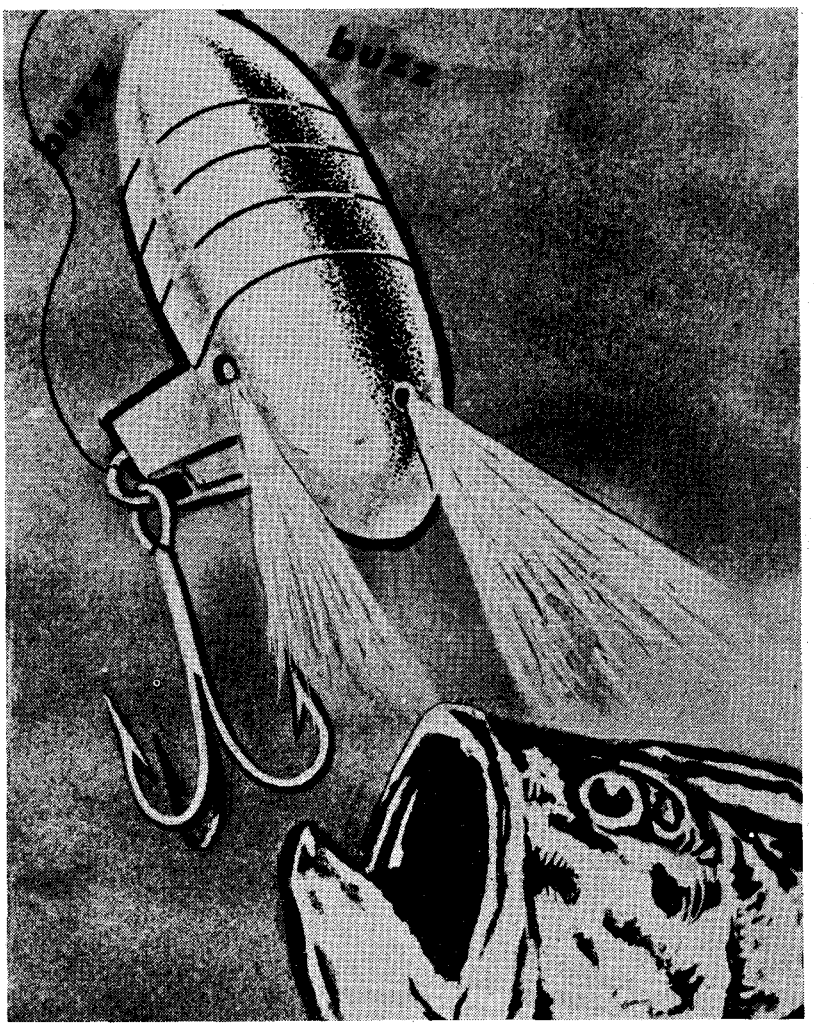
No wonder this revolutionary SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE took six full years to develop! Already granted United States Government Patent #2,932,916, **here's what this amazing Live-Action Fish Lure will do for YOU** — from the very first moment you try it entirely at our risk!

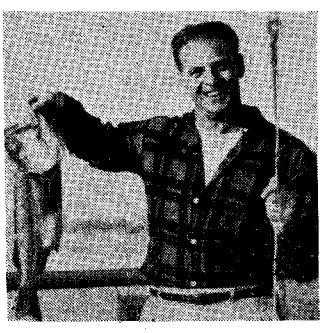
First of all, this Self-Propelled Fish Lure frees you forever from the filthy tasks of digging for worms and crawlers, catching frogs, or paying 50c to $1 for a bucket of minnows that die on you before you can even get them in the boat! It **frees you forever** from paying $3, $4 or even $5 for a fancy, "Dead-as-a-Duck" lure — that only works when you tow it — that you could never even dream of actually moving under its own power behind you!

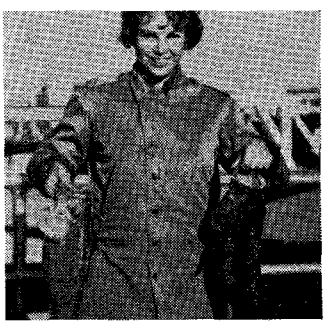
Yes! It means that tomorrow — for the first time in your life — you can go out in fresh water or salt water — lakes, streams, rivers or oceans — **and haul in the eye-poppers with a lure that actually drives those fish into a frenzy with its crippled minnow action!**

It means that you can fish better — novice or pro — sound asleep at the bottom of your boat — than most fisherman sweating till their arms ache with ordinary, "Dead-as-a-Duck" lures!

And it means that you'll have the time of your life — not only amazing your friends and family with the hauls you drag home behind you — but just watching your fisherman friends' faces, the first time they see this incredible SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE of yours in action! Their eyes will almost pop out in their heads!







TRY THEM AT OUR RISK!

You have nothing to lose! You try it for one full month entirely at our risk! Its cost is only $2.98 complete with enough fuel to last up to a full year, and full instructions. It comes in four dazzling colors — your choice of red and yellow — yellow and white — red and white — black and white. Why not buy one of each?

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Yes! I want to try your revolutionary new SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE, entirely at your risk! I am enclosing only the low introductory price checked below! I understand that I may try this amazing Fish Lure for one full month without risking a penny! If I am not amazed and delighted — I may simply return it to you at the end of that time for every cent of my purchase price back!

☐ **SINGLE SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE, with one year supply of fuel — ONLY $2.98.**

☐ **TWO SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURES, with two years supply of fuel — ONLY $5.50.**

☐ **FOUR SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURES, with five years supply of fuel — ONLY $9.98.**

CHECK COLOR LURES DESIRED ☐ Black & White.
☐ Red and White ☐ Yellow and White ☐ Red and Yellow

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ **CHECK HERE FOR C.O.D. DELIVERY.** Send only $1 good-will deposit with your order. Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee, of course.

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if you haven't "discovered"

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kid brother

GOLDEN WEST

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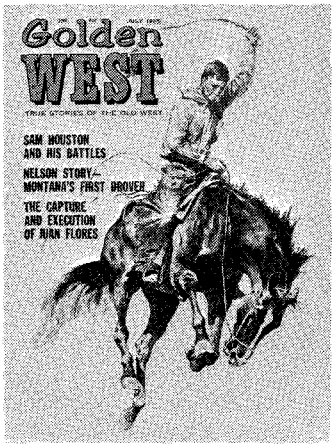
GHOST TRAINS IN THE DESERT

THE CAPTURE AND EXECUTION OF JUAN FLORES

BROTHERS OF FORTUNE

THE PINKERTONS WERE GREAT

Look for this high-bucking cover



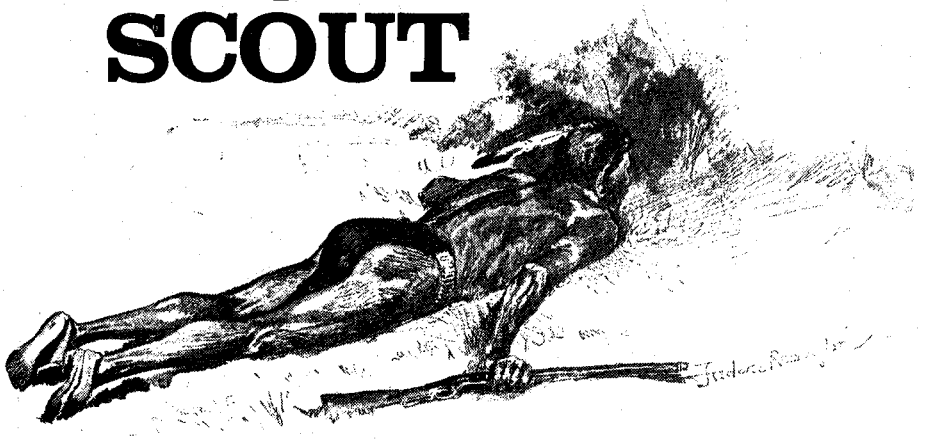
July

GOLDEN WEST

On Sale Now!

THE EDITOR SPEAKS

THE OLD SCOUT



A Frederic Remington Picture, Century Magazine, July 1891

WE ARE WAITING anxiously for your reaction to the article "Fifty Years on the Frontier," by Thomas Doran. This article is different from the usual run of Western yarns where redskins bite the dust and bad men are mowed down by brave peace officers. It is the story of a family who came West in the late 1850s, settled on a claim near Council Grove, Kansas, and tells of the hardships, dangers, and all the loneliness they suffered in those years before the Frontier passed into the modern age.

It is the story of a brave family, sturdy in courage, unrelenting in honesty, willing to suffer hunger, disease and other trials of the Frontier to establish a home for their children. They are the true heroes of the Old West, the unsung heroes because they didn't carry six-guns and shoot up towns. There is nothing Hollywood about this story. It is the story of the thousands of settlers whose courage made the West a safe place for those who followed them.

So give us your reactions. Do you like stories of the lives of the early-day settlers? No gunfire, no badmen, just plain and quiet courage against enemies that guns couldn't destroy, such as sickness and hunger.

Why are some of the crazy legends of the Old West built up and carried on? Nobody has the answer, except that the crazy legends are more sensational than the truth and the average newspaper or radio or TV man is more interested in sensationalism than in facts. Listening to the radio the other morning I heard the wild and crazy legend that Jesse James wasn't killed in St. Joseph by Bob Ford but that he was still living up to 1953. All this despite the fact his family identified him, hundreds of friends saw him in the coffin, and because of the reward there was a legal identification.

But in 1949 some promoters picked up an old man 102 years old in Texas. His name was Frank J. Dalton. The men promoting him had him go to court to have his name legally changed to Jesse James. This request was laughed out of court. Prior to this, in 1936, this Frank J. Dalton had given an interview, saying he had been with Quantrill, was a U.S. soldier stationed at Fort Davis, Texas, and had assisted the Texas Rangers on several occasions. Yet in 1949 he had suddenly become Jesse James.

The legend has been pushed until hundreds believe it. There always are certain people who believe these weird legends, and the promoters, if they make their legends wild enough, are certain to get plenty of free newspaper, magazine, TV and radio publicity.

Remnants of the ancient Indian civilization in the Old West are disappearing rapidly. In the Yellowstone National Park are the remains of a few of the wickiups on Lava Creek of the Sheepeater Indians, one of the mystery tribes of the Old West. In a few years the last remnants of these wickiups will have completely rotted away and the last record of that mystery tribe will be gone. Mrs. La Verne H. F. Kelley, 3317 West Walton Avenue, Spokane, Washington 99205, is fighting a long battle to save these wickiups for history. She has written the Department of the Interior. All she got was a statement that some time in the future the Department might be able to provide some form of shelter for these ancient and crumbling wickiups, but there was no definite promise. Mrs. Kelly will appreciate any help readers can give her in this attempt to preserve these wickiups.

If you want to stop those disappointments at the newsstands when you go for your copy of THE WEST and GOLDEN WEST, why not eliminate all this by sitting down and writing a check for a year's subscription to both these magazines. You'll be sure of getting them every month long before they hit the newsstands. ●

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THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

JULY 1965 VOL. 3, NO. 2

Editor— MILT GRAYSON

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Cover painting by Thomas Beecham

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THE MAIL POUCH

KEEP YOUR letters coming. This is your page. Don't be afraid to yap out your complaints or corrections on stories—or some incident of the Old West you recall from your grandfather or great uncles. A lot of our readers claim these letters are often more interesting than the stories. So keep them coming.

INDIAN LAWS

Dear Milt:

You had in your Questions and Answers a query on the last Indian execution by their own courts. It tells of an Indian having been shot by the Seminoles in Indian Territory in 1896.

I remember several years ago, when I was in Florida, the Seminoles shot and killed a wife murderer on a canal bank near Ft. Lauderdale. The Seminoles there have never made peace with the white people and still mete out their own laws. They are plenty rough. You see many Indians there with ears chopped off. Some men have to wear only shirts—no pants. There was an Indian in Fort Lauderdale years ago who was called "Shirt-tail Charlie." He had to dress that way the rest of his life.

The Seminole Indians in the Everglades of Florida are still on their own, and when this Indian killed his wife, they went and told it to the sheriff. An officer cannot take action without seeing the chiefs of the tribe, so he went to see them and they had a pow-wow. Several chiefs went to the canal where the Indian who killed his wife was. The chiefs called the man out and when he appeared all the chiefs came up with their rifles and shot the man dead, then asked the sheriff if their law was enough punishment. Well, what could the sheriff say?

I have traveled the South, Cuba, and many of the Carribbean Islands, Mexico, all the West and way up to Alaska. I have ranched in British Columbia many years in the wilderness.

With my congratulations for your nice magazine.

Yours truly,
M. B. Mattson
274 Superior
St. Victoria, B.C.
Canada

ROPING A BEAR

Dear Sirs:

Help! Would you please publish the following letter in your "Mail Pouch" column. I have been trying to prove this story for a long time. Some "old timer" reader may be able to help me.

I was born and raised on a big cattle spread in the Dakotas. The first thing we kids learned was how to ride and rope, and we *had* to be good.

My first job away from home was helping on a round-up. When not night hawking, we would sit around the chuck wagon listening to the trail hands telling stories.

One old hand got onto the subject of roping bears. Another said he didn't think it was possible to get a horse close enough to a bear to rope it. Another said he heard of bear roping in California but had never believed it. Well, sir, I got to thinking. Boy, if I could rope a bear I would finally be a man.

A few days later while I was riding alone through some hills looking for strays my horse started to act funny. He'd snort and shy. Looking around me to find out what was bothering him, I discovered that what I thought was a rock, was really a big bear grubbing around on the hill above me. Then I realized that here was my big chance! So I whipped out a loop and caught that old bear right around the shoulders. I took a couple of hitches around the saddle horn and spurred the horse. Wow! That rope came up until you could play a tune on it and I started dragging that bear.

Pretty soon the horse started to slow down. Looking back I saw that danged bear had got to his feet and was pulling in the rope paw over paw. That danged bear just stood still and pulled my horse right up to him and me trying to get rid of the rope. In the excitement I forgot all about my knife and six shooter, so when he got too close I committed the unpardonable sin—I left the horse. I jumped off and started to run. Boy! I was really cutting the breeze when I thought I heard the horse coming. I looked around and so help me here came that bear, right after me. He had my rope and "striped" me across the pants, right where the chaps *weren't.* Man, I jumped about 20 feet. That pesky bear chased me clear back till I could see the chuck wagon.

I limped down to the chuck wagon and told my story and even showed them the stripes on my raw skin, but they wouldn't believe me. They *fired me* for losing a horse and saddle!

This was in 1904.

George Lundy
P. O. Box 613
Crestline, California

You really can't blame the chuck wagon boys for doubting your story. Maybe some old timer had a similar experience. *(Continued on page 68)*

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NOW WE'RE MONTHLY!

Due to the large number of requests received from readers THE WEST is now published every month.

Subscribers who sent in money for a yearly subscription (six issues when we published bi-monthly) will receive six issues on the monthly basis. All subscribers will be notified the month before their subscription expires.

The new rates are $4.00 for one year (12 issues) and $7.00 for a two-year subscription (24 issues).

REMEMBER the next issue of THE WEST will be the August issue, on sale at your newsstand June 17th.

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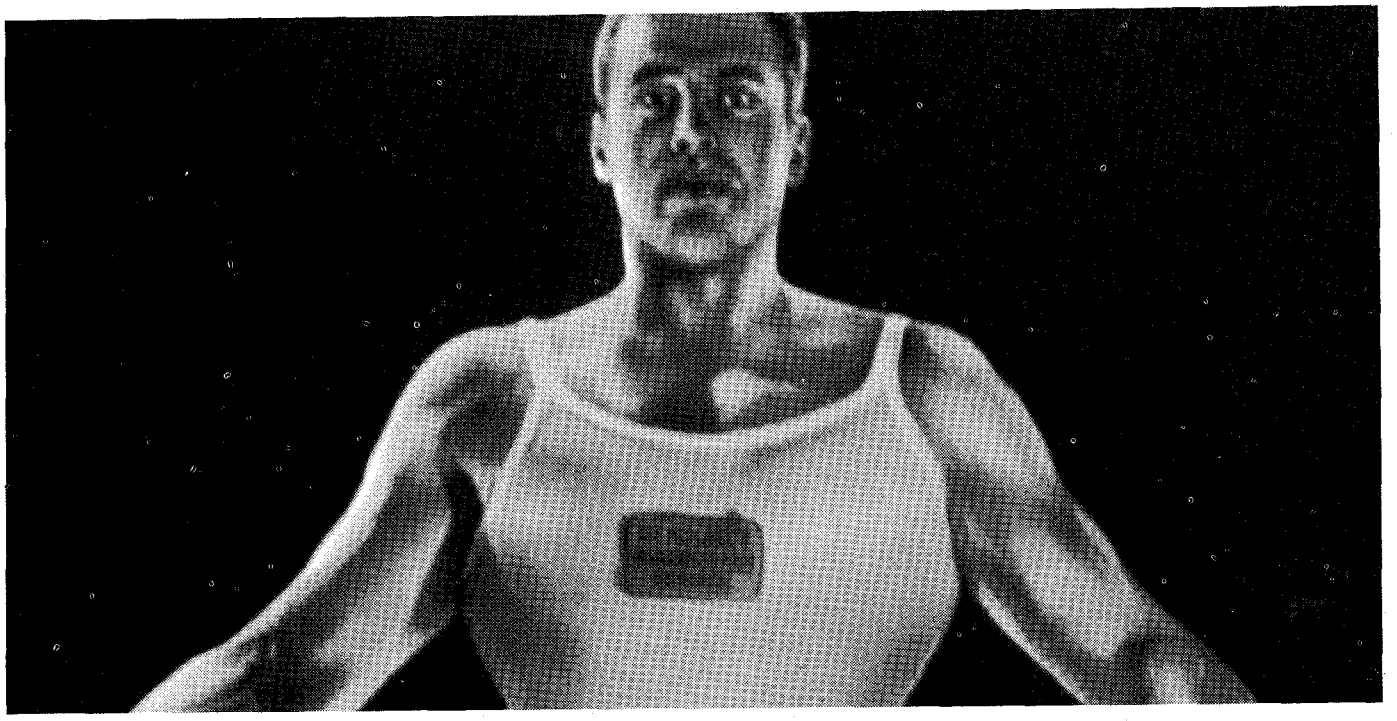

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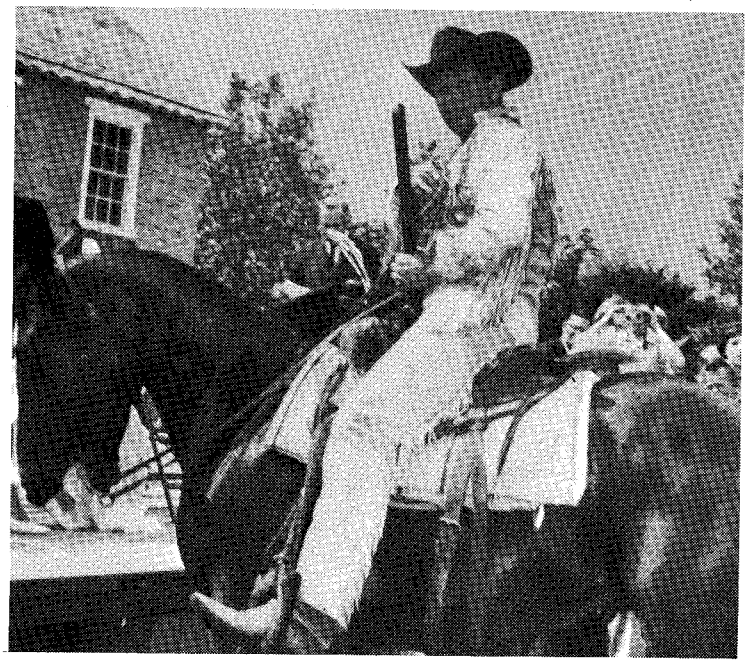
by Reed G. Hildreth

SAMMIE BROWN'S STRANGE RIDE

Author's Photo



Basil Robertson, member of the Sisseton-Wahpeton Sioux Tribe, re-enacted Sam Brown's historic ride that stopped bloodshed.

He was probably the only Western hero who ever rode 100 miles to warn settlers and then had to make a return ride at breakneck speed to tell the Army he had made a mistake

A STRANGE TWIST of historical irony might have reduced the epic midnight ride of Paul Revere to a poor second best in American history. The little publicized event that could have overshadowed the New Englander's ride occurred on April 19, 1866, 91 years later.

The scene was the frontier garrison at Fort Wadsworth (later Fort Sisseton) Dakota Territory, manned by troops of the 2d Minnesota Volunteers. The time was four years after the bloody Sioux Massacre at Mankato, Minnesota, in September, 1862, when a band of Santee Sioux under Little Crow murdered and plundered their way along a frantic frontier.

1964 marked the diamond (75th) anniversary of South Dakota statehood and the centennial year for Fort Wadsworth. On July 25-26, 1964, the old fort was the scene of a historic commemoration. One hundred years ago units of the 30th Wisconsin Volunteers established the post amid the beautiful Kettle Lakes of eastern South Dakota.

In the 1860's this eastern edge of the Dakota Territory, a rugged expanse of rolling hills and deep gullies, was an uneasy frontier. Settlers could still remember the bloody massacres at nearby Mankato. Wadsworth was one of a chain of forts built to keep peace in western Minnesota and eastern Dakota Territory. Its troops patrolled a restless territory until 1889. It was a time when buckskin clad scouts roamed the neighboring Coteau hills and cavalry squadrons rode out with battle streamers flying to assure nervous settlers and quiet the proud Sioux.

The man who would make this historic dash across 55 miles of hostile Indian land was Samuel J. Brown, a big athletic, 21-year-old half-breed, inspector of scouts at Fort Wadsworth.

Young Brown's father, Joseph R. Brown, a famous Minnesota pioneer, was a major in the Minnesota militia. He had preceded his son as chief of scouts at Fort Wadsworth. Brown's mother was a Minnesota Sioux.

Young Brown grew up near Sacred Heart, Minnesota, and studied for the ministry at Seabury Divinity College near Faribault. In the spring of 1862, he and his family were caught up in the Sioux outbreak and massacre at Mankato. Taken prisoner in April by Little Crow, they lived among the Sioux until set free by a band of friendly Dakotas under chiefs Scarlet Bloom and Red Iron.

Late in the afternoon of April 19, 1866, Fort Wadsworth and Sam Brown wrote their names indelibly in frontier history. Brown had received a report that moccasin tracks had been sighted on the Elm River at a place "where they cut bows," about 40 miles from the fort. The region was still considered hostile. It was an area where war parties outfitted their equipment and so it seemed that a war party was moving on the settlements.

Fearing a repeat of the Mankato bloodbath, Brown quickly informed the commanding officer at the fort of his findings. He then donned his buffalo skin clothes, strapped on a Henry revolver, saddled his horse and headed west on a race against time to warn the settlers and the Elm River Scout Station, 55 miles away. It was just sundown as he rode out of the fort.

The night soon became pitch black. The route through the surrounding hills was wild and unmarked, and the pace was killing for horse and rider.

He came to a flat, trackless plain. For a time Brown tried to keep his horse on an old trail, but he could not follow it in the inky blackness. Relying only on the North Star, which peeked through the clouds at intervals, to maintain his bearings he raced on, never letting up except to enable his horse to catch its breath. Five hours and fifty odd miles later he spurred his spent horse into the Elm River Scouting Station, his mission completed.

But Brown was in for a rude shock!

"I immediately went to the chief of scouts and quickly explained matters, but imagine my surprise when he told me there was no longer any danger of a raid, that the Indians who had been sent forth as peace messengers must have been the ones *(Continued on page 64)*

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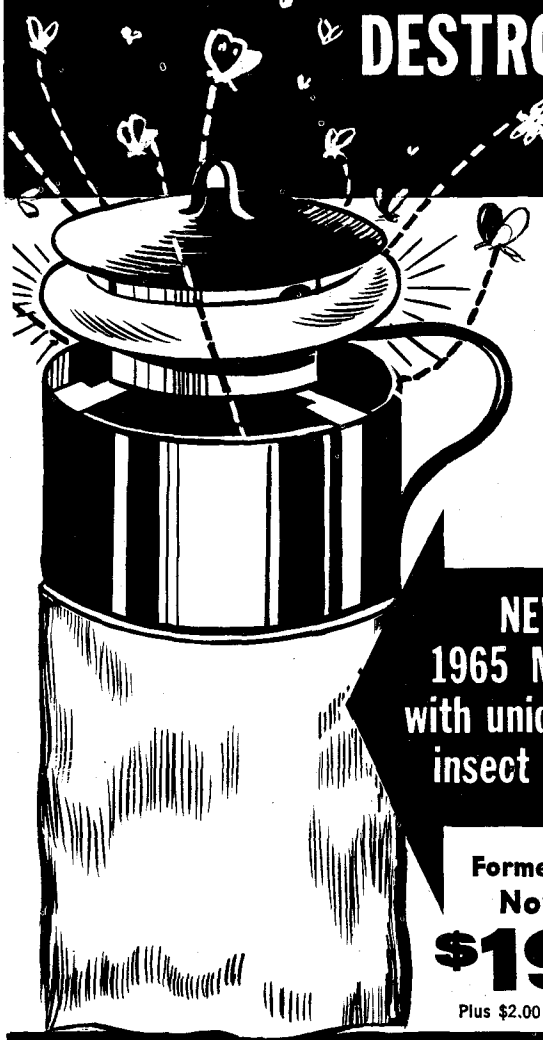
1965 JET CONTROL BLACK LIGHT INSECT TRAP DESTROYS FLYING INSECTS including FLIES and MOSQUITOES



NOTARY PUBLIC AFFIXES SEAL to the SWORN STATEMENT REGARDING AMAZING CLAIMS OF PERFORMANCE....

SAUL S. RICH NOTARY PUBLIC STATE OF NEW YORK

Only after accepting the sworn statement of the firm's General Manager, Mr. Wittels, regarding certain unsolicited testimonials, some of which Mr. Wittels had in his possession, did he notarize the statement regarding their authenticity.

State of New York } SS:
County of Westchester }

SAUL S. RICH
NOTARY PUBLIC, State of New York
No. 60-8561785
Qualified in Westchester County
Commission Expires March 30, 1966

Before me this 17th Day of February, 1965, Appeared David Wittels, who issued the following statement. I, David Wittels, being General Manager of the above company do hereby swear that in our office there are numerous testimonials, letters of praise and a newspaper article, regarding the performance of our "JET CONTROL BLACK LIGHT INSECT TRAP". I have brought many of these letters with me for your perusal. Some of these letters are excerpted from in our ad but are exactly as they appear in the original letters in our files. All of these statements and the newspaper article are completely unsolicited and were sent to us by our satisfied customers.

Sworn to before me this 17th day of Feb. 1965.

NEW 1965 MODEL with unique new insect baiter

Formerly $39.95
Now only
$19.95
Plus $2.00 P.P. & Hd. & Ins.

- These same units have been used anywhere from HUGE FARMS, RANCHES, STATE HOSPITALS to Backyard Patio and Garden Areas.
- Some of the letters regarding their Amazing Performance appear below.
- Powerful 1/100 H.P. Motor renders approaching insects powerless and pulls them into the trap.
- Sylvania 10" 22 Watt Black Light attracts moths, flies, gnats, mosquitoes and other flying insects.
- All weather unit offers full 360 degree range.
- Operates electrically for pennies per month. • No chemicals • No work
- No spraying or dangerous odor. • Perfect for motels • Shopping Centers
- Restaurants • Drive-Ins • Dairy Barns • Service Stations • Farms and Homes

READ WHAT SOME OF OUR SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY!!!

Okawville, Illinois
Route-1, Box 89A
ZC 62271

Gentlemen:

Thanks a lot for sending me another light bulb for my Black Light Insect Trap.

I would have written this sooner but was waiting for a story and picture that was coming out in our local paper.

Believe me, this Black Light Trap is a real bug catcher. After this picture was taken I caught a bigger pile of them in four nights than that shown in the picture.

Thanks a lot for all this fine service you have given me.

Yours sincerely,

Richard Brightwell

The Okawville Times
Okawville, Illinois
Black Light Insect Trap

Some of the trapped insects are displayed by Mr. Bri... left, and his 7 year old daughter, Beverly. The family p... "Sparky" was also present to protect them from the c... The Brightwells also have a son, Harlin, 11.

Travelers along Route 15 west of Okawville have been noticing a strange light burning just south of the highway. The light is the attraction for insects for a jet controlled insect trap located at the Richard Bright... well home.

According to Mr. Brightwell, the trap attracts bugs from a 3 acre area and a recent emptying of the bag for photographer Grover Brinkman showed several pounds of insects of all descriptions.

Brightwell, an avid gardener, uses the trap to assist in control of insects in his garden. He esti... mates he traps about one gallon of bugs each week.

Recently a user of such a trap in Williamson county reported trapping 2½ pounds of mosquitos in one night. The adjoining photo shows Brightwell atop his garage showing the bag trap bulging with insects.

Both, the Newspaper Article, the letter from Mr. Brightwell and the following Customers' remarks are completely unsolicited and on file in our office for your examination.

The Fixture works beautifully and does all that you promised for it.
C.F.M., Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Received the Insect Trap we ordered from you and it works fine . . . it really catches the insects.
H.S.L., Manheim, Pa.

We ordered a "Jet Control Black Light Insect Trap" (3 Acres) and are very pleased with it . . . so are our neighbors as it clears their lots too!
C.T.T., Modesto, California

We received our bug trap a few weeks ago and like it very much. We were not able to hardly sit outside but now find it a pleasure to go outside and enjoy our lawn and the outdoors. Thank you very much for the bug catcher and making it all you said about it.
K.K., Niles, Michigan

We were delighted with the Insect Trap. It was more than I expected! It would get over 2 qts. of bugs some summer nights . . . some 3 inches long. Mosquitos were destroyed.
D.B., La Belle, Florida

The Insect Trap arrived in time to take to our summer place where we have used it with great success and complete satisfaction.
E.S.B., Scarsdale, N. Y.

The Fly Trap arrived about 4 days after I mailed my order . . . it works perfect and catches a lot of insects.
B.U., Jordan, Montana

Please send 1 Insect Trap to our daughter . . . It's an anniversary present. Mine works fine and we are very pleased with it.
D.E.B., Peoria, Ill.

The All New Jet Control Black Light Insect Trap is one of the most powerful of its kind on the market today. Actually catches harmful insects and has proved effective over various areas from backyard patios and gardens to multiple acre farms and ranches. Sylvania 10" 22 Watt Black Light draws from grass, gardens, foliage and shrubbery killing some adult insects before eggs are laid. (At the height of its mating season.) Its powerful 1/100 H.P. Motor is twice as effective and powerful as competitive models. (Most others have 1/200 H.P. Motors) and its jet control principle actually, permanently pulls the insects into bag with such force (Creating a wind tunnel of over 1175 Cubic Feet Of Air per minute suction) —that even powerful flies and mosquitoes are powerless against it. Ruggedly constructed of corrosion free baked enamel to insure years of trouble free operation. Shipped complete with hanging bracket, reusable fabric bag and 6 Ft. of Weatherproof, outdoor cord, U.L. Approved, weighs a solid sturdy 7 lbs. 10" high x 9" diameter.
Formerly . . . $34.95; Now, only $19.95 plus $2.00 Safe Handling Delivery charges.

FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS HANDY COUPON

INSECT CONTROL CO.
Dept. TW-7, 33 S. Grove, Freeport, N.Y.11520

Okay, I'm convinced that this is one of the most phenomenal offers I've ever received. Not only will I be getting a TOP QUALITY INSECT TRAP with features found on no other machines, but, I'm saving 43% off the regular selling price to boot. In view of your unconditional 30 day money back Guarantee please find enclosed _____ at $19.95 plus $2.00 pp., Hdlg. & Ins. per Insect Trap

☐ In cash ☐ Check or ☐ Money Order for _____ Insect Traps.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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LURED BY THE protection afforded by the much-traveled Santa Fe Trail, settlers followed this highway. Among them came my father and mother, equipped with the standard supplies of the day: bacon and beans, flour, salt, a few groceries, a cookstove, a breaking plow, a yoke of oxen, a covered wagon, seventy-five dollars in money, and a fortune in good health, ambition, courage and hope.

They left their home near Bridgewater, N. Y., in the spring of 1859, imbued with the sentiment and purpose of the North to make the Kansas Territory a free state by actual settlement. They traveled to St. Louis by rail, then came up the Missouri River by boat to St. Joseph, where they stopped a short time to fit out their prairie schooner, and began their pilgrimage into the new and untried country in search of a permanent home.

They arrived at a point on the east branch of the Neosho River (known as Munkers Creek) about six miles north of Council Grove, Kansas, on the 8th day of August, 1859. There the campfire was lighted and there the longed-for home was established.

The stream on which they settled has always had an abundant flow of water and is heavily wooded. In virgin state the timber consisted of large oak, walnut, sycamore, elm, hackberry, hickory, cottonwood and other trees, some of them six feet in diameter. There was an abundance of wild fruit—grapes, plums, gooseberries, raspberries and blackberries.

The stream flows in a southwesterly direction. The log cabin was built about 100 yards from its northwest bank, on the level valley land. On the southeast bank was a large body of timber, and just beyond this was and still is, a young mountain.

The sod had to be broken and rarely produced anything the first year. To add to the hardship, 1860 was a dry year. It did not rain for fourteen months, and practically nothing grew except wild grass, which never fails. But there was work for the oxen in hauling, and there was always a position for my father, at good wages, as wagon boss with the store and trail freighters at Council Grove. For him there was comparative prosperity in the midst of adversity.

Years later in the log cabin around the open fireplace I often heard the retelling of the privations and bitter trials of '60 and '61. Normally there was an abundance of wild game, but the drought and consequent scarcity of food had largely driven it out of the country. Many of the settlers, inexperienced in the techniques of capture and use of any wild game that did remain, were often in want of food.

I DID NOT arrive upon the scene until December 8, 1862. The two-room log cabin in which I was born had a great stone fireplace and chimney at the west end laid in mortar made of home-burned lime and wood ashes. The cabin was chinked with rock, sided with walnut weatherboarding, and shingled with walnut shingles, all sawed from native timber at a sawmill which had located nearby. Though small, it assumed the outward aspect of log cabin aristocracy, as it was the only one in the valley that was weather-boarded. The log stable and smokehouse soon followed. They were shingled with clapboards, split from native timber and dressed down with a drawknife.

The front yard and garden were fenced; cottonwood trees planted, and long rows of old-fashioned flowers—bachelor buttons, touch-me-nots, pinks, phlox, etc.—sprang up on either side of the flagstone walk that led from the vine-covered front door down to the public road, which skirted the creek bank and followed the course of the stream to Council Grove—the market and the portal of intelligence from the outside world. Forty acres of bottom land had been broken up and fenced with rails from the woods and stone from the hills. This was home, and the new, rich soil yielded abundantly. But the Civil War had come in 1861, and with it never-to-be-forgotten anxieties, strife and tragedies.

Prior to the Civil War, the border war growing out of the controversy whether Kansas should be slave or free had waged incessantly for years. The Civil War intensified the bitterness of the struggle. The hand of every man seemed raised against that of every other.

The approach of a stranger or a group of horsemen over the highway, the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the road at night, were warnings of the possible presence of an enemy—horse-thieves or assassins—the heart leaped to the throat, the men and women to arms for defense of life and property. Revolvers and bowie knives were as much a part of the settler's wearing apparel as his clothing.

The labor of farming was largely abandoned; men and women alike devoted the greater part of their time to practice in the use of firearms. The front gate was used as a target, and had to be rebuilt every few days. Travelers upon the road were invited to stop and participate in a contest of marksmanship. They thus learned of the wonderful skill and accuracy of the settlers in the use of firearms, "sitting or on the wing." These lessons warned enemies of the danger of attack, as each cabin and stable was known to be a well-fortified fort, with its portholes and rifle slots commanding the points of the compass. The nightly occupation was molding bullets and cutting patching, which was kept, in quantities, in milk crocks and basins in convenient places. This preparedness made the cabin practically free from open attacks and, in my judgment, saved the lives of many settlers. There were, however, a few tragedies.

In 1862 the Anderson boys, a noted Missouri guerrilla band, stole some horses belonging to A. I. Baker, a settler who ran a store on Rock Creek a few miles away. Baker pursued the thieves and recaptured the horses, but, in doing so,

FIFTY YEARS ON THE FRONTIER

by Thomas F. Doran

Here we have a firsthand account of the hardships, dangers and excitement that an early day settler experienced on the plains

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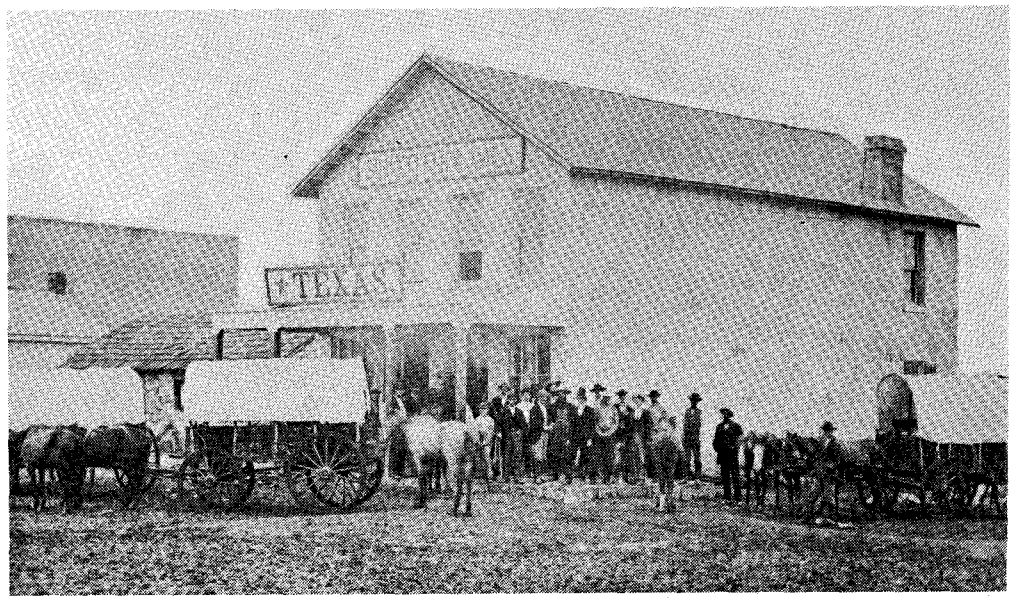
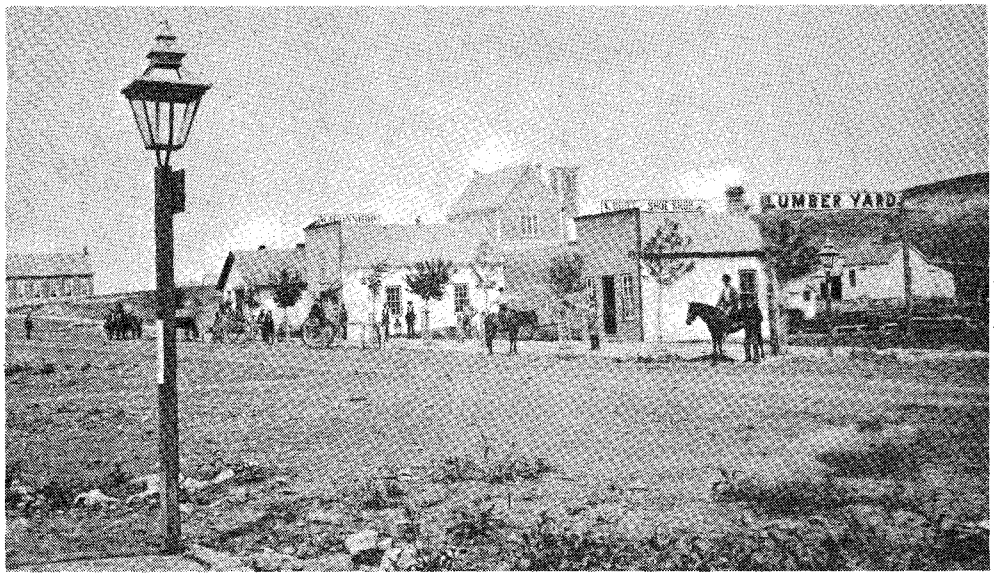
Kansas State Historical Society Photos

Charles Curtis lived to become a Vice President of United States.



Shamleffer & James Trading Company at Council Grove in the 1860's

The town of Council Grove about 1870.



Thomas F. Doran, author of this story.

he killed the Anderson boys' father in self-defense. A few days later the boys came to Baker's store under the pretense of purchasing supplies. They sent him into the cellar to get something. As he was coming out they shot him, but his trusty rifle got one of them before he died; they also shot his brother-in-law and then burned the store over their victims.

The Dick Yeager band of border ruffians came to burn Council Grove, but through the influence of Malcolm Conn, the keeper of the big trading store who had known them on the trail, they were dissuaded. They, however, went on to Diamond Springs and killed the storekeeper there, Augustus Howell. They also shot his wife, but she recovered.

The Anderson and Yeager bands participated in the destruction of Lawrence in August, 1863, in the Quantrill raid.

One of my earliest memories is hearing one of two men passing along the road in front of our cabin saying to the other: "There is the ———— black abolitionist now, over there in that tall timber. He's chopping wood."

They referred to my father, who had received several poorly written, ungrammatical and irreverent notes, under crudely drawn skull and crossbones, warning him to leave the territory within twenty-four hours or meet death. It is needless to say that the recipients of such notes did not go. They were ever ready to meet their cowardly assailants. The overheard conversation must have been long after the war, else I would not have remembered it. It serves, however, to show the bitterness of feeling which had existed and still lingered.

THE TRIALS of the pioneer families during the war were especially hard. There was little or no money, and although food was abundant, clothing and boots and shoes were very expensive. Flour and salt were also high in price and hard to get. The men who could not join the army, or who stayed at home to care for their own families and aid the families of those who had gone, were often com-

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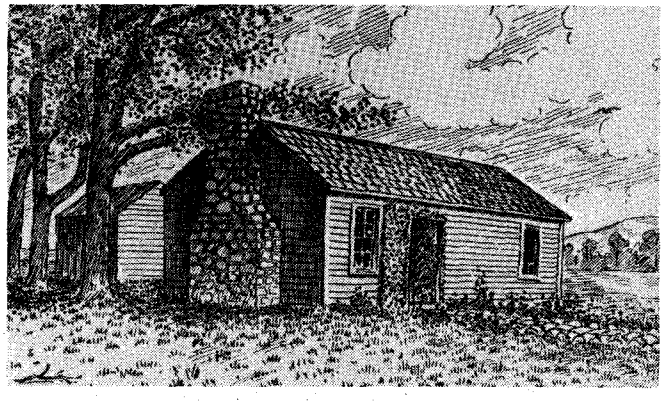


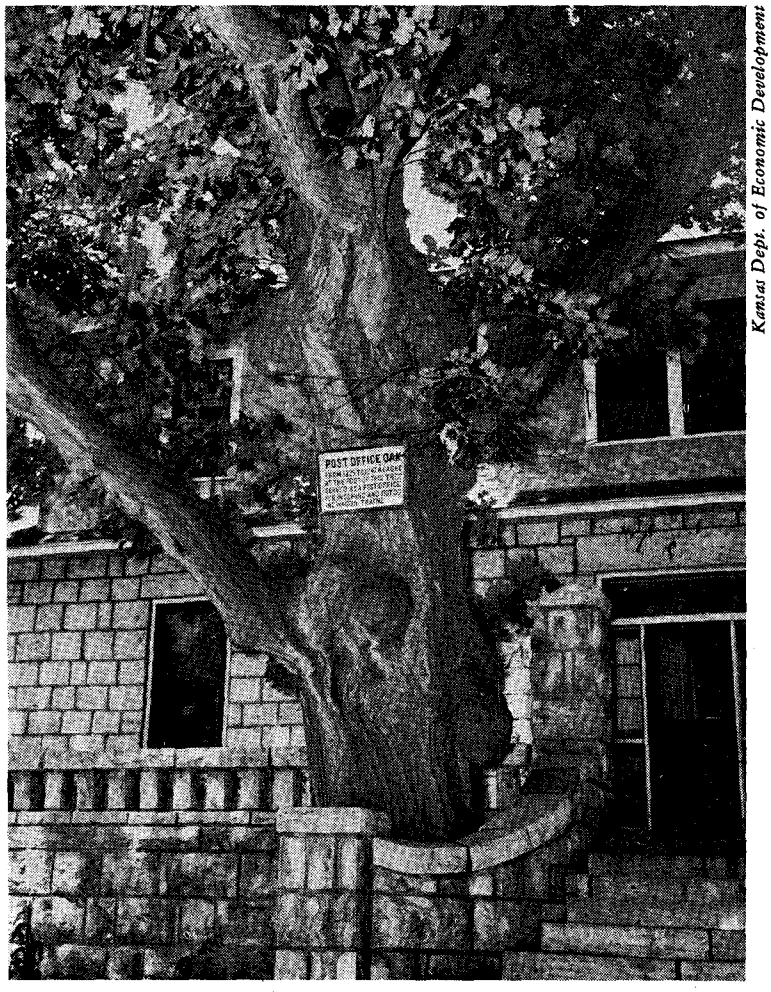
Kansas State Historical Society

The Doran homestead in Morris County.

pelled to be away from home for days and weeks at a time, drilling with the rangers, hauling freight from the Missouri River or taking wheat to a mill to be ground into flour. At such times the wife and children at home were often alone, beset with dangers from ruffians and savage Indians, besieged by blizzards, snows and floods; sometimes afflicted with sickness—often doubting, but never knowing whether the absent husband and father would ever return. Perhaps he had already fallen a victim of accident, murderous assailants, swollen rivers, or had been frozen to death by blizzards on bleak and barren prairies.

My father once went to Kansas City with a load of wheat to mill in the dead of winter. He was three weeks in making the return trip with his load of flour. A blizzard came on and snow covered the whole landscape. It was two feet deep on the level and from five to fifteen feet deep in the ravines where it had drifted with the wind. All roads were blotted out. The whole earth was a glistening sea of white snow. The thermometer fell to ten degrees below zero. But he slowly plodded on. The wagon often stuck in the snow banks and he was compelled to shovel it out. The oxen became weary and would not pull the load. But the strategy of the plainsmen always brought them through. The oxen's feed was cut off until they were hungry. Ear corn was then taken to the top of the hill and exposed to the view of the hungry animals. They would come lunging up, dragging their heavy load with ease. Father finally reached home, feet and hands frozen, but glad to be alive.

It was while going to the mill at Cottonwood Falls that my father nearly drowned in the swollen river. He was unfamiliar with the crossing. There had been no rain there; the banks were dry and he saw fresh tracks and drove in. The oxen were soon swimming and the wagon-load of wheat floating downstream with them. It became fast on a tree and the oxen paddled helplessly. The driver could not swim, but in the excitement of the situation he waded out on the wagon tongue between the oxen and succeeded in pulling the pin that connected the yoke with the wagon. The wagon tongue immediately went down under his weight, and he went into the rushing water with it. As he fell he caught the ox yoke and held on.



Kansas Dept. of Economic Development

The famous Post Office Oak in Council Grove.

The oxen reached the bank safely, and he with them, but the ox yoke was completely turned over, showing that the oxen had made a complete revolution. The wagon was lashed to the tree with ropes. The next morning the river had fallen, and no damage was done, the only result being the exhilaration of the wetting and the memory of a narrow escape from drowning. There were numerous similar escapes, but I know of six in the settlement, three of whom were school children, who lost their lives in the treacherous currents of swollen streams.

The war ended in '65 but there was no personal freedom from anxiety for many years. The bitter feeling and estrangements caused by the abolition of slavery remained. It was unsafe to leave the house without arms, and guns were carried in the field while following the plow or working in the woods. There was constant danger of Indian raids and massacre.

Our home was on the Kaw Indian reservation. Though these Indians were supposed to be harmless, they tramped in the fields and camped in the woods as they had always done prior to the coming of the white man. There was a constant dread that they might do something terrible sometime. They were always coming to the cabin and peeping through the windows, especially at mealtime, and often in war paint. When the men were away they would sometimes try to terrorize Mother by walking into the house decked in their war robes, their hair piled into a high mane at the top, a long streamer of eagle feathers reaching to the ground, and their faces painted hideously. They were simply bluffing, but their appearance brought terror to the uninitiated, and by this method they got or took what they wanted from the tenderfoot.

I shall never forget one day when all were away but my

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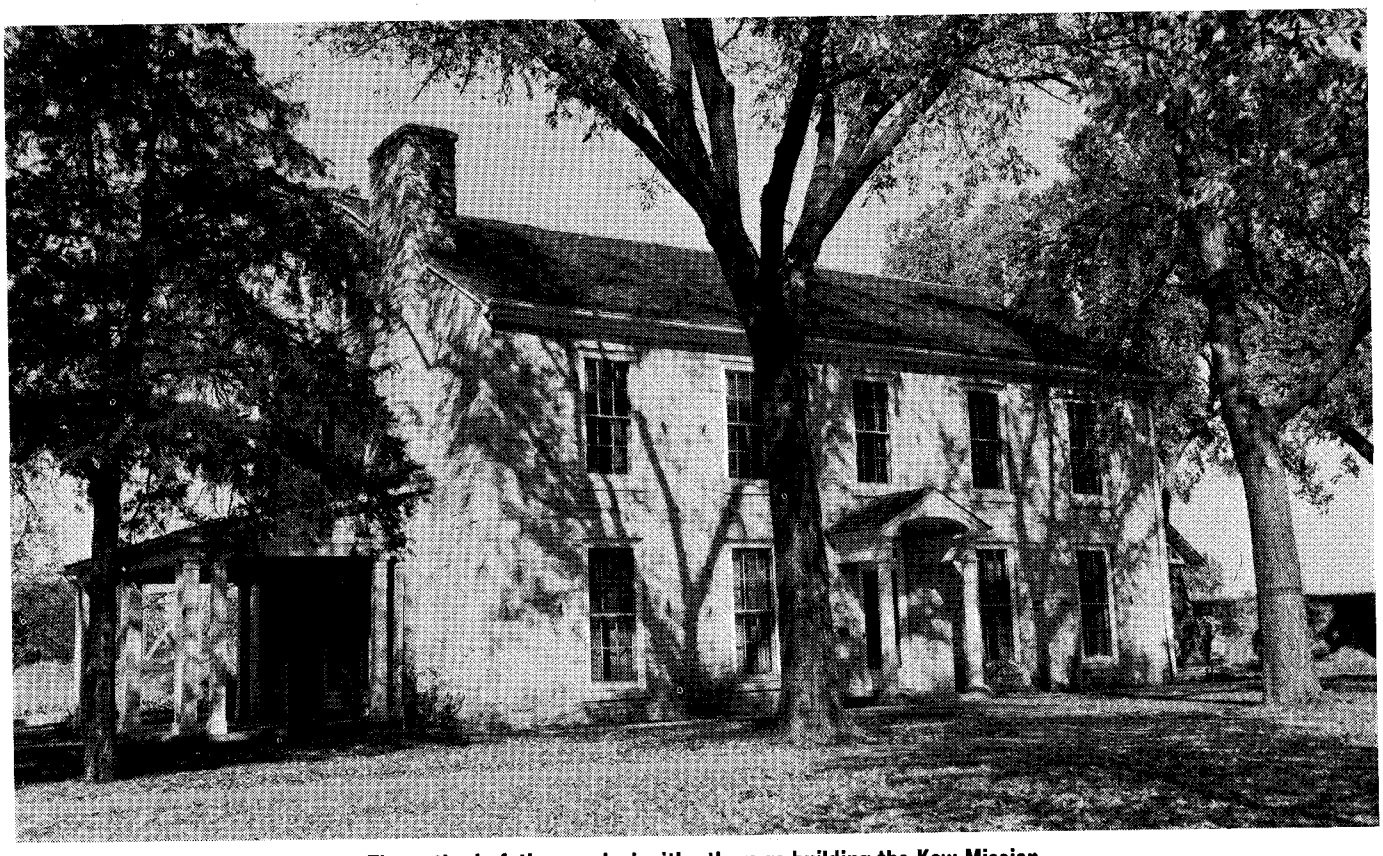

The author's father worked with others re-building the Kaw Mission.

mother, my brother and myself, one of these warriors so attired came into our house. I was frightened almost to death and set up a terrible howl. My mother promptly shoved him out of the door and shot a revolver twice over his head. The speed he attained in getting into the woods was remarkable.

THE KAWS and the Cheyennes were mortal enemies and there were constant alarms that the Cheyennes were coming to massacre the white settlers and fight the Kaws. I recall one evening a horseman came rushing up the road at top speed.

In much excitement he told my father that the Cheyennes were coming, and for God's sake gather up your family and go at once to Munker's barn, where the settlers are gathering for defense. I shall never forget the reply, the wisdom of which I have always doubted: "If I have to die I shall die right here, but before I do there will be some dead Cheyennes. I am not moving." Fortunately the Cheyennes did not come—but what if they had come?

They did come in June 1868, to fight the Kaws. They came from the southwest and passed through the main street of Council Grove 300 strong. Many of the citizens wanted the militia to attack and kill them in the streets, but the commander refused.

After passing through the town the Cheyennes went down the river into the Kaw reservation to the "Big John Indian Agency," where there was a government school. There they attacked the Kaws, and the battle lasted two days. The result was one Kaw wounded and one Cheyenne killed.

I am told that the opposing forces drew up in line of battle facing each other, and that each side sent out one mounted warrior. These two rode in circles shooting at each other under or over the necks of their ponies with bow and arrow, while each fighter clung to the safe side of his steed, exposing only one hand and one heel. This was a rather genteel way for two armies to fight a battle but dangerous to the ponies, of which I understand, several were killed.

On their return trip the Cheyennes had no sooner passed through Council Grove than they began their depredations. A mile out they ransacked the home of William Pollard, stole his flour, killed his dog and left the entrails on the door step, taking the carcass along for meat. They pillaged every white settler's house along the road. The people fled before them to places of hiding.

They took special delight in taking feather beds, cutting a hole in one end, and riding like mad carrying the ticks in the air, while the feathers, scattering in the wind, covered the prairies like snow. The militia followed them some distance, but when pressed the Indians scattered as chaff in the wind, and it was useless to go further. The only blood spilled on this campaign against the Cheyennes was that of a lone Tennesseean, my father's "buddie," who while sleeping near the camp fire, and perhaps dreaming of Cheyennes, kicked over the soup kettle and scalded his feet. My father was short and escaped without injury.

It may be of interest to know that Senator Charles Curtis was a student at the Big John school when the Cheyennes came on this raid. He heard they were coming and, though only seven years old, walked alone all the way to his home in Topeka, a distance of seventy-five miles, to warn the people.

From this fight the Cheyenne braves went north and massacred settlers on Spillman Creek and in the Solomon Valley and participated in the bloody battle with Forsythe and his scouts at Arickaree Creek in Colorado. This was followed by the historic Indian *(Continued on page 62)*

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SCALPING of WILLIAM THOMPSON

Nebraska State Historical Society Photos

by Kit Carson

Mutilated by the Indians and left to die, this man lived to a ripe old age

TODAY SHOULD YOU happen to be traveling in one of the plush pullman cars of the Union Pacific Railroad, somewhere near the western boundary of Nebraska, you might declare you sense a strange odor—one of burning flesh of freshly-scalped men that could arise from no other source than one of the early-day gruesome Indian massacres.

You might even vow that you hear the yells of foraying savages, along the tracks, and you duck and take cover within the pullman car to avoid flying lead and the ricocheting bullets from the sides of the cars.

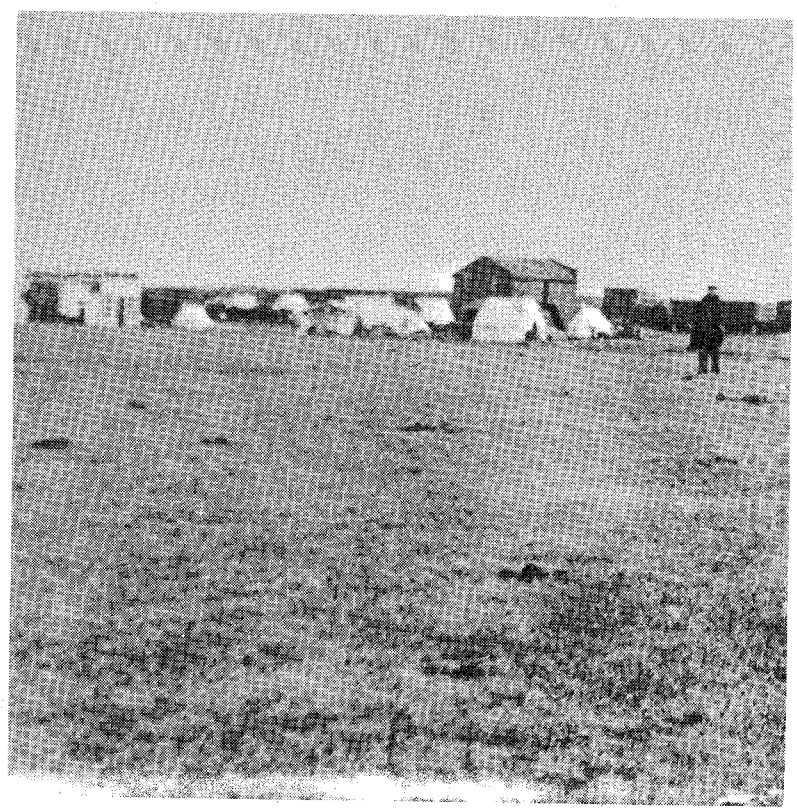
Today of course it's an historical dream; but in the year of 1867 it was stark reality. It happened when the railroads were driving a hard bargain along the western frontier aiming to link the Atlantic seaboard with that of the Pacific West in one continuous shiny ribbon of steel, making transcontinental rail transportation possible.

During those trying days of railroad construction, every obstacle known to frontier construction confronted the builders, and every vice known to the human race swarmed around the railheads to rake in the money that came from the sweat and brawn of the track-layers. Hard liquor flowed freely; life went at a premium. The camps were full of women who cared little about building a home and raising a family, only about the money they could grasp.

It was the year in which Omaha had been chartered as a town, and the population had soared to a peak of about 2,000 people. Telegraph communication with the wealthy seaport town of San Francisco had been established in 1861, and the booming railroad towns through Nebraska took on the boisterous aspects of the gold-rush days of California. The filterings of vice from such money-grabbing groups swarmed into the crowded construction camps, and the frontier towns.

Tent cities lined the tracks of the railhead, as every wicked scheme known to man was brought into play to hustle the wages of the hard-working and hard-drinking track-layers.

The towns justly known as "hell on wheels" consisted of tinhorn gamblers and old pros at the game, bawdy houses controlled by madams with bevies of prostitutes, and saloons



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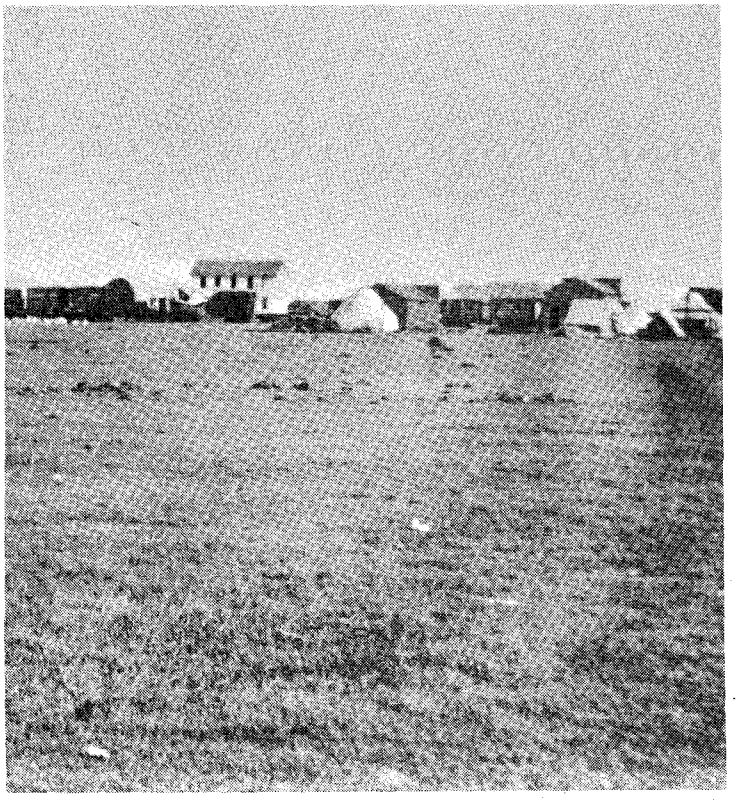
Track laying as depicted in "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert Richards, 1867.

full of rot-gut booze. Pimps, renegades, bullwhackers, iron men, graders, a few lawmen, and every other sort of individual imaginable lined the dusty, heavy-trampled, crowded, single streets.

The Indian tribes lingered just outside the dim town lights, and commanded a large portion of attention. Raids were as common as bawdy house operations; and the warfaring Sioux and Cheyenne tribes constantly plagued the frontier operations. The Indians, it was recorded during the early days, were never caught asleep; they always had a raid in progress!



Tent railroad towns that followed construction gangs.

THE ARMY, with its frontier soldiers, and commanding officers fresh from the ranks of West Point, were to be occasionally noted among the throngs of frontier population. They made feeble attempts to promote peace among the railroad workers, to prevent hostile factions from retarding the road work, and to keep the savages pushed back into the wilderness bounds.

During the period of this story such an army assignment in the Old West fell to the command of Generals Dodge and Casement, and their subordinates. They were to prevent uprisings and keep factions from hindering the work progress of the railroads.

Other problems included trying to suppress the marauding savages, suppress all sorts of enemies and somehow control the crooked politicians who pulled every shenanigan to delay the gigantic undertaking of the Union Pacific Railroad construction.

A hell-bent drive, that year, had been inaugurated in an effort to have the construction crews meet the tracks coming in from the West, and complete the driving of the golden spike at Promontory Point, Utah, which took place two years later, on May 10, 1869. Aside from every other known obstacle to frontier construction, the hostile Indians flared up more than ever in an additional effort to delay the railroad completion.

The rampages of the frontier savages on the railroad construction camps caused this gruesome story of William Thompson, who carried the outstanding scars to his grave. He was a hardworking, fearless, foreman of a trouble-shooting crew of the telegraph system, who escaped with his life only by the skin of his teeth—and most certainly not with his scalp—during one of the bloody Cheyenne Indian raids.

Some of you may be descendants of the brave frontiersman, for after losing his scalp to *(Continued on page 51)*

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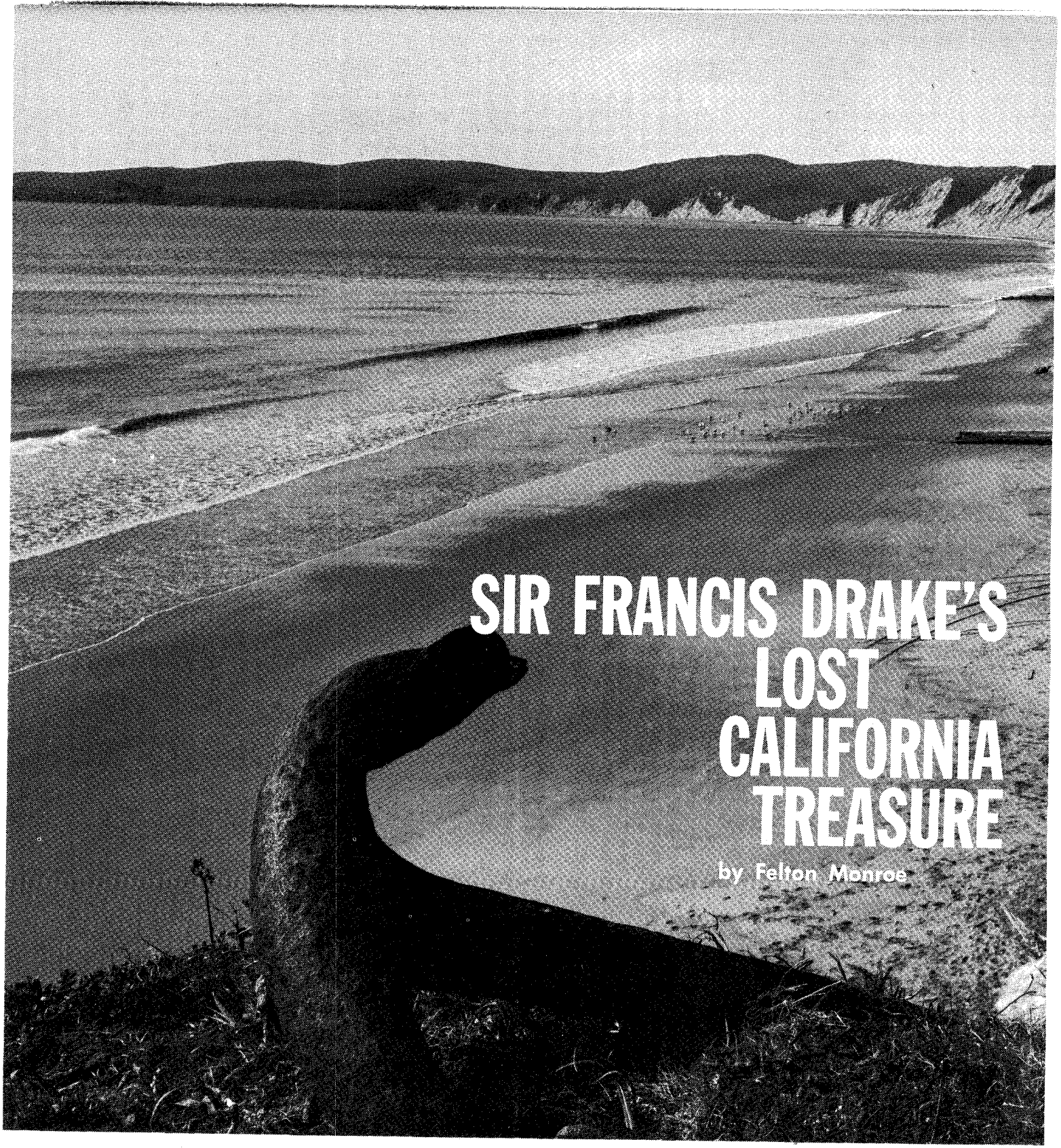

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S LOST CALIFORNIA TREASURE

by Felton Monroe

What happened to the 40 tons of gold and other treasure the English navigator's records show he buried on the West Coast?

A FASCINATING MASS of detective work has determined, at least to the satisfaction of the investigators, that Sir Francis Drake spent 36 days repairing his round-the-world ship *Golden Hind* some 40 miles north of San Francisco's Golden Gate in 1579.

The sleuthing is of extreme importance. It tends to prove that the great buccaneer established the first English claim to the continent of North America eight years before the colonization of Roanoke, 28 years before Jamestown, and 41 years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It has quite another significance: There may be as much as 40 tons of gold, jewels and other treasure buried at the landing point which makes the site of more than passing interest.

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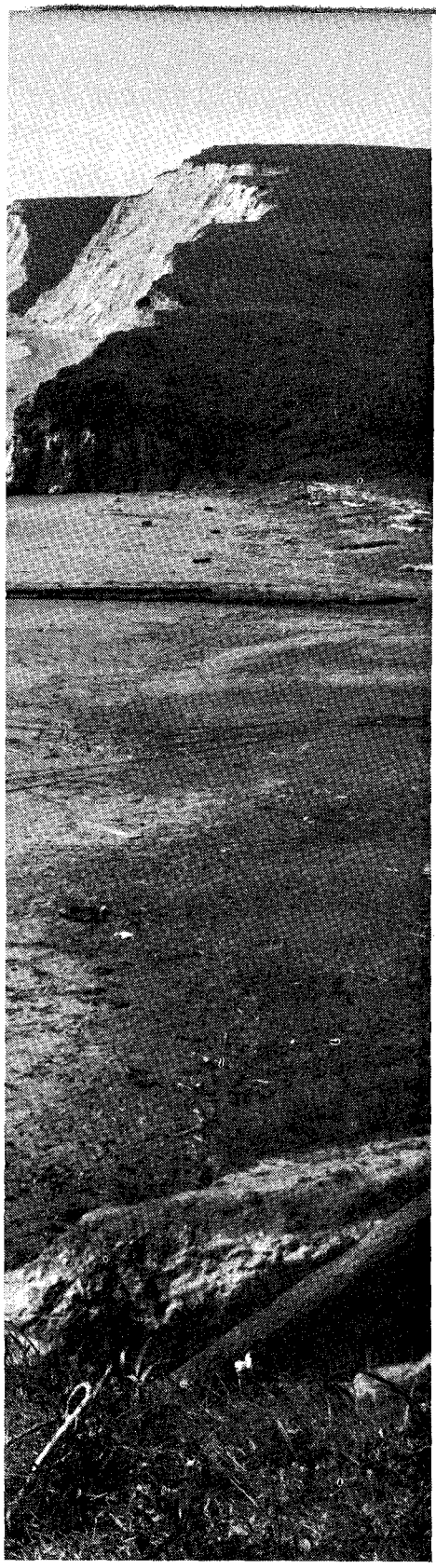

Young Collection

Sir Francis Drake Bay (l.) and the all-important plate of brass (above).

A unique group called the Drake Navigators Guild, based in Marin County in northern California's verdant Redwood Empire, is sifting the clues in an effort to unlock the puzzle.

An exciting piece of the jigsaw fell into place in 1937 with the dramatic announcement: "One of the world's long-lost historical treasures has been found!" Despite the import of that statement, one mystery was solved but others were created which still puzzle historians.

The curious story begins in 1579 with a treasure-laden English sea vessel and reaches a high point, but not its climax, in 1937 with the help of a flat tire.

For centuries historians have speculated on just where England's greatest sea captain stopped to clean, caulk and pitch his ship on the California coast between June 27 and July 23, 1579. Though Drake's log has been lost, his scribe, Francis Fletcher, reported that a "convenient and fit harborough" gave haven to the small craft, then a year and a half out of Plymouth and heavy laden with gold and jewels captured in fierce fights with Spanish treasure galleons off Peru and Panama.

On a foggy day in June the little ship *Golden Hind* was sailing southward along what is now the coast of Marin County in California, looking for a place to anchor. The captain—the vigorous, swashbuckling, 30-year-old Francis Drake—was in the process of following through on a difficult and disappointing decision. He had decided that in order to get out of the Pacific Ocean and back to England he would have to sail westward and around Africa's Cape of Good Hope, an extremely long and arduous voyage, first carried out by the Portuguese under Magellan some fifty-odd years earlier.

Drake had sailed from his home town of Plymouth, England, late in 1577, with five small ships. The objective of this little fleet, although never definitely clarified, was probably to open trade with the Moluccas or Spice Islands in the South Pacific, as well as to attack Spanish commerce. After passing through the Straits of Magellan and reaching the Pacific with his one remaining ship, the *Golden Hind*, Drake found the Spanish ports and ships completely defenseless. In keeping with the spirit of the age, he carried out a succession of piratical attacks and filled his vessel to overflowing with Spanish treasure.

Off the coast of Peru, for example, he seized the *Cacfuego*, so heavily laden with Peruvian silver that her capture alone gave the *Golden Hind* a rich cargo. His voyage now financially successful, Drake sailed on up the coast, plundering and terrifying the Spaniards as he went. Rounding Lower California, he pushed northward until the blinding fogs of the Pacific Northwest caused him to turn back to seek a safe port in which to recondition his ship and rest his crew.

Thus on the 17th of June, 1579, Drake spotted some white cliffs, and behind them a bay. The *Golden Hind* sailed in and dropped anchor. Having gone ashore, the crew promptly set up tents and began the construction of a stone fort at the foot of the high, barren hills. The fort turned out to be unnecessary. Though the natives approached in numbers, the only alarming thing about them was their wearing apparel, which consisted solely of black and white face paint. Drake hastily ordered a general issue of clothing for the natives.

DURING his visit, the English buccaneer maintained friendly relations with the Indians, met with them

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Cape of Kings, Point Reyes, 40 miles north of San Francisco in the Redwood Empire, now a National Seashore Park.

at various times and listened to their speeches and ceremonies. And to the delight of the natives, the Christian also conducted solemn services.

Fortunately for history, voluminous notes on the voyage were kept by some of Drake's companions, principally Francis Fletcher. Later the notes were compiled into a narrative entitled "The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake." And while Drake directed the re-provisioning and repairs to his ship, Fletcher jotted notes which provided tantalizing clues to the harbor's exact location. The captain, he said, decided to call the land "New Albion" partly because of the white cliffs which resembled those around Dover. And he claimed this "New England" for Queen Elizabeth I by nailing to "a great firme post" a "plate of brasse" upon which was inscribed a legend.

Fletcher put it this way: ". . . whereon is engraven her Grace's name, and the day and yeare of our arrival there, and of the free giving up, of the province and kingdom, both by the King and the people, into her Maiesties hands, together with her highnesse picture, and armes in a piece of six pence currant English monie, showing it selfe by a hole made of purpose through the plate; underneath was likewise engraven the name of our generall."

His document went on to say that the sea-weary sailors admired the "goodly country and rich soyle." Fletcher also described the trees, plants, herds of fat deer, squirrels and other animals as well as natives encountered during their brief stay.

Finally, after five weeks ashore, refitting and careening the ship, Drake sailed on and headed for the East Indies. He arrived home a year later, September 26, 1580, when he entered the Plymouth harbor to the astonishment of his neighbors. In his three year voyage, he had crossed the Pacific and circumnavigated the globe, the first Englishman to accomplish such a feat. The grateful Queen knighted him for his exploits, while Britons hailed him as the most famous man of his time. Now the Pacific Ocean could no longer be considered a closed Spanish Sea.

Thirteen years later, three years before Sir Francis died off the Panama Coast in 1596, a London map-maker, Jodocus Hondius reproduced an embellished chart of Drake's world girdling voyage. In one corner appeared a cove labelled "Portus Novae Albionis," or Port of New Albion, the California careenage. Using this as a base, students tried for generations to find a cove that matched it along California's 800-mile coastline. Nothing conclusive came of these efforts.

Suddenly in 1936, a startling discovery revived interest in the Drake mystery. That was when Beryle Shinn, a 26-year-old Oakland department store employee, went pheasant hunting with some friends in Marin County. During the day they drove south from San Rafael on the Greenbrae Road, which parallels the main highway about a mile or so to the west.

At the intersection with the road which runs from San Quentin Prison to Kentfield, Shinn's car had a flat tire. Since it was about lunch time, the hunters decided to picnic near where the disabled car stood. To get away from the traffic, they climbed up on the dry-grassy hill and sat down near some scattered stones. Shinn idly shied some of the stones downhill towards a gully.

(Continued on page 50)

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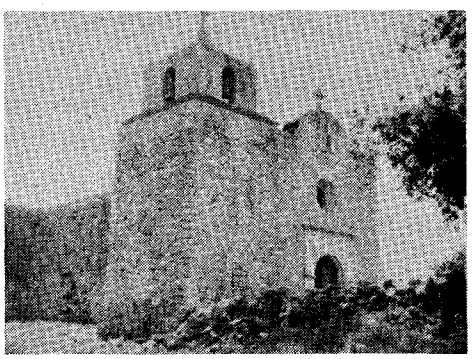
Author's Photos

Goliad Mission where Texans were held (l.).

La Bahia, Goliad, Texas (below).



ANGEL OF GOLIAD

THIS BEAUTIFUL ANGEL OF MERCY RISKED HER LIFE MANY TIMES TO SAVE AMERICAN SOLDIERS CONDEMNED TO DIE IN FRONT OF A MEXICAN FIRING SQUAD

by L. P. Teer

IN EARLY 1836, Texas was a huge stage being prepared carefully for an epic tragedy. The props, the Alamo and Goliad were already in place. The cast, the Mexican Army and the Texan rebels, were taking position for the first act. The overture, which promised a moving performance, had just concluded. All became silent and the audience—the civilized world—was breathlessly awaiting the opening curtain.

The drama began with a loud explosion when the Texan, Colonel Travis, fired a cannon at General Santa Anna and his Mexican Army, defying the order to surrender the Alamo. Most of the audience, though somewhat startled at the violent beginning, were not completely surprised, for the drama was an old one and had been played many times. The plot was familiar—the oppressed rebelling against the numerically superior tyrant and after much sacrifice and suffering, obtaining their freedom. Although they were familiar with it, the audience would never tire of it, for each time it was enacted there were new innovations which made them gasp. They gasped many times in the course of the drama of 1836.

Part of the audience, the people of Mexico, missed much of the overture. Their leaders muted the parts concerning the oppression of the colonists; but allowed them to hear the parts concerning their rebellion. The people were appalled at the ingratitude of these Texans who were generously given land, soil of Mexico, and who then, literally, bit the hand that fed them. As the drama began, the Mexican audience was furiously urging disciplinary measures against the ingrates; so did the beautiful Señora Panchita Alvarez.

The Mexican Army of 1836, like all the armies which ever existed, consisted of wide varieties of personnel. There were the gallant, the cowardly, the brilliant, the stupid, the dedicated, the reluctant, the compassionate and the tyrannical. Captain Alvarez had little opportunity to exhibit which of these characteristics he possessed, for he was a paymaster, probably one of the least colorful positions in the entire army. He was a middle-aged aristocrat, extremely dignified, ultra conservative and snobbish; characteristics which can be summed up in one word—dull. The one distinction that Captain Alvarez could claim was having been the husband of Panchita.

He was old while she was young, only nineteen. He was dull; she was lively and gay. He was a snob and she loved people including those her husband considered low born. Panchita was intelligent, compassionate, determined and endowed with a sense of justice. The fortunate collection of all these qualities in one slight feminine body resulted in the salvation of much human life and alleviation of considerable suffering.

BY LATE January, 1836, General Santa Anna was ready to move against the Texans. He marched with the major portion of the army, over 4000 men, north toward the Alamo. A smaller force, about 1200 men under General Urrea, he sent eastward toward the Gulf of Mexico to sweep away the smaller Texan forces en route to a primary objective, Goliad. With General Urrea rode the paymaster, Captain Alvarez and his beautiful wife. While they were traveling, Colonel Travis arrived at the Alamo, followed by Davey Crockett a few days later. That same day Colonel Fannin entered Goliad, and hundreds of miles to the east, Colonel Miller was organizing and equipping his Tennessee volunteers for the journey to Texas to assist the colonists.

General Urrea had a heyday in his march to Goliad. He first overpowered the small Texan force at San Patricio and to the dismay of Panchita Alvarez, had all the Texan prisoners shot.

"This," thought Panchita, "was not chastisement. It was murder."

Later General Urrea's force encountered an even smaller *(Continued on page 46)*

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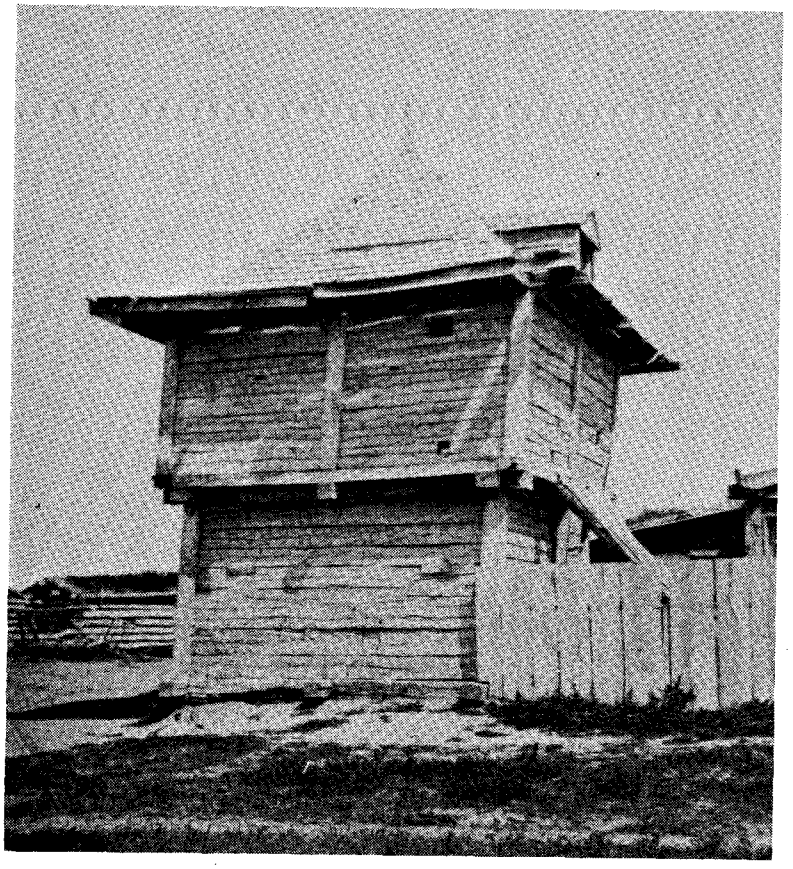
THERE WAS A GOOD REASON WHY THEY DUBBED HIM FIGHTING DEVIL OF FORT BERTHOLD

by Gene Jones

The block house at Fort Berthold, Dakota Territory.



THEY ARE BURNING the village to hide their plans behind the smoke," Scout Pierre Garreau yelled to the few defenders of Fort Berthold. "Next they'll set fire to the fort."

The arsonists Garreau referred to were the 600 Sioux who had attacked Fort Berthold on the morning of December 24th, 1862. Their first wild charge had been beaten back by the handful of white men defending the fort. After that the Sioux disappeared and a mysterious silence followed.

Shrewd Pierre Garreau, leader of the fort's defenders, guessed what the Indians planned to do next. The wind was from the north, so the Sioux fired the lodges of the deserted

North Dakota State Historical Society

The Sioux Indians set fire to this village to

Mandan-Hidatsa village which lay to the north of Fort Berthold, and would try to use the smoke to screen their approach to the fort to set it afire also.

Garreau dug out an old shirt, tore it in wide strips and soaked them in the water barrel standing near the trading post building. Then he wrapped one wet strip around his head to cover his mouth and nose and carried the others with him as he strode across the fort's open yard to the two-story blockhouse at the northwest corner.

Climbing to the second floor of the blockhouse, Pierre settled down with his cocked rifle to watch and wait. The thickening smoke began to drift in through the portholes making his eyes smart. But his lungs were protected by the dampened cloth covering his nose and mouth.

The blockhouses at Fort Berthold were a little unusual. Both stories were twelve feet square, but the upper one was turned one-eighth of the way around, which made triangular openings at each corner of the floor. A man on the second floor could therefore command the lower walls of the blockhouse.

Pierre's vigil did not last long. As soon as the smoky haze began to engulf the fort's northwest corner, he saw a torch come groping through the gloom. It was carried by an old acquaintance, the Sioux warrior Gray Wolf, who obviously intended to sneak up to a porthole in the lower floor of the blockhouse, thrust the torch in and set the fort ablaze.

Laying his rifle down, Garreau snatched a lariat which

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dangled from a peg on the blockhouse wall and made a loop in one end. He sprawled on his belly, peering down through the triangular opening. Gray Wolf walked up to a porthole almost directly below the opening. The lariat slid down and Gray Wolf gave an astonished squawk as the loop tightened and jerked him off his feet. His arms were pinned to his sides just above the elbow.

Hauling the grunting, struggling warrior up was not easy, but Pierre Garreau was strong. In a fight like this his strength seemed to grow to superhuman proportions—he gained a kind of frenzied power. Straining, swearing savagely, he got Gray Wolf's head and upper body up through the triangular

make a smoke screen to hide their movements.

hole, but the lariat that caught the brave tight above the elbows left his lower arms and hands free. Gray Wolf used this small advantage to catch at the floor edges with his hands, preventing Garreau from pulling him further up. Gray Wolf was strong, too.

Garreau swore louder—in English, in French, in several Indian languages—then jerked out the bowie knife at his belt and slashed out wildly, cutting the warrior's throat. Pierre Garreau scalped him and then loosened the lariat loop, shoving the body down through the hole. It thudded on the ground. He peered through a porthole and began shouting to the braves who had followed Gray Wolf to come to him for the same treatment he had given that fallen warrior, punctuating his shouts with rifle fire. Frustrated at their leader's failure to fire the blockhouse, they quickly retreated from Garreau's invitations and rifle shots.

By now, the Fort Berthold Indians, wintering a few miles away at L'eau Qui Monte Creek, had seen the smoke from their home village and made a counterattack which routed the big Sioux war party. The Sioux had heavy losses, the fort was saved, and Pierre Garreau was feted as hero of the day.

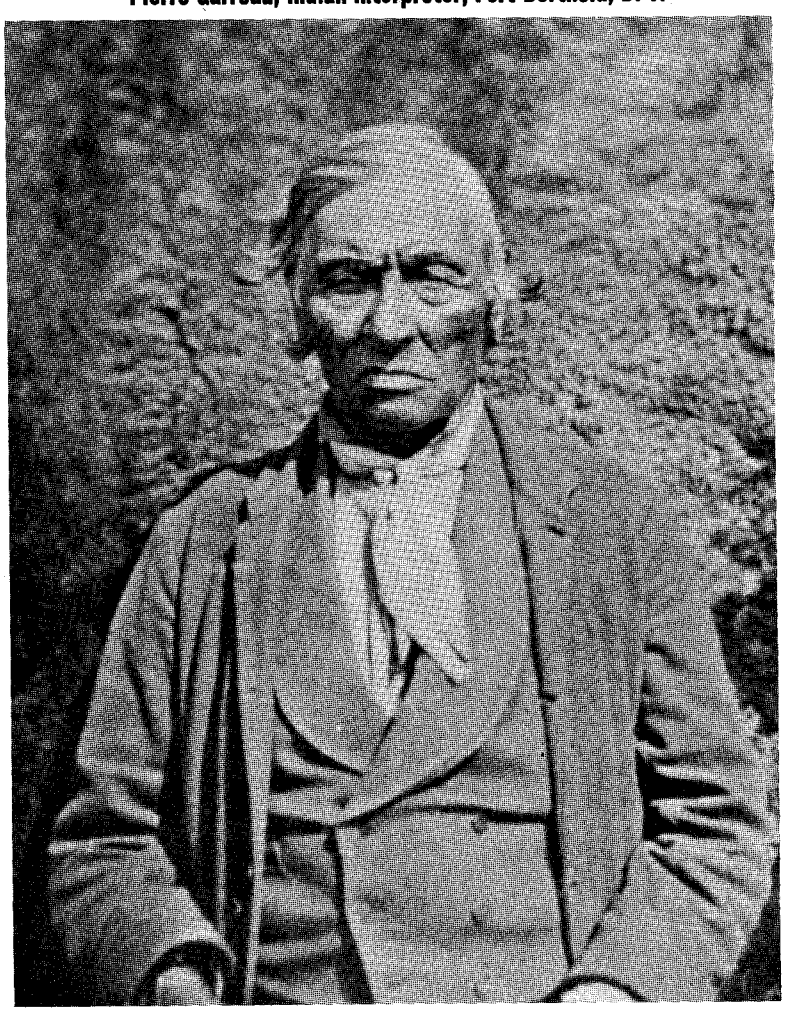
HALF FRENCH and half Cree Indian—but all devil when it came to fighting—Pierre Garreau was hired by the American Fur Company in the 1830's as an interpreter for their Fort Berthold post. A boy when he went to the fort, he lived there more than forty years until his death in 1883. As an interpreter he was an invaluable asset to the fur company, but his real reputation was the result of such savage exploits as his killing of Gray Wolf.

That brutal killing was typical of Garreau; that kind of action had come to be expected of him. During the great smallpox epidemic which the white men had brought to the Arikara, Hidatsa and Mandan Indians in 1837, a half-crazed young Arikara shot and killed a white man who was trying to calm him. Pierre Garreau, with savage whoops, chased the Arikara boy from the fort down to the river, shot him and when he fell, ripped the body open with his knife. When the poor boy's mother turned up wailing a death chant, Garreau had to be restrained from attacking and killing her with his tomahawk.

Obviously there was nothing gentle about Pierre Garreau. He was a skilled interpreter, but his fame as a powerful and savage Indian fighter added to his value at Fort Berthold, as it would have at any frontier post. He had a great influence among the Indians and commanded the respect of Indians and whites alike.

The fur company's staff at posts like Fort Berthold was strictly organized and consisted of a bourgeois or principal trader, one or two other traders, an interpreter, a hunter and a couple of common laborers. As interpreter, Pierre Garreau made only $500 a year. In later years, when he also worked as a trader, his salary probably went up to $800 or more. The highest salary paid, the bourgeois', was only $1000 a year. Obviously the trading com- *(Continued on page 52)*

Pierre Garreau, Indian interpreter, Fort Berthold, D. T.



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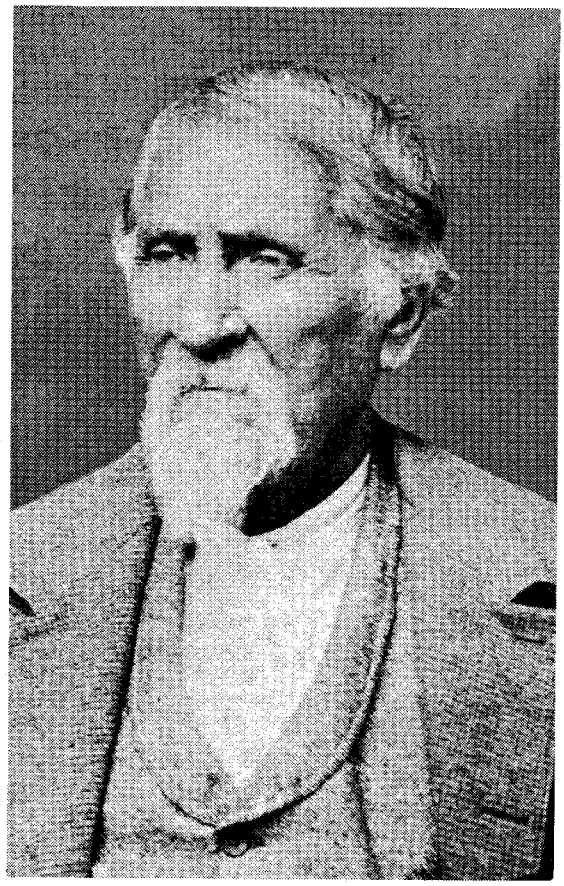
MATTHIAS SPLITLOG'S SALTED MINE

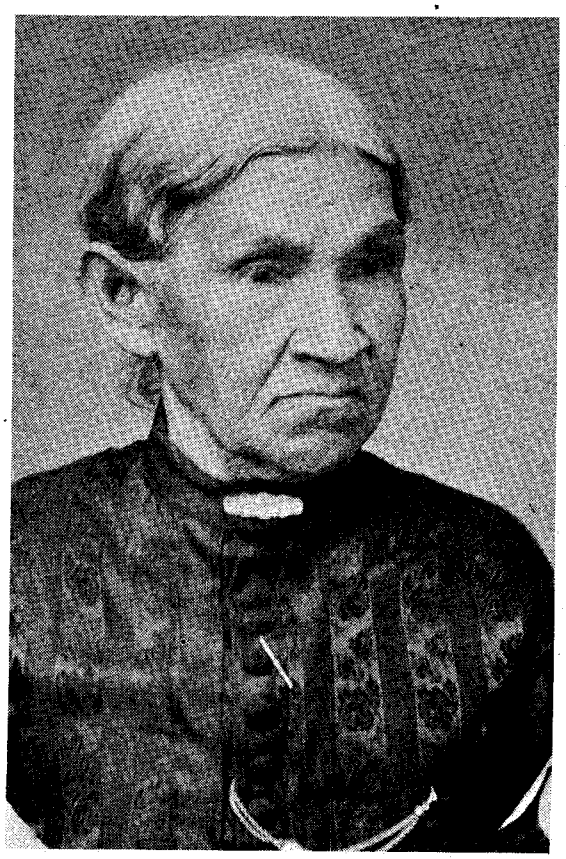
by Velma Nieberding

This half-breed with a French father and an Indian mother was shrewd enough to amass a million dollars, but he wasn't smart enough to keep it when "con" artists worked on him



Splitlog had an Indian mother and a French father.

TIME WAS, when the mournful whistle of a southbound train echoed over the Missouri hills, the old people would say, "There goes an engine on the Splitlog Line." But the ones who remembered are gone now, and the gold fever madness is gone. A few miles from the boundary marking the old northeastern Indian Territory and the colorful Ozark hills of southwestern Missouri, one may still find traces of a forgotten mining town. It is a ghost town, haunted by golden ghosts—a romantic Frenchman, a smooth-talking Kansas lawyer, and an amazing Indian who had made a million dollars in a time when many men were content to work for twenty-five cents a day.



Eliza Splitlog was the daughter of a Wyandot chieftain.

The Frenchman was Saturna Bena, called Doc Benny by local residents. Bena had heard an old Indian legend that immense lead and gold veins of ore lay beneath the land of the forty acres he had purchased for a farm.

The lawyer was a shrewd mining promoter, M. A. Clay, who knew the power of advertising.

The Indian was Matthias Splitlog, one of the most astonishing, eccentric characters in Oklahoma history.

The year was 1880, and the whole country pulsed with news of mining strikes in the West. In Missouri one of the largest lead and zinc fields in the world was about to open up near Joplin. Neosho had silver mines and at nearby Granby were the famous Civil War lead mines. Even the mineral springs of northwestern Arkansas were attracting tourist attention. So Bena set his willow fork "doodle bug" to work and between chores of plowing corn and raising hogs he hunted for treasure. When he felt the willow twig twist in his hands he knew the legend was true. He began working to sink a shaft.

People knew about Bena's "gold mine" but the Frenchman became someone to laugh at when he came to town for groceries or was seen cutting wood to shore up the rocky sides of the mine shaft. He kept at the task with dogged patience, through five years of digging, disappointment and finally tragedy, when his best friend was killed trying to help him with the mine.

One morning when his tired old mule had trod the worn path for the hundredth time hoisting Bena and dirt out of the shaft, the Frenchman suddenly appeared with his hands full of gleaming ore! He could be heard screaming for a quarter of a mile, "We find it! We find it! Bena's a rich man!"

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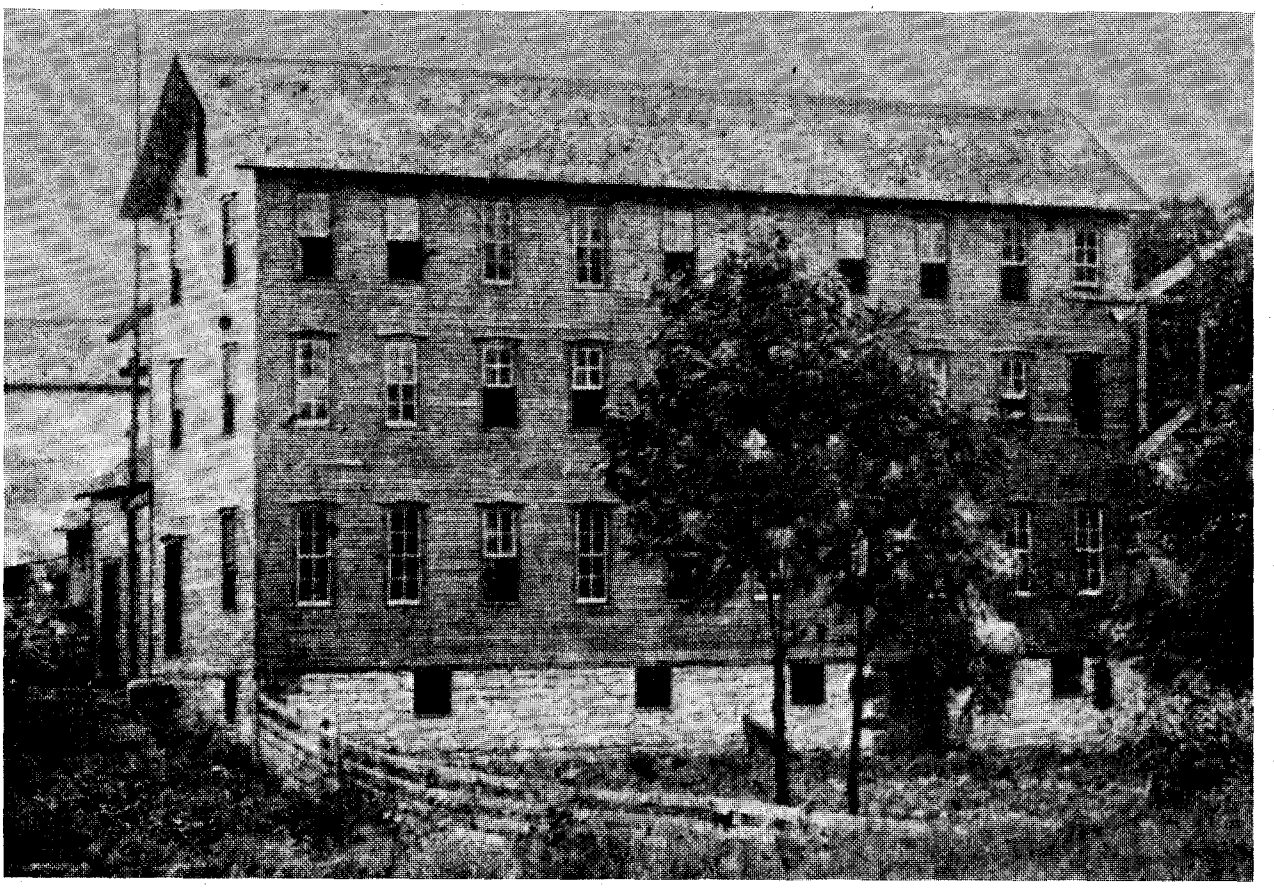


Matthias Splitlog's little empire "Cayuga Springs" about the year 1890.

Some men came running and he held out the shining rock.

"Gold!" they said in awe-struck tones, "Frenchy finally found gold!"

It was several days before the ore was assayed and when the report was brought to Bena he wept in frustration. The mine contained only the shining iron pyrites called "fool's gold."

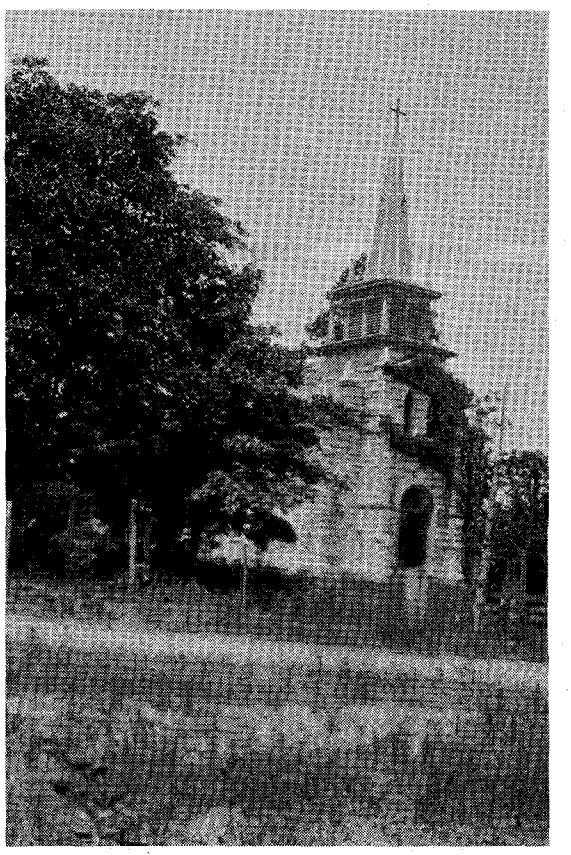
Moses Clay, the lawyer who had lent Bena some money to keep working in the mine, finally got the Frenchman to stop his lamentations long enough to listen to him. All was not lost, he insisted. The whole country was still mad for gold and Clay had come up with a plan. Recently he had been entertained at the Cayuga Springs home of Matthias Splitlog, a French-Indian millionaire who maintained a little empire in the wooded hills of the Seneca reservation, over in Indian Territory.

Bena dried his tears and concentrated on acting mysterious about his strike while Clay set out to cultivate Splitlog who was nobody's fool. The lawyer knew it would take some doing.

Meanwhile, he got in touch with some friends in Colorado and told them to ship some rich samples of gold ore to him. Clay was about to skin an Indian.

YOU HAVE TO thumb the pages of old history books, read yellowed newspaper clippings, or talk to old-timers who remember the Splitlog case to get the story. By now it is wrapped in a romantic haze of time. Yet, despite all the legends, Splitlog emerges a strong, kind, stubborn character, distinguished by a shrewd business sense, a mechanical and inventive mind and the ability to anticipate the possibilities of the future. It is a quality known as vision.

Splitlog was born in Canada of a Cayuga Indian mother and a French father. As a young man he crossed over into



Splitlog built this church in Cayuga Springs.

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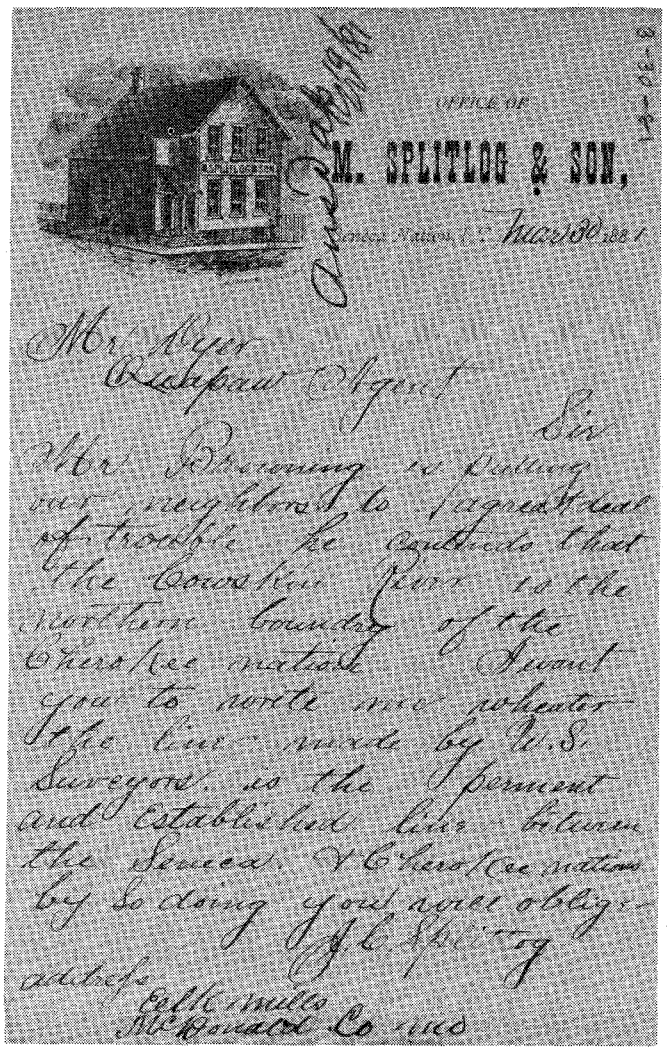
Michigan and married Eliza Barnett, the daughter of a Wyandot Chieftain. When the Wyandots sold their holdings and moved to Kansas he was one of the leaders in the tribe and one of the first to choose land for his allotment. It was located in what would someday be the heart of Kansas City, Kansas.

That first hard year he worked for fifty cents a day chopping wood, until he decided to fish an old grist mill out of the Missouri River and start grinding corn for both Indians and whites. During the Civil War he served on a steamboat that patrolled the river and studied engine design.

The Wyandots, with other tribes, were pushed westward after the Civil War, but before Splitlog left Kansas he had sold enough of his land to make himself wealthy. Shrewd investments increased his fortune and by the time he moved to Indian Territory he was the richest Indian in the world.

Splitlog had been looking for a "promised land" for a long time and when he saw the wooded hills and the cool-running streams of the Seneca reservation, he knew he had found it. He set out to build a little empire and he called it "Cayuga Springs." He established saw and grist mills and built a wagon and buggy factory where other items were also manufactured. He operated a general store, a blacksmith shop, and even built a school.

WHEN MOSES Clay came to Cayuga to interest Splitlog in the Missouri mine, the town was a beehive of activity. Splitlog was having rock quarried from the nearby hills to build a church, but he stopped his own work to hear Clay tell of the gold strike.



Letter from Splitlog's son concerning Cherokee nation boundary.

The Splitlog family was large but visitors were always welcomed to the family table where the man of the house dispensed frontier hospitality with a lavish hand. Anyone worth knowing was, at one time or another, a guest under the Splitlog roof. His wife, Eliza, was in failing health at this time and Matthias relied on his oldest daughter, beautiful and gifted Sarah, to be his hostess.

Listening to Clay talk after dinner was Sarah and her brother, Alex, who sometimes joined in the conversation which was all in French, a language Splitlog loved.

Clay watched the young girl bent over a bit of fine needlework. Her father told him that she had been educated in a Canadian convent and that she was an accomplished musician. Noting the proud tilt of her head and her undeniable beauty, the scheming Clay had a moment of regret when he considered that the young girl might well be cheated out of her birthright if he were successful in luring Splitlog into the bogus gold mine swindle.

Clay made a sweeping motion of his arm toward the hill where workmen were digging the basement of the new church.

"Think what gold will mean to your people" he said persuasively, "They say the vein runs toward Cayuga."

Splitlog puffed calmly on his pipe but he was tremendously excited. He loved gold, loved the feel of it in his hands. Gold was the lodestone for all humanity.

Only Alex, sitting quietly, sensed the excitement of his father. He recalled an incident when Splitlog had shown his deep love for gold.

Alex had accompanied him to Kansas City to "read the papers" for a business deal. Splitlog had agreed to sell seventy acres of land along the west bank of the Kaw River for $20,000. He was there at the appointed time. The other parties to the contract were late.

After fifteen minutes Splitlog turned to his son and said he wanted to leave. As they left the bank they met the would-be buyers who apologized but Splitlog would not deal with them until the next day.

When he met them again he said, "Yesterday it was $20,000; today it is $40,000."

That was the penalty for the tardiness of the company officials who felt that dealing with an Indian was unimportant. When the deal was finally completed the buyers started to pay the money in greenbacks, but Splitlog sat back and insisted stubbornly, "Must have gold."

He would not yield to any persuasion. There was not $40,000 in gold in the Northup Bank where the deal was being transacted. Finally bank agents went to Kansas City, Missouri, and scraped through all the banks to get the gold. Splitlog waited.

When it was finally stacked on the table he gloated over the treasure for half an hour then told the banker to "count her." This was done in his presence and not until then was the deed executed.

Splitlog then directed, "Put money in my box at bank" and left. The gold was put into horse-drawn hacks and returned to the bank from which it had come.

The hour was growing late when Splitlog finally told Clay he would come and look at the mine.

CLAY WENT back to Bena and told him exultantly that the old Indian had taken the bait like a catfish takes a worm on a hook.

When the Splitlog party visited the mine they were to be treated with every consideration. He was to be given plenty of the samples from the rich mines of Colorado. Clay was sure that once the shrewd old Indian had seen the gold he would want to have it assayed himself.

Splitlog drove up in his carriage with four splendid horses from his own stables, with a former Negro slave acting as his driver. Heads craned as he rolled along the countryside. The old man did not in the least *(Continued on page 67)*

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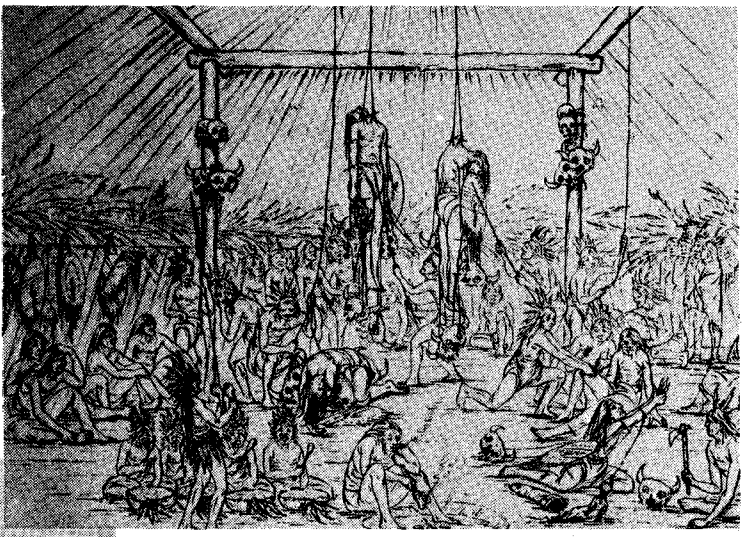
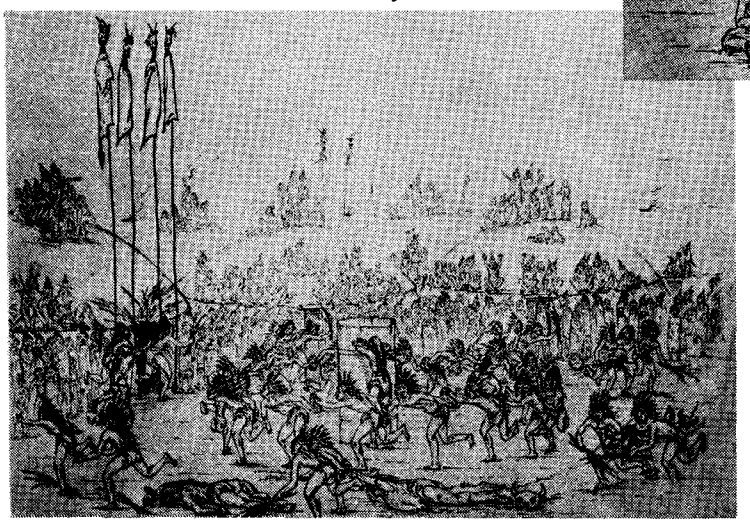
MAKING A CHEYENNE WARRIOR

New York Public Library Photos





It is small wonder that American Indians could stand more pain than most white men when we consider the Indians' brutal rituals shown above and at the left.

It was a ghastly ordeal of physical torture that qualified a young Cheyenne to become a warrior

by Blue Cloud

(EDITOR'S NOTE: One of the most mysterious elements in the life of an Indian was the weird ritual he was forced to go through to become a warrior. This was kept secret from the white man in the early days. However, we are pleased to present this article by Blue Cloud, whose great grandfather was Little Bear of the Cheyennes. Blue Cloud gives a vivid description of the strange process his great grandfather had to go through to become a Cheyenne warrior. It was written from the memories Blue Cloud had of the tales Little Bear told him.)

LITTLE BEAR was frightened. He was more than frightened, he was scared half to death, and the worst of it was that he couldn't show it. The moment he had waited for and longed for was at hand, and now he wished, as he had never before wished anything in his life, that he were somewhere else. He didn't care where, anywhere! The Medicine Dance was coming to an end, and Little Bear's test would soon begin.

Little Bear, a Cheyenne, was seventeen and the biggest moment of his life to date was approaching. In a few days, he would be a man, a warrior, a full-fledged member of the bravest, strongest and most honored of Cheyenne society—or he would be disgraced forever, no better than a squaw.

Little Bear was tall for a Plains Indian, and well-formed, though he hadn't completely filled out yet. His shoulders were broad, and his arms and legs strong and well-muscled. He stood straight and proud, as a warrior should, his face impassive, displaying not a trace of the turmoil within him.

In a minute or two, the Medicine Chief would approach him, sharp, broad-bladed knife in hand and start. No, he'd better not think about that. Think about something else, something good—how he would be treated after the ordeal was over, about Blue Dove, who had been looking at him, lately, in a most appreciative way. He had been looking at her, too, noticing her in a way he wouldn't have thought possible a few years before. Marveling at the change in her, he remembered the scrawny little girl she had been.

The Hoch-e-a-yum was filled. Every member of the tribe who could crowd into the village's largest building was there. A Medicine Dance was one occasion no one wanted to miss. The literal meaning of Hoch-e-a-yum is "the lodge built of cotton-wood poles." This distinguished it from the ordinary Indian residence, made of skins or cloth. The lodge itself was a large structure, built as the name implies, of cotton-wood poles and forms, and capable of holding several hundred people. The sides were open, and the top covered with skins or boughs, sufficient to keep out the sun but not offering much protection against rain.

A Medicine Dance was called by the Medicine Chief to determine the will of the gods about a certain project, or even a person. The people taking part in the ceremonies (Hoch-e-a-tan) were chosen by the Medicine Chief, who announced their names in a loud voice. The head chief then announced the names of the men he selected as guards (also a great honor).

Before the ceremonies started, the guards fully armed and under the command of a chosen captain, entered the lodge and took their place just outside the ropes that form the inner, performance circle.

Then the dancers *(Continued on page 58)*

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ORLANDO SCOTT GOFF, PIONEER PHOTOGRAPHER

by George Marcus

THE INDIAN sat stiffly in the chair, face inscrutable but in his eyes was a look of distrust as he stared into the lens of the old fashioned box camera. The photographer stood at the side of the box camera, holding the bulb that would open and close the shutter.

"Sit still," he cautioned the Indian.

The Indian did and the photographer pressed the bulb, held his fist tight while he counted to fifty, and then opened his hand and the shutter of the camera closed.

Of all the pictures of Indian warriors and chiefs, this one was the most famous and the most mysterious. The Indian was Sitting Bull; the picture was the first ever taken of him. A masterpiece of photography, it showed Sitting Bull as the "wild Indian," proud spirit still untamed, the victor five years before in the greatest triumph ever by the Plains Indians over the white man—the defeat of "Long Hair" Custer.

That picture, taken in Bismarck, Dakota Territory on August 1, 1881, was reproduced by the hundreds. Nobody seemed to care, at the time, who the photographer was. His name had not appeared on any of the prints and there was no record of an application for a copywright.

In December, 1961, Professor Elmo Scott Watson, of Northwestern University, wrote a letter to the Bismarck *Tribune*, inquiring about the photographer who had taken that famous picture. This letter started Russell Reid, Superintendent of the North Dakota State Historical Society, George F. Will and L. W. Sperry, both of Bismarck, Judge Frank Zahn of Standing Rock Agency, Frank Fiske of Ft. Yates, and Dennis Moran of Lake Andes, South Dakota searching for the identity of this photographer. It was J. B. Belk, of Minneapolis, who gave Professor Watson the address of Mrs. Bessie Goff Oldson, daughter of Orlando Scott Goff, pioneer photographer.

Mrs. Oldson not only confirmed that her father had taken that picture, but she gave information about her father as a photographer that placed him among the foremost of the artists of those old days. Like many great characters of the Old West, Goff's name and reputation had been lost in the furor of building up other heroes.

The events leading up to her father's taking the picture of Sitting Bull are interesting. Military emissaries stationed in Canada and representing the War Department had finally been successful in persuading Sitting Bull that it was his duty to return to the United States and surrender to the military authorities.

The photographer, along with members of the working press, had seen Sitting Bull when he had returned to Fort Buford, in the Dakota Territory, on July 19. Later, the Hunkpapa chief and his followers, 187 other men, women and children, were loaded aboard the river steamer *General Sherman* to make the trip down the Missouri River to the Standing Rock Reservation, where the Sioux would make their homes.

It was during this exodus that a book about the Custer campaign and the ultimate surrender of Sitting Bull was being written by Judson E. Walker. The book contained a woodcut of the famed Indian leader but no credit was given the photographer from which the likeness was taken.

NATURALLY, Sitting Bull attracted a good deal of attention and there was a very large crowd on hand to greet him when the *General Sherman* finally docked at Bismarck. A number of military and newspaper representatives were there to discharge official duties and record the events as the entire load of Sioux disembarked for an issue of rations.

The soldiers formed a hollow square, inside of which the Indian women and children were confined so as to keep them from the crowds. They were given entire freedom, the square was merely a safety measure.

Sitting Bull and the other Sioux chiefs were put into spring wagons and spirited away. That nearly caused a crisis since the other Indians thought Sitting Bull and the subchiefs were being hauled away to be shot or hanged. The soldiers quickly tried to quiet the commotion. The followers were completely pacified moments later when Sitting Bull waved to them and made signs that he was all right. Once they had been reassured, the potential riot was calmed.

Sitting Bull was taken to the hotel and provided with a fine dinner. It was then suggested that he go to the picture gallery of Orlando S. Goff, Bismarck's photographer, where he would have his picture taken. Sitting Bull, like most Indians and primitive people, was suspicious and superstitious.

He said he believed it was "bad medicine" to have the white man's "shadow catcher" pointed at him because he would lose some of his immortal soul. The more times it was done, the more Sitting Bull would lose (even though this was undoubtedly the first time his picture had ever been taken). At first, Sitting Bull refused point blank to have his picture taken so he was interviewed at length, not only to take the editorial measure of the man but perhaps to reassure him. *(Continued on page 54)*

The mystery of who took the famous picture of Sitting Bull remained unsolved until just a few years ago

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Orlando Scott Goff took the most famous picture of Sitting Bull.

North Dakota Historical Society Photo

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by Charles Dana

MOMAN PRUIETT

GENIUS OF HATE

HATE SENT HIM TO GREAT HEIGHTS AND TO THE LOWEST DEPTHS, MAKING ONE OF THE MOST TRAGIC STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

Photo Courtesy Mrs. Frank Gish

IN 1892, IN THE TOWN of Paris, Texas, an illiterate young man belligerantly faced a jury that had just found him guilty of robbing a cattleman of $3,000. Hatred and vengeance were the twin emotions roweling the prisoner as he harangued the twelve who had just denied him his freedom; he was filled with visible rage.

"You yellow-bellied coyotes. You're sending me to prison because I have the Trail of the Serpent. Yes, just because I've been to prison. And because I can't read or write. But I'm telling you that I'll learn to read and write in prison, this time. Yes, I'll make myself a lawyer and I'll free every damned murderer and rapist and cut-throat to prey on you and your children."

And the subsequent record of his life shows that he fulfilled the promise and the threat.

Some four years later this man again stood before a jury. Well over six feet tall and well built, with thick, jet black hair, he had the cold, classical features and brooding dark eyes of the born actor.

The place was the Federal Courthouse at Purcell, Indian Territory.

He talked quietly and persuasively to the jury of men who sprawled lazily in their seats, relaxed and almost nodding under the influence of the soothing speech of the lawyer.

With no warning, the tall figure became changed, his voice snarling, his stance threatening, with a gleaming silvery weapon aimed at the jurors in the right hand of the lunging lawyer. The jurors stumbled over each other as they hastily cleared their chairs and scrambled backward, out of the reach of the menacing aggressor. And then Moman Pruiett smiled triumphantly.

"Gentlemen," he invited, "you may now resume your seats."

The twelve jurors, puzzled and bewildered, returned to their places. The lawyer opened his right hand to reveal a steel pencil, the object that had glittered so brightly in his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said to the jury, "is there any one of you who now doubts that a steel pencil can look like a dangerous weapon if a man is coming toward you?"

All of the jurors agreed the lawyer was right. When they marched into the jury room, they quickly voted to acquit Clarence Douglas, a free-lance newspaperman, of the murder, in daylight on the main street of Ardmore, of Jimmy Dean, editor of the Ardmore *Chronicle*.

A great number of witnesses said Jimmy Dean was unarmed, and when the trial opened no one gave Douglas a ghost of a chance of being exonerated. When the young lawyer introduced evidence that Jimmy Dean had reached for a steel pencil, the jury grinned and the court audience broke into loud laughter at the absurdity of the defense.

But neither the jury nor the courtroom crowd laughed after the lawyer staged his scene with the steel pencil. This pencil ruse was only one of the many amazing and bewildering tricks this clever lawyer, Moman Pruiett, showed to courtroom crowds in the old days of the West.

No lawyer in the Old West had the amazing number of acquittals as did Moman Pruiett. He defended 385 murderers

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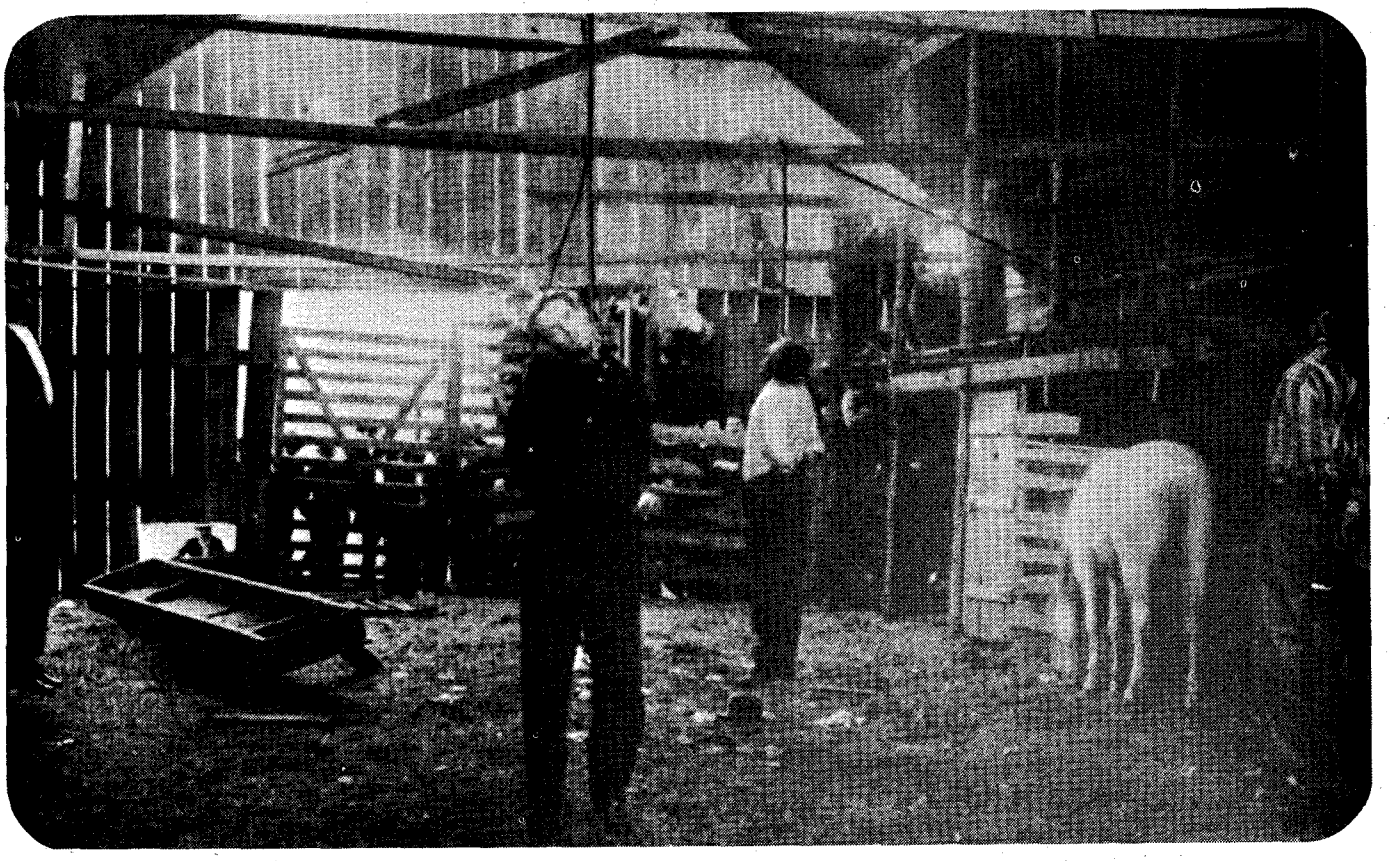

The sheriff took Pruiett to an old barn where his four clients were dangling from a rope, dead many hours.

and rapists. 360 were acquitted, and the remainder received only light sentences. Only two were sentenced to life imprisonment and not one was ever executed by the law.

YOUNG MOMAN had been sent to prison in Arkansas because he stole money from the Express Company in Fayetteville, to get something to eat. He was given five years in the state penitentiary, but his mother prevailed on the Governor to pardon him after serving two years. But "The Trail of the Serpent," the expression indicating a man had served time, was on him and it followed a man, in those days, anywhere he went.

Moman's mother ran a rooming and boarding house in Paris, Texas, so Moman went there, and soon after he arrived the cattleman was robbed. There was no evidence against Moman, except the fact that he had served time in prison. This was enough for the jury to convict him.

He went to prison, studied hard and mastered English. After two years his mother won another pardon. Sam Garvin, a wealthy cattleman in Paul's Valley in the Indian Territory, and Cal Grant, a banker in Paul's Valley took an interest in Moman and got him admitted to the bar, which in those days wasn't difficult.

Those were the days of the so-called Cherokee Strip—wild, lawless days when a man's life was forfeit without benefit of Blackstone, or semblance of justice. There were so many hard cases that men were executed just to be sure that none of the scoundrels were missed. The speeding bullet garnered more respect than the written word; to be caught red-handed was parodoxically the greatest crime of all.

Moman Pruiett had a score to settle with society and the Territory offered fertile ground. In 1896, Moman married Lily Belle Thrasher, who was entranced by the somewhat exotic and dashing young lawyer. They moved into Paul's Valley where a Federal Court was being established to deal with the myriad of cases arising from the turbulent Territory.

Not long after securing an acquittal for Douglas, Pruiett was retained to defend Jim Corn, charged with the murder and robbery of a rancher near Ardmore. Pruiett listened carefully to Corn's explanation and realized that he was faced with a losing case. There was simply no defense!

But optimism was evident when Pruiett and his client appeared in court. Curiously, Pruiett allowed fact to pile upon fact, without protest. It seemed as though he didn't care. He didn't. When it came time to present the defense, Pruiett's presentation hinged largely on cradling a baby in his arms as he talked of the good Corn had done. Of the shame a conviction would bring down upon an innocent child.

Would you deprive this harmless, this blameless, child, of a father?" Pruiett asked repeatedly. "Is it right to wreak vengeance on a baby—a baby which has never done a wrong thing in his life?"

Pruiett had half the jury crying in a few minutes and they quickly acquitted Corn.

The baby, however, puzzled the jurors.

"I never knew Corn was such a devoted father," one said.

"As a matter of fact I didn't know he was married," another said.

"By God, I didn't even know he had a baby," a third said.

And they were right! Corn had never been married and the baby was the waif of an unmarried miss whose business was conducted in a brothel.

Although Pruiett was able to introduce emotion into defense, he had a bitter cynical attitude towards law and life which enabled him to take every advantage of a situation.

"Moman Pruiett had a hypnotic quality in his oral presentations," Stillwell Russell, a famed Texas attorney said, after seeing the budding genius in action. The strength of his plea to a jury was contained in a bitterness, a sense of loneliness which was a part of his own personality, and which he exuded strongly enough to tinge the image of his client, the defendant. The jurors, feeling they were judging Pruiett, a wronged man, would just naturally be swayed by him every time.

By the end of his first year as a criminal lawyer, Pruiett

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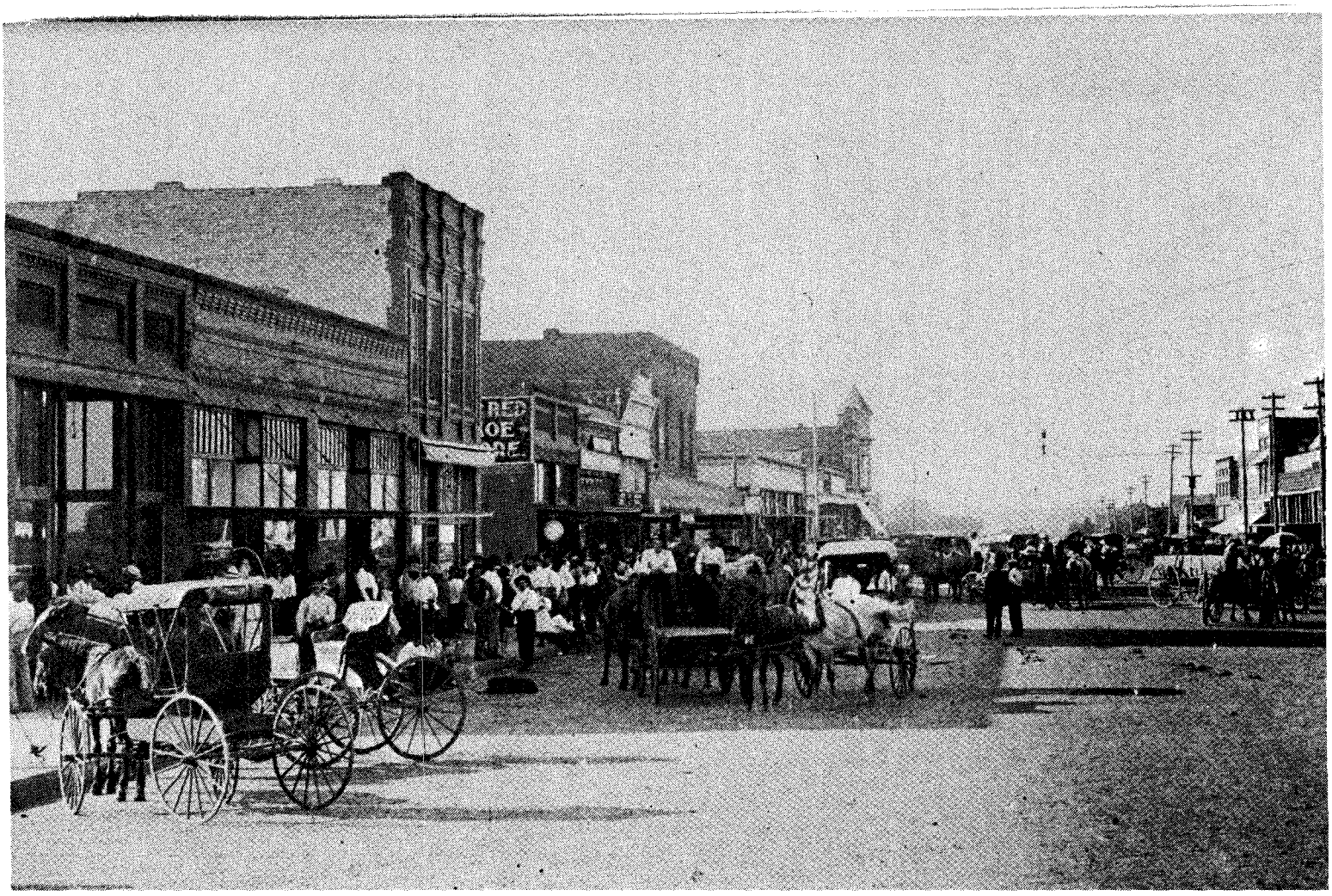

Street scene in Ada, Oklahoma, where citizens thwarted Moman Pruiett's courtroom magic by handing out "early" justice.

had defended 31 people charged with murder or other major crimes. Of these, 30 walked out free men. The one conviction resulted when a defendant became excited and blurted out a confession of rape and assault on the witness stand. The man, Charles Bias, was sentenced to hang.

Pruiett hadn't yet achieved the affluence of his later years and needed funds to continue his client's defense. Cal Grant, the banker who had helped Pruiett snare his first case, lent him $300 and Pruiett went to Washington where he made a personal appeal to President McKinley. Pruiett's client had his sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

LIKE SOME other talented men, Pruiett was a pariah, an outcast from the society he protected and fought. There is little doubt that he felt rejected, frustrated, at odds with himself.

Cal Grant said of Pruiett, "I look on that boy as I would a son but there is still an invisible fence which I can't hurdle."

And his only other staunch friend, Sam Garvin, added: "He's driven, driven by hatred. It will make him a great lawyer but it will destroy him too."

Moman Pruiett was an enigma in another way. In those days few men shaved, and still fewer bathed regularly. Moman did both each day. Moreover, he was extremely neat and meticulous in his manner of dressing. He wore expensive, slightly garish suits set off with a slim cane which he twirled with elegance seldom seen on the frontier. He always wore his black hair long, keeping it slicked down like a polished eight ball.

Pruiett was basically an addictive type, honing his reflexes to the automatic responses of gambling and drinking. What he didn't spend on one he spent on the other. Both stretched his nerves to fiddle-string tautness. He had a temper like a steel trap; the most impersonal slight sent him into a towering rage.

Wade Hampton, a notorious horse thief, faced long delayed retribution in Missouri when a Cattleman's Association detective caught him. Hampton sent for Pruiett, knowing that he was probably the only one who could save his neck.

Both Hampton and Pruiett had a dedicated enemy in the person of Lou Andrews. Pruiett was hated because he had outwitted Andrews in court, and Hampton because he had stolen some of his cattle in the past. Andrews informed both the federal attorney and judge at St. Joseph, where Hampton was to be tried, of Pruiett's criminal record.

Pruiett faced a formidable array of prosecutors who managed to seat two jurors favorable to the cattleman before Pruiett realized it. Bitterness and invective marked the trial from the first, with the prosecutors calling attention to Moman's past. In turn he questioned the parentage of the attorney's saying, in part, "Be fruitful and multiply."

Pruiett knew that 'Fighting Joe" Shelby was a revered legend in Buchanan County and he had learned that two distant relatives were members of the jury panel. By innuendo and insinuation, Pruiett managed to make them believe that Shelby and his client were also related.

Once in the privacy of the jury room, the Shelby relatives set it down clearly:

"We don't aim to have any Shelby kin hung, so no one leaves here without voting an acquittal."

With that job done, Pruiett had another to do. He wanted to deal with Lou Andrews who had informed the court of Pruiett's record. Though Pruiett was a large man, Andrews was even bigger. But the fiery attorney never had an iota of fear in him, no matter how big his opponent happened to be.

Pruiett was walking towards his office when he met Andrews. After hurling an epithet, Pruiett smashed his pistol against the bigger man's head. When Andrews didn't go down, a lesser man would have retreated, but Pruiett stood his ground and proceeded with a severe pistol whipping.

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Oklahoma Historical Society Photo

Bellman Collection Photos

Sam-Wilkerson and his wife (both above) were defended by Pruiett when they were arrested for murder.

Pruiett was arrested, largely because of Andrews' influence and pre-eminence in the area, but it wasn't more than a few minutes before the jury found him, by standing vote, "Not Guilty."

PRUIETT WAS conditioning himself to respond to any situation as an alcoholic. If times were good, that was time for a drink. If things were bad, that too was a reason to drink. Following the Andrews incident, Pruiett disappeared for two weeks. He returned to his practice shaken, pale and aching with unresolved hate.

Pruiett was ready mentally and physically when the Sam Ashton case was offered him. He accepted it eagerly, perhaps sensing it offered all the aspects of the flamboyant trial in which he could expose frontier justice for what he thought it was: a mockery and a circus.

Sam Ashton was a renegade with no more concern for human life than a rock crusher. He had attempted to hold up old man Dismuke's store at Hickory. Foolishly, Dismuke tried to protect his money and forfeited his life for it. His son Charley, wild with grief and rage at the senseless killing of his father, was also shot by Ashton.

The Dismukes were close personal friends of Sam Garvin, the person who had befriended Moman Pruiett.

Ashton's two wealthy uncles were willing to spend money in defense of Sam, and wanted Pruiett to put on the show. Pruiett, demurring because of his friendship for Garvin, set his fee at a fantastic $5,000 thinking that would scare off the uncles. Instead they came up with the money as fast as they could unsnap the bands from their rolls and paid the retainer. Pruiett then felt obligated to accept it and defend Ashton. Besides, he would have done it for nothing, if it hadn't been for Garvin.

Sam Garvin countered by hiring Stillwell Russell as a special prosecutor and nobody would give any odds for Pruiett's chances. Moreover, even Russell was astounded when Pruiett made no objection to Tom Adkins and Charley Webb being seated as jurors.

"They'll slip the noose over Ashton's neck," another attorney said. "Why Tom'd vote to hang a man for stealing a chicken."

Despite his intentions of seeing Ashton hung, old Tom lost some of his zeal when he became interested in a doll-faced beauty, a stranger to Paul's Valley. Women, to Tom, were like honey to a bee.

Charley Webb was considered a "sinker" (a juror known to be prejudiced) for Sam Garvin.

Completing this array against Pruiett was Bill Johnson, the Federal District Attorney, who was delighted to have the great Pruiett in such a fix.

"He'll never get out of this one," Johnson said.

Stillwell Russell had a different reaction:

"When Pruiett deliberately puts his foot in a trap, you can be sure the trap won't work. I don't care if there are two sinkers on the jury."

The trial almost was an anti-climax. Evidence piled up against Pruiett's client and witnesses contradicted one another until no one was entirely sure who was lying and who wasn't. However, Pruiett had an ace which would take any trick, if his client was in danger. He had arranged to get a message into the jury room while they were deliberating.

Charley Webb was voting right down the line for conviction, even though the jury stood 11 to 1 for acquittal. Then Pruiett scrawled a note addressed to Webb, and got it into the jury room. A few minutes later, the "not guilty" verdict was returned. Pruiett gathered up his papers and went back to his office. He was having a belt of old busthead when Sam Garvin broke in.

"Moman, you sold me down the river," Sam Garvin hollered. "You sent Webb a note *(Continued on page 70)*

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It looked like a glorious victory for the Paiutes, but white men turned it into a battle that spelled total destruction for the Indians

by Albert J. Moreson

THEY DIED AT PYRAMID

IT WAS A lovely spring day in 1860, and not an Indian was in sight. The "army," reassured by its scouts that all was clear, moved down the trail northward along the broad valley of the Truckee River. The "army," a motley crew of 105 assorted clerks, lawyers, prospectors, roustabouts and others, was under the command of an earnest, conscientious ex-Army major, William Ormsby.

Behind them was the memory of burned homes, dead or missing cattle, families killed or captured; ahead lay Pyramid Lake, and somewhere around its shores, some three thousand angry Indians, mainly Paiutes with a few Shoshones and Bannocks. These normally quiet Indians had been looting and burning, spreading death and terror throughout the territory of Nevada.

Suddenly, a scout held up his hand and then pointed. Ahead, on a small hummock, a handful of mounted Indians sat and watched the approach of the volunteer troops. The Indians, motionless as though painted against the bright blue sky, suddenly turned and rode away. Ormsby, signalling his untrained troops to follow him, started to charge after them. The men whooped and spurred their ponies on. They dashed down into a swale and pulled to a sudden stop. Hundreds of Indians had risen from the swells on both sides of the hollow. Ormsby, realizing he had been lured into a trap, ordered a retreat. But it was too late.

Hundreds of arrows poured into the little army, panicking the horses and some of the men. Riders were tossed as their horses reared, others jumped and were mangled by the hoofs of their own and comrades' horses. One small group tried to make a run for it to a small grove of cottonwood trees. Some Paiutes, anticipating this, stepped out and annihilated them.

The bulk of the army funneled into the narrow river canyon and the Indians closed in for the kill. For years, these desert Indians had suffered humiliation and defeat. Now, in the space of a few hours, they seemed to be making up for all the contempt and suffering they had endured from the white man.

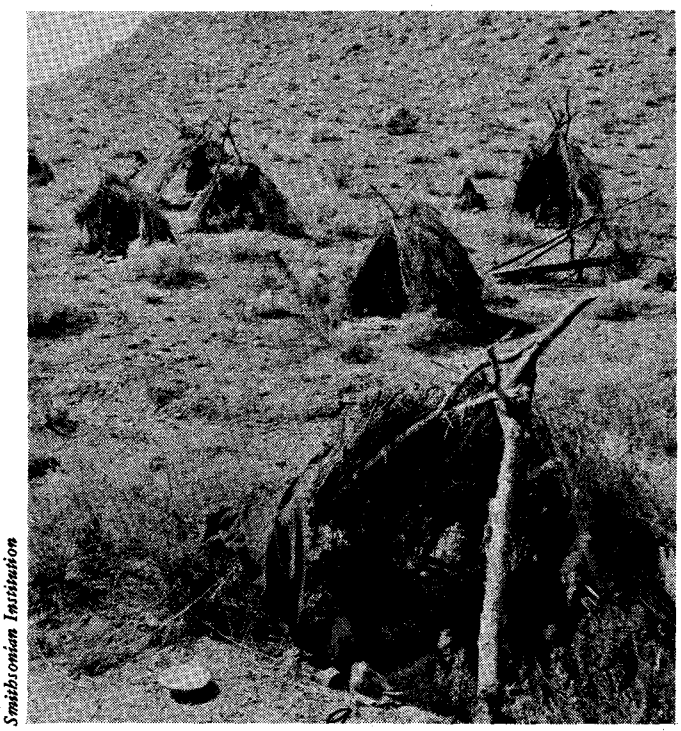
Ormsby's willing but untrained men broke, and were routed. The Indians picked them off in groups, and individually. One white man, A. K. Elliot, managed to kill or wound a few of the ambushers with his rifle before they got him. Another volunteer was grabbed as he reached the top of an embankment, and seizing his attacker, rolled him down the hill into the river. But it was the Indian who emerged, soaking wet, and holding a scalp aloft in triumph.

Ormsby tried to rally his men and find a way to make order out of chaos, so they could make a stand and at least put a dent in the Indians' attack. He left a man in charge at the edge of the valley, while he tried to return to guide the stragglers. But the retreating volunteers wouldn't stay with the man at the edge of the valley, and Ormsby was killed before he could accomplish anything—which didn't seem possible anyway.

What was left of the volunteer army was in full and disorderly retreat along the trail they'd ridden down just a little earlier. It was every man for himself and the Paiutes take the hindmost—and they did. For eight miles, the Indians followed, spurred on by revenge as the white men were spurred on by desperation.

DURING THE next few days, stragglers from Ormsby's command, shaken, wounded, or both, crept into the little frightened mining camps. At least fifty of the original "army" were dead, and most of the others were either wounded or still hiding in the brush. The appearance of the few known survivors kept the little boom towns in an uproar. Rumors spread through the towns faster than measles

Paiute village shows the Indians' poverty.



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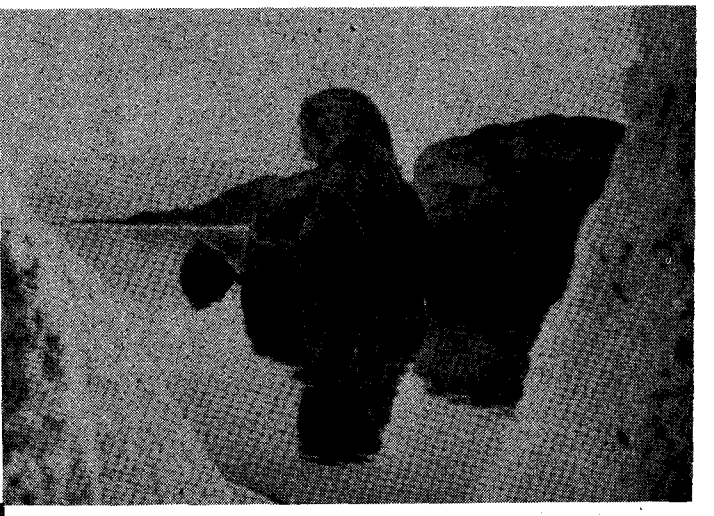
among the Indians. City meetings were called, plans discussed and then abandoned, and new meetings were scheduled. Three thousand Indians were supposed to be camping outside of Virginia City, and women and children were evacuated by wagon train, across the Sierras to California.

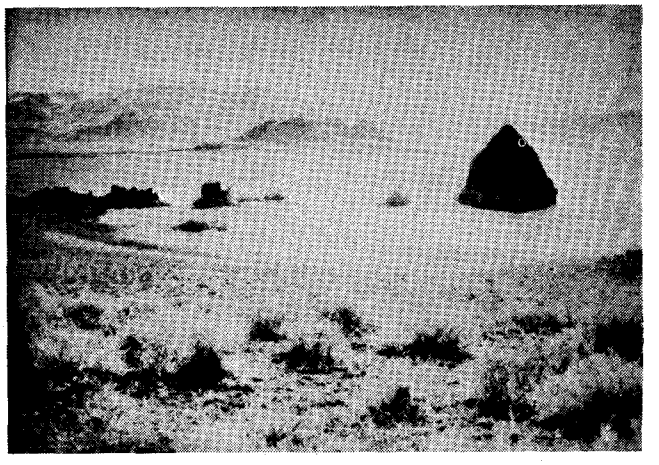
Streets were barricaded, windows were boarded up, and preparations were made to withstand an attack or a siege. Even the Pony Express, only about six weeks old, called off its service for ten days, while the call went out for regular army troops. It took almost two weeks to get any action, during which time no white settlement in the area that wasn't well guarded was safe. The hitherto peaceful Paiutes were on the warpath, making quick, successful raids, burning, looting and killing—and cutting all communications between the East and West. It was a time of despair and discouragement for the white settlers, and conversely, of triumph for the Indians.



The squaw and her basket, Pyramid Lake.

Pelicans on Anaho Island, Pyramid Lake.

Nevada State Highway Dept. Photos



Pyramid Lake, scene of conclusive fight.

What brought this about? Looking back, like almost every disaster, it could have been prevented. It was due somewhat, as were so many of our troubles with the Indians, to greed, prejudice, and hate on the part of the whites. Settlers and prospectors, looking all through the West for gold and silver after the Gold Rush to California in 1849, were able to get along reasonably well with the Indians, if they thought the Indian-occupied territory was relatively worthless. If gold or silver seemed to be present, the prospectors disregarded the previous Indian use of the land, or any treaties. This, in turn engendered the Indians' hatred; they were slowly but inexorably being forced from their old ways of life. The fabulous Constock Lode had been discovered. There were quick riches for a few, and fortune-seekers were probing everywhere. In the Pyramid Lake area, the Blue Bucket and Black Rock gold deposits had been found—and lost.

Part of the Pyramid Lake massacres was due to the character of the place itself. Pyramid Lake is a spectacular and, at times, an ominous sight. About 40 miles north and slightly east of Reno, the lake is part of a basin of typically Nevada desert, with small hummocks breaking the flatness which is ended abruptly and irregularly by dramatic, twisted rock peaks seven to eight thousand feet high. It is a scene of magnificent desolation, relieved on sunny days by the bright blue, unexpected body of water. Around the shore, and breaking through the surface of the water are odd-shaped, often grotesque rock formations. The largest of these, rising about 600 feet from the water is shaped somewhat like a pyramid. This caught the eye of John Charles Fremont, the explorer who named the lake for it.

The cheerful illusion of bright blue water in the midst of the desert does not last. A passing cloud that hides the sun turns the waters to a dull grey, and the lake, as well as the odd formations in and around it, instead of looking interesting, suddenly becomes ominous and frightening. Seen in that fashion, it is no wonder that the Indians considered it a sacred place, controlled by the Gods of Thunder and Lightning.

The lake is fed by springs, some of them passing through the limestone formations and bringing with them dissolved chemicals. Water from these springs fastens onto an object it finds, depositing layer after layer of calcareous tufa on a piece of driftwood, a dead bird, a *(Continued on page 47)*

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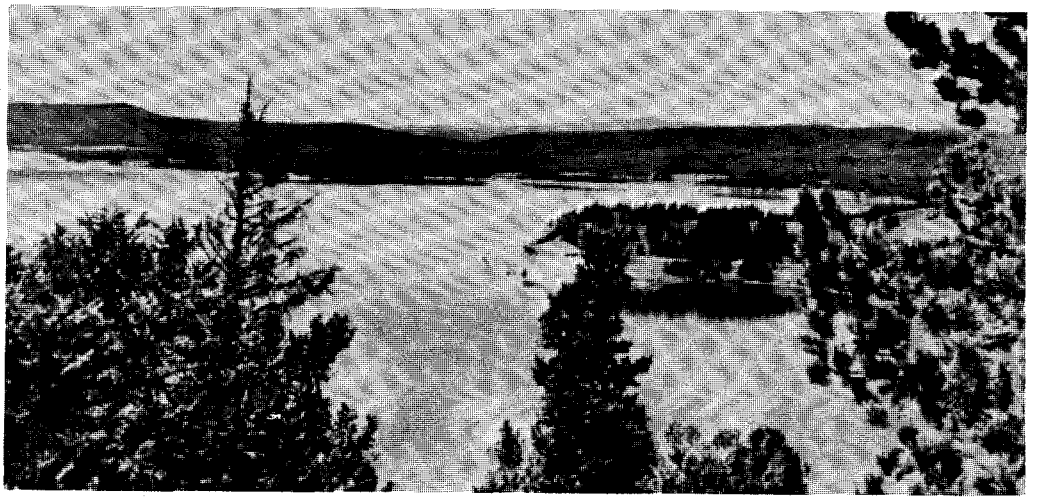
39 DAYS OF WILDERNESS HELL

Hon. Truman C. Everts.



Yellowstone Lake wilderness scene at Steamboat Point.

It was more than a month of living death for Truman Everts in that vast, unexplored wilderness of the Yellowstone

by Charles Majors

HE WAS LOST. This grim and terrifying realization came to Truman C. Everts on the afternoon of September 12, 1870, as he sat on a log in the wild and unexplored wilderness of the Yellowstone, hundreds of miles from the last outpost of civilization.

Not only was Everts lost, but he had no horse, no pack mule, no weapon of any kind, no food, no matches to build a fire—nothing but the clothes on his back. He had actually been lost for three days but if he had been a frontiersman instead of an Eastern tenderfoot, he would have found his companions that first day. These companions made up the famous Doane-Washburn Expedition into the Yellowstone for a geological survey.

Everts had other handicaps. He was 54—the next oldest member of the expedition was only thirty. Everts had been sent into Montana by the Government as an executive of the Internal Revenue Department. On his trip to the Territory of Montana only three months before, he had taken seriously ill and escaped death by a narrow margin, so physically he wasn't too strong yet. Then, too, there was his eyesight. Though he wore thick-lensed glasses, his nearsightedness was so great he had difficulty seeing almost anything at a distance.

The Rocky Mountains fascinated Everts and he had pleaded with General H. D. Washburn, Surveyor General of the Montana Territory, to be allowed to accompany Lt. G. C. Doane and the others. General Washburn knew the danger to a tenderfoot in that wilderness, but finally agreed when Everts promised to follow every rule.

The first two weeks were uneventful but the deeper the expedition went into that unexplored wilderness, the denser the pine forest growth became, and fallen dead trees made going more difficult. Then on September 9th it happened, and Everts could hardly be blamed. It didn't seem important at the time, to him. The pine trees were so thick that each member of the expedition had to find his own passage, and it was while doing this that Everts strayed out of sight and hearing of his companions.

This had happened several times before, so Everts rode on, and saw a pack horse. Knowing this animal would lead him to the others, he started to follow, but the pack horse proved difficult to drive along. When Everts spurred his horse to increase the speed of the pack horse, the animal loped away so fast that Everts with his poor eyesight lost him.

Even this didn't worry Everts. Night was falling so he made camp, cooked a meal of bacon, coffee and beans, and lay down to sleep soundly. He was up early, even before dawn, certain that within a few hours he would find the expedition. The falling foliage from the pine trees during

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Two members of expedition packing a reluctant mule.

Samuel T. Hauser helped in the search for T. C. Everts.

Montana Historical Society Photos

the night had covered all possible tracks in the narrow trail Everts was following. He often had to dismount to examine the ground for tracks.

He came to a clearing and dismounted and, unlike any frontiersman, he left his horse unhitched. He walked into the forest. There was a hissing sound in the clearing. As Everts turned he saw the animal, frightened by a snake, rear up on his hind legs and then dash away into the woods.

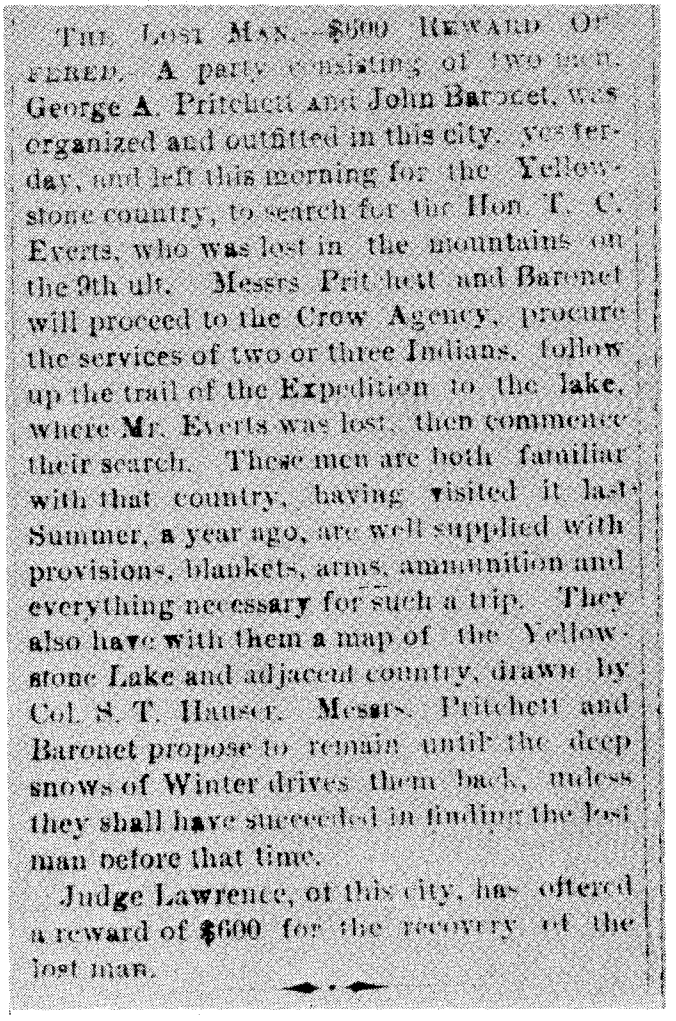
Everts raced after the horse. All his equipment—food, weapons, ammunition—were on the horse. He spent that entire day looking frantically for his horse but never found it. That night he slept between two rotting tree logs, and he awoke unrested, with the pangs of hunger gnawing at his stomach. He had some paper and a pencil in his pocket, a knife and field glasses. He wrote a series of notes to his companions, telling them where he could be found. He posted these notes on tree trunks.

Maybe, just maybe—he dared not let himself think otherwise—members of the party would be scouring the wilds to rescue him. These notes would indicate his course. He kept assuring himself he would be found. The whole thing would be but an incident to tell his wife and his daughter, Bessie. They would chide him woman-fashion for exposing himself to such risks in the first place.

The sun went down over the dark, hostile line of pines and aspens bordering the stark, sullen foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Truman Everts lay down on fallen pine foliage with heavy dew descending in puddles on his face and clothing. Night birds screeched; coyotes sniffed at him as he lay in comfortless slumber.

AT DAYLIGHT he awoke to make his way back across heaps of rock and logs to the place where he had posted the notes. From the thorns, his own words stared at him tauntingly. He found no boot prints except his own. Nobody had returned to look for the lost member of the party. Faint from disappointment as well as from hunger, Everett sat down on a damp, dew-covered boulder. For the first time he realized how lost he was.

Later he wrote: "No food, no fire; no means to procure either. Alone in an unexplored wilderness, one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest abode, surrounded by wild



THE LOST MAN. $600 REWARD OFFERED. A party consisting of two men, George A. Pritchett and John Baronet, was organized and outfitted in this city, yesterday, and left this morning for the Yellowstone country, to search for the Hon. T. C. Everts, who was lost in the mountains on the 9th ult. Messrs. Pritchett and Baronet will proceed to the Crow Agency, procure the services of two or three Indians, follow up the trail of the Expedition to the lake, where Mr. Everts was lost, then commence their search. These men are both familiar with that country, having visited it last Summer, a year ago, are well supplied with provisions, blankets, arms, ammunition and everything necessary for such a trip. They also have with them a map of the Yellowstone Lake and adjacent country, drawn by Col. S. T. Hauser. Messrs. Pritchett and Baronet propose to remain until the deep snows of Winter drives them back, unless they shall have succeeded in finding the lost man before that time.

Judge Lawrence, of this city, has offered a reward of $600 for the recovery of the lost man.

News story tells about $600 reward for lost man.

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THE LONG-LOST FOUND.

Hon. T. C. Everts, of the Yellowstone Expedition, who was lost on the 8th of September, Discovered near the mouth of Bear Gulch.

He was in a Famishing Condition and Unable to Move.

His Recovery Probable.

At last the lost man is found. After suffering untold hardships and privations for thirty-nine days; with no other food but one snow-bird and two little fish, this man has existed during all that time in the mountains and wilderness of the Yellowstone country. For seven days the expedition scoured the country over for the missing member, but in vain. Not satisfied with this, one of the party, Mr. Gillette, with two cavalrymen, remained behind to prosecute the search still further, but their efforts proved equally abortive. All hopes for the recovery of Mr. Everts were therefore abandoned. It was resolved, however, to make one more final effort, and to the praise of Judge Lawrence, more than other citizen be it said, an expedition was organized about two weeks ago, composed of Geo. A. Pritchett and Jack Burnette, two experienced trappers and old mountaineers, who were familiar with that almost unexplored region. This party was reinforced by two Indians from the Crow Agency, and started out in search of the long-lost man. After a few days hard travel Mr. Everts was found near the mouth of Bear Gulch, in such a famished condition that he was unable to move, or scarcely speak. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Fort Ellis for a physician, and although, very low and feeble, it was believed with good care and proper nourishment he would survive. The discovery of Mr. Everts, after such a lapse of time, and under the extraordinary circumstances with which he was surrounded, is simply miraculous. We give below a letter from Mr. Pritchett which brings the glad tidings. Also a brief extract from Mr. Langhorne's letter to Messrs. Parchen & Paynter:

Headlines read "The Long-Lost Found" and told the story when ordeal ended.

beasts of just about every kind and famishing with hunger."

Everts resolved to live. This was "no time for despondency" he would later write in words that eloquently echo the pioneer spirit. Now all of his waning life forces instinctively regrouped in the courageous determination of a tenderfoot "not to perish in that wilderness."

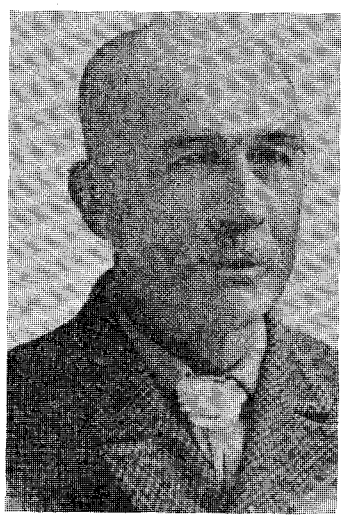
Grimly he controlled his feelings of hunger. "Conscious of the need for food, he felt no craving." A less educated frontiersman would have called it tightening the belt. Weakness now was Everts' besetting problem. He wobbled along, drinking from creeks and springs, sometimes falling prostrate at their mouths, his ears ringing, his breath coming tautly as he crawled toward the water.

Yet always he found the strength to arise and keep moving on those tottering legs. His hope now was to find Lake Lewis in advance of a bivouac planned there by the expedition. Once on its shores, he would try to stay alive—and to wait for companions who would give him food and reasons for not finding him after he got lost in this hell of canyon and thicket.

He cursed himself for not carrying a compass, for having blithely taken for granted directions, in a country where direction was so easily lost in a maze of gorges and mountains and thundering rivers which flow out of nowhere to end everywhere. He saw herds of deer, elk, and mountain sheep staring at him unconcernedly since he carried no gun to slay them. They meant food—if only he had a weapon!

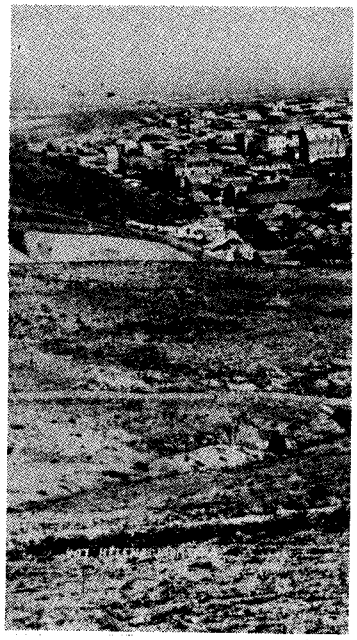
He noticed a small striking green plant that contrasted with the deep pine foliage. He reached down and pulled up one of the plants. It was a form of mountain thistle. The root was long and tapering, looking pretty much like a radish. He ravenously ate that root and then pulled up others until his stomach was gorged. The roots seemed to give him strength and he sensed that they had nutritional value. This realization brought hope to him. He had food on which he could subsist until he found his companions.

He followed the trails of mountain goats and sheep, hoping they might lead to some village of Bannock or Crow Indians.



Montana Historical Society Photos

C. J. Baronette (r.) was the man who found Truman Everts.



Helena, Montana (r.) in the year 1870.

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Hating all whites, these tribesmen were especially hostile to the surveying parties who brought in their wake more white settlements, more hordes of ranchers and gold seekers to ruin their hunting grounds and to exterminate the wild creatures on which they lived. But they were also greedy for the white man's money that bought guns and washtubs and shiny calico.

Everts did reach Lake Lewis. On its shore he stared moodily at the distant, lofty peak of Mount Everts which General Washburn had named for him a few days before he strayed off. What an empty honor it all seemed now! Nearby was a pond fed from Snake River which the wanderer had named Lake Bessie for his daughter.

His weak eyes were bothering him but they began glowing when he spotted something white resembling a sail on the surface of Lake Lewis.

Everts had been told that Indians in this area of the Rockies used sails on their canoes. Through his lenses, the wayfarer peered again. Hope made him believe that he was seeing "a large canoe containing a single oarsman."

Hope, too, summoned the strength to run and meet the vessel. His heart was pounding as he hurried to the beach. Food, shelter, a return to his friends the slow-moving object meant. He reached the water's brink, then groaned in disappointment.

From the lake waddled a giant pelican. The enormous bird flapped its wings, then flew away.

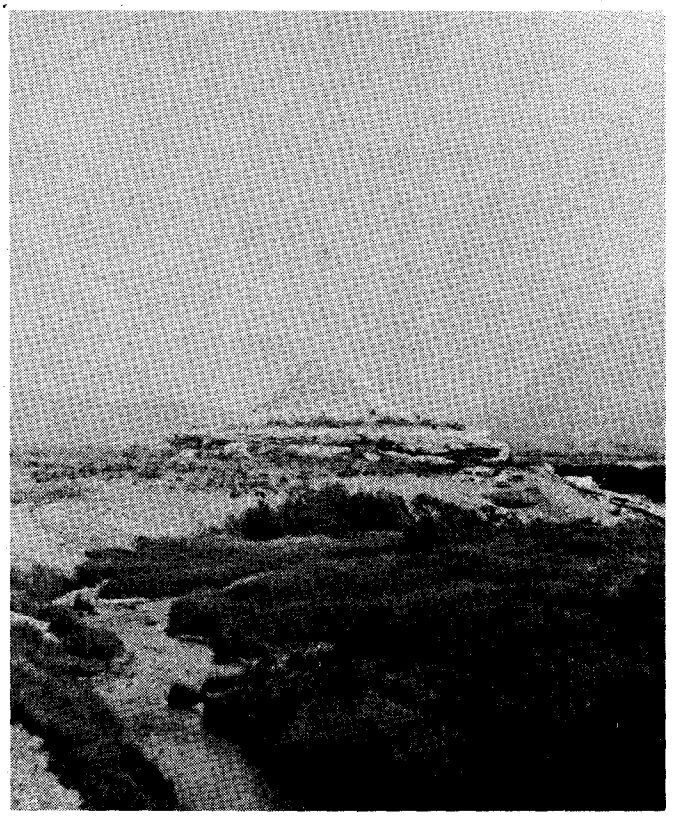
Truman Everts sobbed like a child.

NIGHT WAS falling, another night of solitude and bewilderment. Completely unnerved by such a grotesque joke, Everts devoured thistle roots and sank to sleep on a patch of foliage between two fallen trees.

Suddenly he was awakened by a loud, piercing scream. He jumped to his feet, his hair standing on end.

The screech was repeated. For a second, Everett stood petrified. By now this cry was familiar. Too often during days he had answered it, hoping that it might be "a friendly signal" from searchers for him. Now he knew the identity of the creature—a mountain lion. He had been told that the Yellowstone section was full of these big prowling cats.

Foolishly, hysterically, Everts let out a yell in return, which of course let the lion know exactly where he was. In less time than he could calculate, it came tearing out of the bushes, its big fangs slavering, its swift paws headed straight toward the man.



Soda Springs in Yellowstone National Park.

Fear, as well as food, can be a source of strength. Weary as he was, Everts grabbed the limb of a tree and made it to the top. The beast stood below, tail switching, claws tearing wide strips of bark from the trunk. Terrified more than he had ever been in his life, Everts kept swinging from limb to limb, pelting the animal with twigs hoping to prevent its climbing after him.

Treed by a mountain lion! Treed like the racoons and the bobcats. Under the bombardment of twigs and boughs, the beast backed away and began circling. It howled. Everts howled louder hoping to frighten it away. Man and brute screamed and yowled at each other. The quarry in the tree could smell that dank cat odor of his aggressor, could see its eyes shining like the lamps of the rowdy saloons in Helena.

The hungry brute lashed the ground with its tail. The hungry man kept moving in this deadly form of tag. The motions of the beast were warnings to his tired brain. When he heard it rampaging on one side of the tree, he would change to the other. *(Continued on page 53)*

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by George Baxter

Sonora CITY OF SCREAMING MURDER

This sin center bashed quietly in the hot Southwestern sun, leaving in its wake a strange saga of the Old West

CHIPS HODGKINS, "select whip" for the express company of Reynolds & Todd, was truly a company man.

Midsummer 1851 Chips got a few days vacation and left Sonora, bound for San Francisco and some fun. Chips was about to leave on the riverboat to Stockton when a stage from Sacramento arrived with newspapers from the East. All were consigned to Adams & Company, a rival express outfit, none for Chips' company.

"We'll be the laughing stock of the mines," Chips grumbled when he learned that Adams' men had made special preparations for the mail steamer when it docked at San Francisco. A chartered riverboat had carried the papers and mail to Sacramento, then a fast stage had brought them to Stockton where they would be distributed to Sonora and the other camps in the southern mines area.

When Chips saw the Adams' rider gallop out of town his holiday mood and plans changed abruptly. This was a time for sharp wits and fast action. He bolted for the local Adams' office but checked his gait as he entered, strolling in casually as though he had all the time in the world. Once inside he bargained for all the available newspapers. The agent didn't recognize Chips as one of the Sonora area stage drivers and began counting off the extra papers.

"Hi there, Chips, what are you doing?" a friend called out, and the agent realized what was up. He snatched back the newspapers and stuffed them out of reach.

Chips walked up the street and found a friend to buy the papers—at a very fancy figure.

"What's a few dollars when there's a reputation at stake?" Chips asked.

The 200 newspapers were stuffed into saddlebags, then Chips tied the arms of a long tailed coat about his waist so that the bags would be concealed. He dug his rib wrenches into the horse and the race was on.

It was nearly midnight when he overtook the Adams' rider.

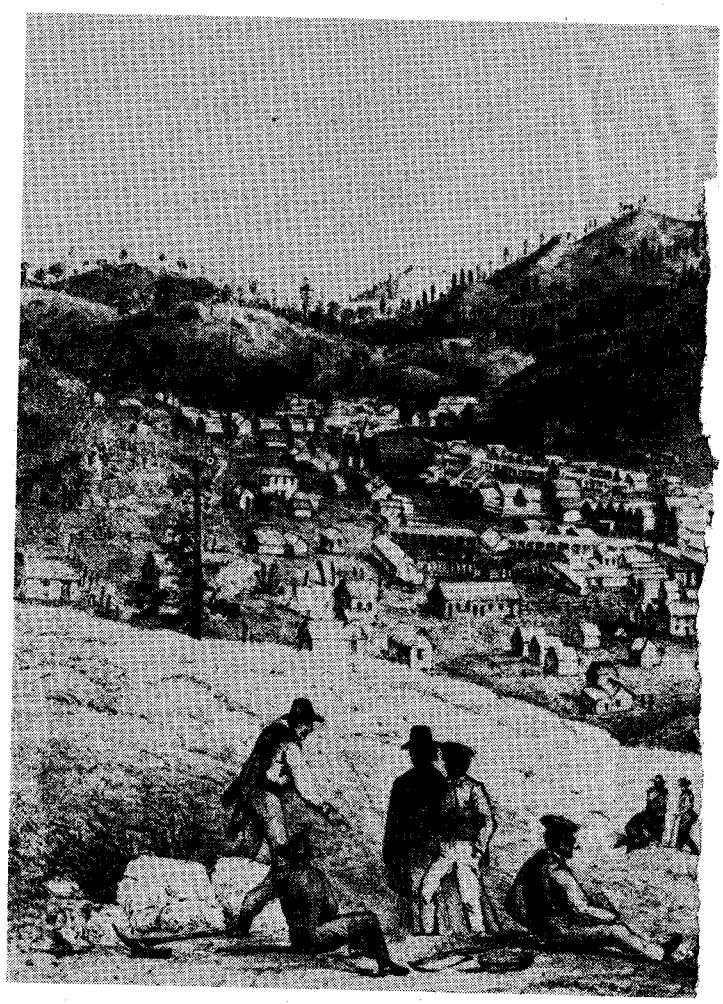
"Howdy, pard," Chips said pleasantly, knowing he would be concealed in the darkness. "You're sure riding late."

"Yep, I'm riding with these newspapers sort of special-like," the Adams' man explained. "We'll beat the opposition by 12 hours or so."

Chips told him that the plan showed real concern and service for their customers. He then explained that he was traveling during the night to avoid the summer heat.

The two men rode together until the first fingers of light began to creep over the Sierras, then Chips found an excuse to leave his companion. He reined around a low hill and really lit out. He knew the area like his own dinner plate and used every short cut to make time. At Jamestown he got a fresh mount from the Reynold's office there, then headed for Sonora.

The town was just coming alive for the day's activities as



Early day, 1852, view of

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Chips went about distributing the papers. He placed them strategically, sent some on to Mariposa, gave the rest to the Sonora agent and called it quits. Chips had already stabled his horse, eaten breakfast and settled down on the hotel porch when the Adams' rider dusted into Sonora.

"Here's the latest edition of the New York papers," he called as he dropped to the ground from his sweat-shimmering horse.

But the people of Sonora merely looked over the tops of the newspapers which Chips had delivered several hours before.

SONORA WAS usually concerned with more mundane things. It was, from the outset, a boom camp of superlatives. Sonora produced more than 600 millions in gold which qualified it for one of the richest. With at least one unsolved murder each week, it probably ranked with the wildest camp.

There is no doubt that it was one of the earliest gold camps since it was first inhabited in 1848, not long after the discovery of gold by Jim Marshall at Coloma, about 60 miles to the north.

Roving bands of Mexicans who had wandered northward from the Veta Madre (Mother Lode) of Mexico opened the first placers and quartz veins known as Sonorian Camp, after the Mexican state. As the Americans and others moved into the area, the diggings spread throughout the hills until there were so many that on the route between Stockton and Sonora "the campfires along the way were near enough together to show the traveler his way, even at night."

Of course not every prospector struck it rich and finding gold was sometimes peculiar, as related by Theodore Hittell, a noted California historian.

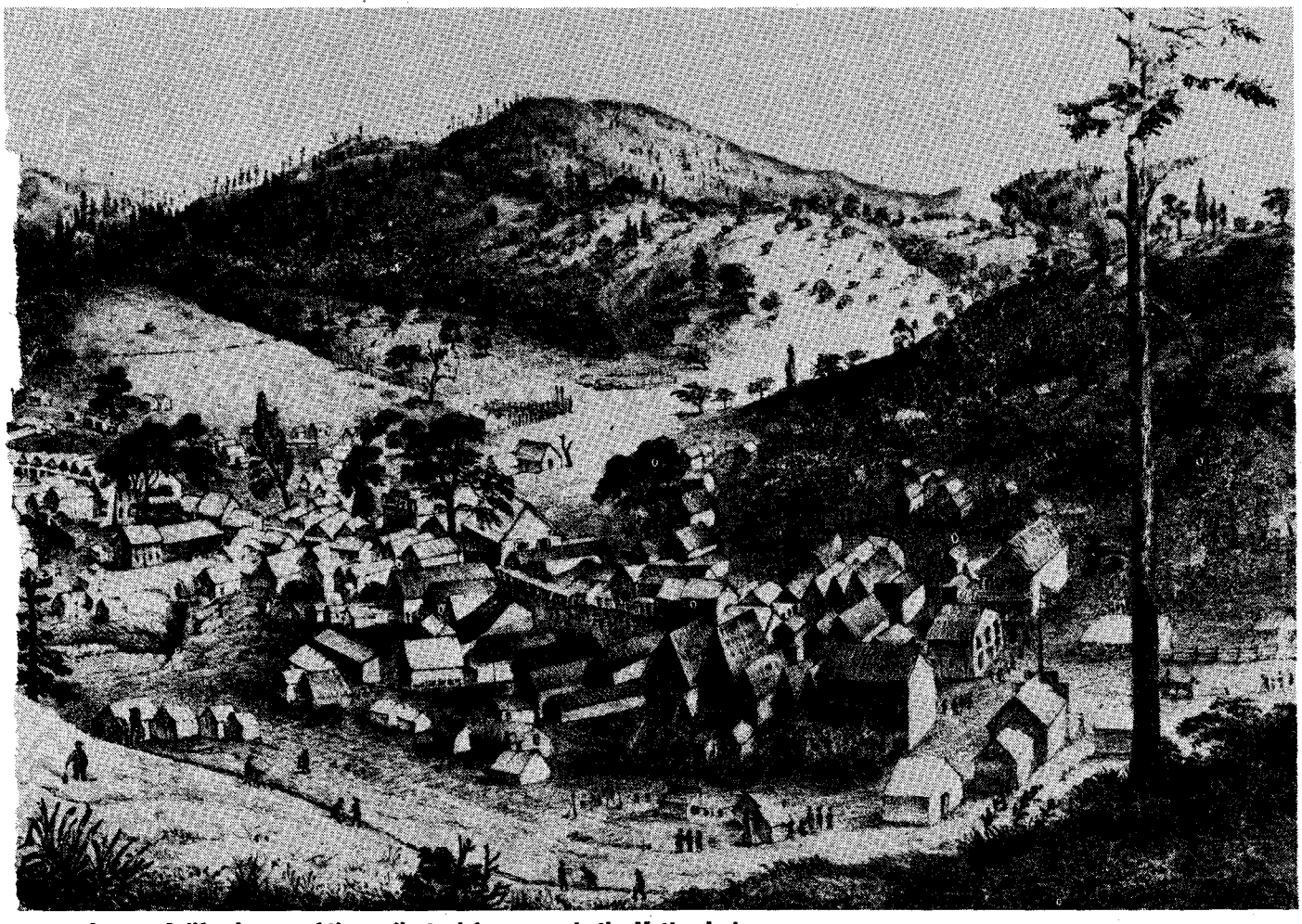
Speaking of a Sonora resident one morning after a heavy downpour, Hittell wrote "While leading his mule attached to a cart up the principal street of the town, he struck a large stone and, upon stooping down to move it out of the way, found it to be a solid nugget of gold of about 35 pounds in weight. Hundreds of people had been traveling over it daily."

Sonora was a city of characters and Elisa Martinez was certainly one. She was young, spunky and pretty.

Having been born in Sonora, Mexico, of well-to-do parents, Elisa was expected to get some schooling, then catch one of the young caballeros and settle down to the tranquil life of a señora.

But Elisa had spirit and adventure in her soul; the land of Alta California with all of its lurid tales appealed to her. She left a magic imprint on the lore of California after her arrival in the Sonorian Camp area during mid 1850. Not far away was a small tent town founded by a countrywoman Doña Guadalupe Valenzuela.

At Doña's suggestion, Elisa moved onto a spot of her own liking, though she had no knowledge whatever of geology



Sonora, California, one of the earliest mining camps in the Mother Lode area. *California State Library*

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or mineralogy. It was merely a woman's whim or intuition which told her to stop. There she set her servants to panning for gold. They found gold—lots of it!

Then, of course, came the other miners. Americans, bearded, dirty and greedy, respected the lady who had first found the new strike, and mined their own claims. The camp was generally referred to as "Elisa's" or "Martinez" and everyone knew where it was located.

Elisa prospered and made many friends in the area, some good, some bad. One of these was the feared Joaquin Murietta whose bloody career had started not far from the site of Elisa's mine. At Sawmill Flat, Joaquin's Rosita had been ravaged and murdered, and it was over her dead body that he had sworn his bloody oath of vengeance.

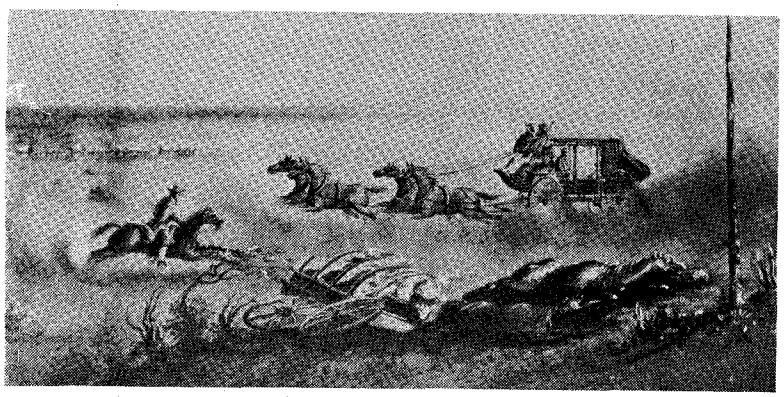
ELISA WAS friendly with Joaquin but she was also an intimate of Juan Claudio, a henchmen of the feared bandito. Elisa's became a haven for scoundrels and ruffians of every kind while irate posses beat the brush and searched nearby Sonora and other towns in search of the outlaws.

The legend of the times indicates that Elisa loved Claudio and her heart was broken when he was captured and hanged during a foray near Los Angeles.

In time she used some of her accumulated wealth, and some left behind by Claudio to buy a quartz claim near Carson Hill in Calaversa County, known as Madame Martinez's or the South Carolina claim.

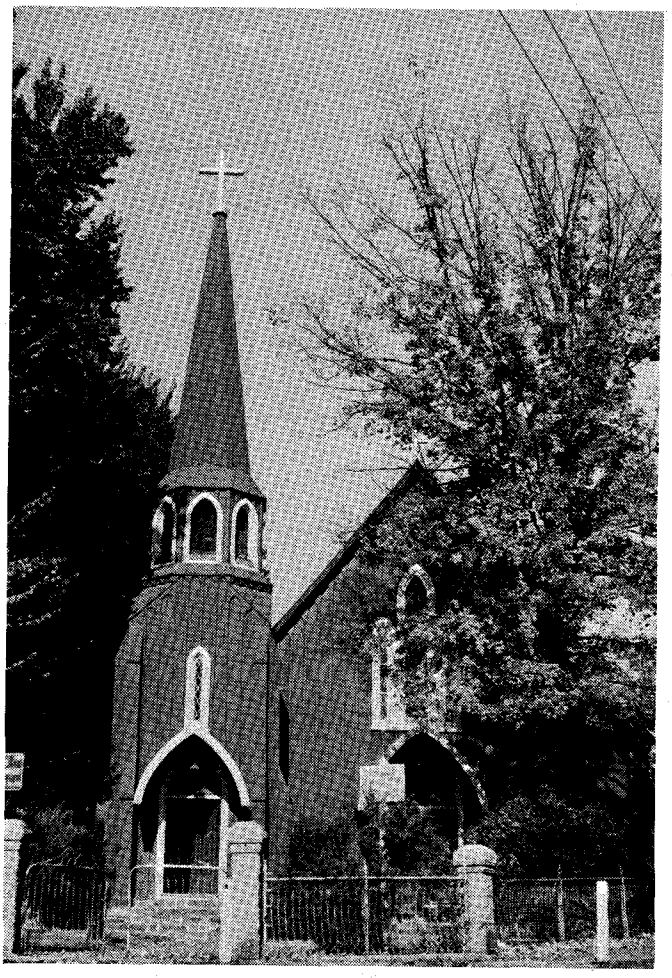
No matter how the storyteller describes the claim, the facts are that a great deal of gold was taken from the mine of the lady from Sonora. Most of it was melted down in heavy bars and shipped back to her native Sonora, as she prepared for the day when she would return home. It was at this juncture that the legend of Elisa blends with those tales of the bandito Joaquin.

Much of the gold sent back to Sonora, legend says, was not taken from her quartz mine but was a mixture of bullion and other golden treasure which had been stolen from the



Teams and riders similar to these are the types which served Sonora, California, when the frontier was new.

Young Collection Photos



Sonora's St. James Church dates back to gold rush days.

Is this the safe robbed at Sonora when wrong man was hanged?

rumbling express coaches along the Golden Highways. Mixed together, the honest could never be separated from the thefted gold. Here comes another curious twist in the tangled lore of California history.

Death of Joaquin at the hands of Captain Love has long been questioned. Many claim that he escaped to live out his days with Elisa in Sonora, Mexico. There is even growing conviction that Elisa Martinez may well have been the mastermind behind much of the banditry which took place in the Sonora and southern mines areas. What would be better camouflage than to have a woman behind the planning and acting as a fence for the stolen goods?

Quien sabe?

(Continued on page 56)

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THE BILLION DOLLAR ANSWER

by Ralph Friedman

They had a fortune in gold in their hands but they didn't know how to profit by it until a young genius came up with the answer

Bancroft Library Photo

GEORGE McKNIGHT rubbed the stubble on his cheek and stared at the waters of Wolf Creek, a narrow stream curling and skipping through the heart of Boston Ravine, a crude settlement of dirty tents and red-flanneled miners.

It looks pretty rough here, too, he thought to himself. He lifted his eyes so he could see down the stream and took in a staggered line of sluice panners on the shore, some bent over the stream, others resting on rocks.

A year before, in 1849, when there were just a few fellows around, a man could make a living, might even get ahead some. But the miners had come on fast, swarming over the stream banks so thick, that you could send a message from one camp to another by having it relayed down the line, man to man, without any man having to holler.

He had tried the diggings at Rough and Ready, then Newtown, and had even put in a lick at Coyote Creek. They had all been good, until the crowds moved in. Now he was down to Wolf Creek, and that was being played out fast.

It was a strange country, the Sierra Nevada Mountains, McKnight thought. An army without banners had marched upon the hills from every corner of the earth, it seemed. And for what? For the little bit of gold that rested in the placer streams and pretty soon that bit would be just about gone.

A few men had seen their dreams realized but most had not. Yet, on the hopes of striking it rich, camps and towns were rising. Some of the men were already saying that Grass Valley, a mile north, would some day be as big as most of the camps in the Mother Lode down south, but McKnight didn't know. He shook his *(Continued on page 60)*

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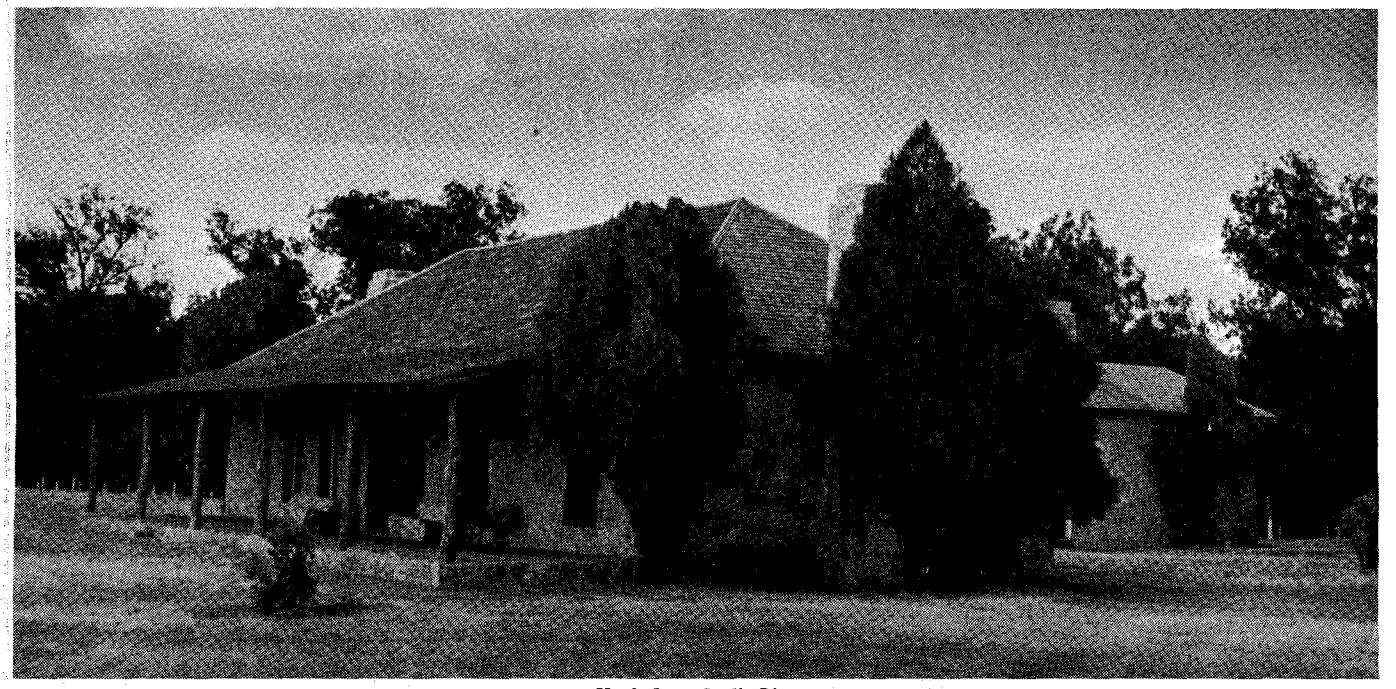
by Louise Cheney Auer

Strange Saga of Fort Clark

This guardian of the Rio Grande country played an important part in the defense of the frontier north of the river



Hugh Capps Studio Photo

LONG BEFORE the blue coated troopers came to Las Moras (mulberries) River in 1852 to establish Fort Clark as a guardian of the Rio Grande country, Indians frequented the area because of the crystal clear, bubbling springs that fed the stream. The Lipan Apaches used the springs, believing them to contain miracle water. They had a saying, "Who washes here is cleansed of guile. The mantle of truth descends upon him."

Even before the advent of the garrison, however, colonists came to the vicinity of Las Moras led by Dr. John Charles Beales, who held a Mexican land grant of three million acres acquired through his Spanish wife, Dolores. They lived near Las Moras River in peace for two years, then came the Texas Revolution. Santa Anna and his vast army neared the Rio Grande en route to assault the Alamo in San Antonio. The colonists fled before the approaching enemy only to be massacred by the savage Comanches. Two women and five children were the only survivors.

When gold was discovered in California the '49ers surged to the Pacific via Las Moras to avoid the heavy snows of the northern route. They were constantly harassed by the marauding Indians. The United States Government decided to establish a military garrison for the protection of overland travelers. On June 20, 1852, Major Joseph Hatch La Motte, who founded Ringgold, another border fort, four years earlier, marched to Las Moras with two companies of the First Infantry and the advance and rear guards of the U.S. Mounted Rifles, and established Fort Clark. The garrison was first called Fort Riley and renamed Fort Clark on July 15, 1852, in honor of Major John B. Clark who had been killed in the Mexican War.

The quarters erected at the time of establishment were temporary. In 1855 the first stone stockade went up, a corral to protect the horses from the raiding Indians. The savages continued to pillage in spite of the presence of the troopers. For the first ten years that Fort Clark stood on Las Moras River, parties of soldiers were sent out daily to fight with the red raiders.

During the 1850's Robert E. Lee came to Fort Clark for a brief period. He was *(Continued on page 65)*

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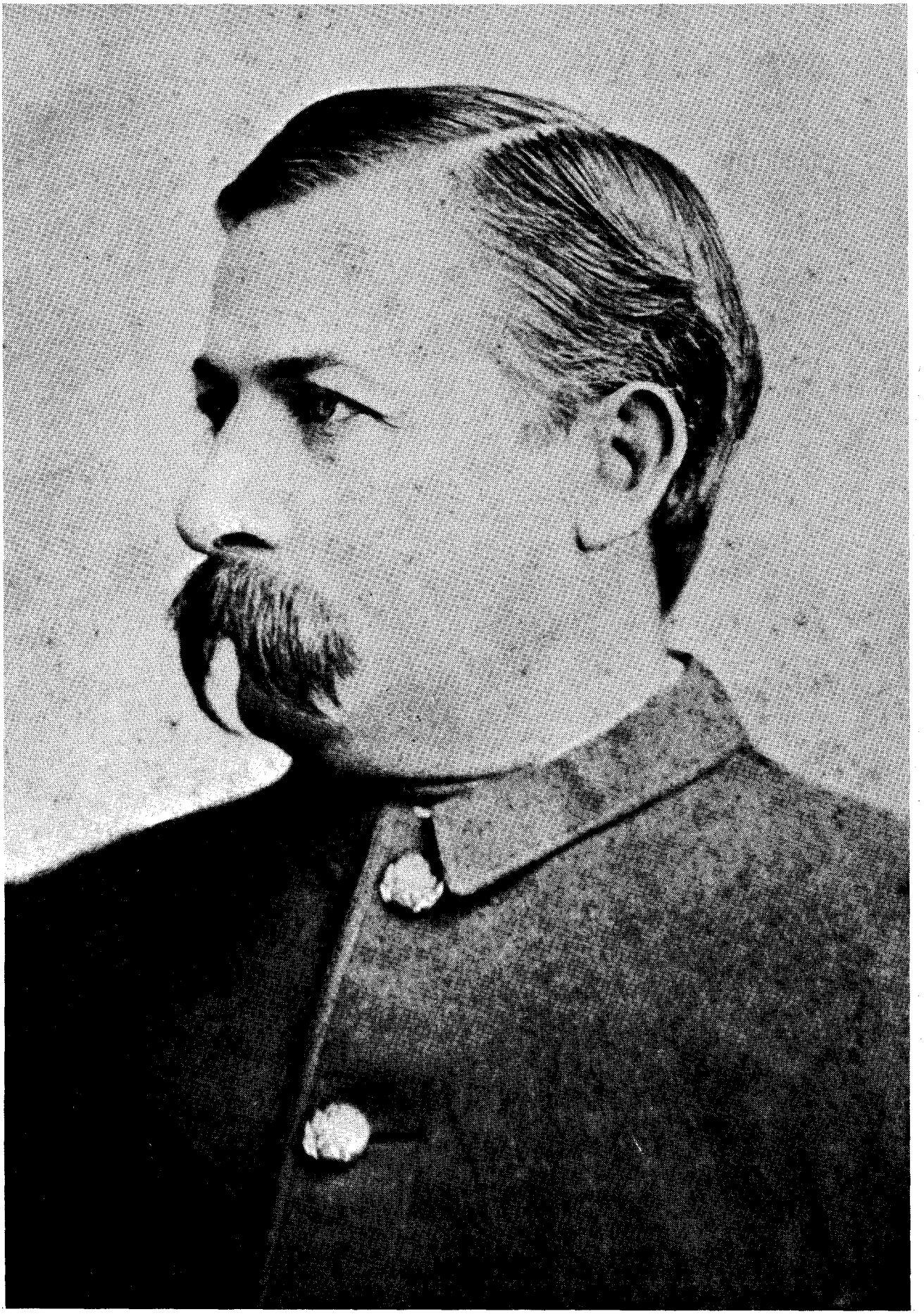

General Ranald Mackenzie, famed Indian fighter, staged his best known raid from Fort Clark.

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ROUND-UP • • TIME • •

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Where was the first boothill and what town started it? Clara McFadden, Watertown, New York.

A. The boothill cemetery seems to have been an institution of cowtowns and the early railroad construction towns on the prairies. In Elizabeth Custer's writings there is only one mention of a boothill cemetery; and the Custers covered all the towns of the prairie states. The one mentioned by Mrs. Custer was a boothill cemetery at Fort Hays. There is a mention of a boothill in Ellsworth, which was one of the early railroad construction towns. In recent years every town dating back to the Old West in the Plains states and the mountain mining country boasts of a boothill.

Q. What was a "Bitter End Knot" among the cowboys? Jim O'Neil, Hutchinson, Kansas.

A. This knot was tied off the end of a rope. It was usually finished off with a back splice, the loose strands spliced into the rope.

Q. Can you tell me what is meant by the Staked Plains? Douglas Brian 2319 Harrison Blvd., Ogden, Utah.

A. The Staked Plains was the name given a large tableland in western Texas and eastern New Mexico, 150 miles from east to west and 400 miles north to south. It was bounded by the Canadian River on the north, the Pecos River on the west, and the headwaters of the Brazos, the Red, and the Colorado Rivers on the east. The Texas Panhandle today, was a part of the old Staked Plains. The Mexicans called it Llano Estacado. *It was a great hunting ground for the buffalo in the old days and the Comanches used it for their villages.*

Q. When a cowboy said he was "necking up" was he talking about courting a girl? Helen Morse, 765 Broadway, Wichita, Kansas.

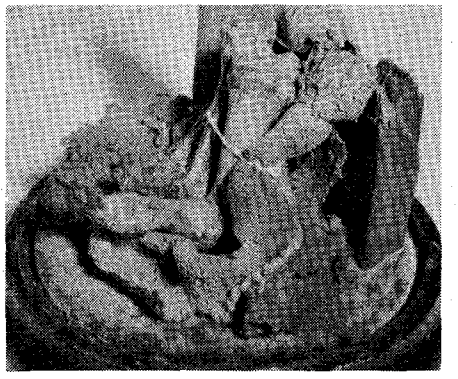
A. No, he was leading four or five horses tied abreast and his job was to keep them from bolting and running.

Q. Is it true that Bat Masterson once worked as a newspaper man in New York City? Gale Spender, Mission, Kansas.

A. Bat Masterson worked as a sports writer in New York over a period of 25 years. His sojourn in Dodge City lasted only six years. Then he spent six more years wandering around the West. Once in New York he joined the staff of the New York Telegraph. *He severed all ties with the West and was outspoken in his disgust and hatred of that section of the country. His career as a newspaperman was his greatest achievement, and he was known all over the country as an outstanding sports writer of the day. Unfortunately, this period of his life has been overshadowed by his brief time in Dodge City.*

Q. What part did Clubfoot George play in the work of the Plummer Gang and is it true his foot is in the Museum at Virginia City, Montana? Carl B. Brayman, Beatrice, Nebraska.

A. Clubfoot George was a spy for the Plummer Gang. He posed as a shoemaker in Virginia City and from his window he could see when gold was taken to the Wells Fargo office for shipment. He was hanged with the rest of the gang. Some years later the businessmen of Virginia City decided to locate the graves of these outlaws because the head markers had rotted away. One man was sure he knew where Clubfoot George had been buried,



and if his grave could be located, the others wouldn't be difficult to find since there was a record of the order of hanging. The grave was opened and the bones of Clubfoot George were there. The gravediggers took his clubfoot for their work, as seen here. It is in the Virginia City Museum now.

Q. I have an old ball and cap pistol, .54 calibre, single action, with a removable screw on the right side of the frame, which allows the barrel to be dropped on a hinge and the cylinder removed. The name of the manufacturer is so bady rusted that I can't make it out. What make of pistol do I have? Henry Morman, Westport Point, Mass.

A. In all probability you have one of Ebenezer Townsend Starr's .54 calibre 1856 pistols. Ebenezer Townsend Starr was the second son of the famous gun maker Nathan Starr. The son had a shop in New York City and in 1856 patented this single-action percussion .54 caliber revolver, Patent 14118. The removable screw was the unique feature of his gun. He later became an important supplier of revolvers to the Army, selling 50,000 revolvers to the Army during the Civil War.

Q. What does it mean for a cowboy to "dog-fall" a steer? Alex Pappe, Roswell, N.M.

A. To throw a steer while he has his feet under him.

Q. Were bounty hunters in the Old West despised as we have been led to believe? Yves Vezine, 101 Miramichi Red Oromocto, N. B.

A. Research fails to uncover much information about the bounty hunters, which makes it probable that Hollywood has built up this character. You find them sometimes in Western fiction, but little mention is made in any of the records of the Old West.

Q. Why was Cullen Baker, the East Texas badman in the Reconstruction days, called "The Grandfather of the Six Gun?" Les Bridge, 7315 89th St., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

A. In 1854 the Army sent 2,000 Colt revolvers to the Cavalry in Texas, and because they were to be used by mounted men the revolver was called "The Dragoon Colt." This gun was big and bulky, difficult to handle, 17½ inches over-all with a 9-inch barrel. It was a cap and ball and it took some time for the percussion cap to ignite after the trigger was squeezed. The only use for it was to gun-whip the enemy. No one ever tried to aim it at anybody. That is, they didn't until that August day in 1855 when Cullen Baker fought a gun-battle with Indian Charles at Fort Towson, Texas. Indian Charles had the popular gun at the time, the muzzle loading sawed-off shotgun. Baker had a Dragoon Colt and, to the amazement of the onlookers, this heavy revolver came out of his belt, roared, and Indian Charles dropped dead. Baker had mastered the trick of timing the ignition of the percussion cap with the gun explosion. From that date on, the Dragoon Colt became a popular gun on the frontier. It was the first of the so-called "six shooters" and Baker earned the honor of being the Grandfather of the Six Gun."

Q. What was the stagecoach fare from Westport, near Independence, Missouri to California and how much baggage was a passenger allowed? Mrs. Laura Titterton, Pembroke, Ontario.

A. Before the Civil War it was $225.00, but during the war the fare went up to $525.00 and the passenger could take 25 pounds of baggage. Anything over this was $1.00 a pound.

Q. What was meant by a "cavey" of horses? Jimmy Blair, Paradise, Pennsylvania.

A. A string of horses used in roundups or any special work on the ranch that required a large number of horses. ●

If you have any question about the Old West, shoot it along and the staff of THE WEST will try to answer it. Where there are several questions on the same subject we will combine them in a composite question and use the name of the first person to send in the question. We can't trace relatives, but we'll try to ferret out an answer on any other question.

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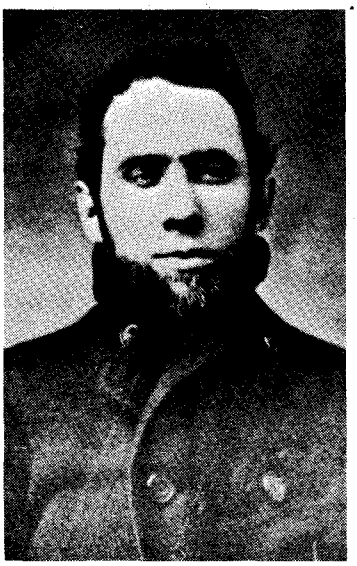
SAM DANNER'S GOSPEL MEETING



George Mayleg Photo

When this man used his big saloon for revival meetings it brought strange results in Tombstone

by Ivan Clyde Lake

SAM DANNER of South Carolina wasn't of the hill-rat breed who picked around a tumbled terrain for precious metals, but he could see the shine on minted coins maybe 3,000 miles away. That's why, after he heard of lucky strikes made in southern Arizona, Sam forked his mule and high-tailed it to the new silver camp with the sepulchral name of Tombstone.

Reaching the mesa town in its beginning year, 1878, he saw a tattered townscape of tents and canvas-roofed shacks strung along Allen Street, and tarpaulin shelters that dotted the surrounding hillsides. He also saw stacks of lumber that had been freighted in by ox-team from the wooded Huachucas, and he heard the insistent sounds of saws and planes and hammers.

"Tombstone is a-building up like hell," Sam remarked to D. S. Chamberlain.

Chamberlain was there, a contract in his pocket, to furnish the new town with water; his hired men were at work digging wells when Sam arrived.

Sam reckoned that water was all right, in cases of emergency, but what he planned to do would bring in more 'dobe dollars than Chamberlain would ever see.

"What do you plan to do here?" Chamberlain asked.

"I'm going to open up the biggest saloon in town," Sam announced.

Sam leased a big lot on the corner of Allen and Fifth Streets and then went up to Tucson for yards and yards of tarpaulin to enclose his place of business. He bought barrels and bottles of brew and distillations from which to forge his liquid lightning. Four or five days later he opened his canvas cantina.

"It's 50 feet long by 50 feet wide," Sam pointed out, "so everybody'll get a square deal."

Sam's saloon lacked the ornate finish of a San Francisco bistro, but nobody drank ornamentation, anyhow. For a bar he used a smoothened plank resting on empty whisky barrels. He didn't bother with a backbar, a mirror, or an oil painting of a beefy nude; he didn't have a foot-rail on which guzzlers could hook their equilibrium, but along the east side of the tent he had a backless bench upon which anybody who found it a problem to stand, could sit. Kerosene lamps, hanging from the ridgepole of the tent, lighted Sam's place.

Sam's cantina became known as "a rendezvous of some of the toughest characters in the Southwest." Modestly he admitted that it was quite a hangout for toughs but he didn't boast of it, or of anything else—except his floor.

"Take a good look at my floor," he'd say. "You won't find anything like it even in old San Fran. It's genuine, polished adobe "

When it was whispered around that Sam was truly honest, a few thrifty souls in camp took advantage of his reputation. They put their savings in his trustworthy hands for safekeeping and, in consequence, his place became known as the Bank Exchange.

SAM DANNER employed two young barkeeps who'd been reared in Southern Methodist homes, under John Wesley's strict Discipline that was as full of "Thou Shalt Nots" as the Decalogue. One of the young fellows, furthermore, hailed from that Kentucky region where Peter Cartwright, perfervid evangelist, had lived and fulminated his fire-and-brimstone exhortations.

Although it appeared certain, from an orthodox point of view, that the young backsliders were headed for an ever-burning Hell, they hadn't quite forgotten the good teachings imparted to them at a mother's knee or by a father's razor strop.

"Sam," they said, "we ought to hold a religious meeting in your tent."

"Seems like a good idea," Sam said, once he'd recovered. "But, mind you, I ain't standing for any poking fun at religion."

"We don't mean any wrong, Sam," they said. "We just thought we ought to hold the *first* religious meeting in camp."

They posted hand-made notices around town, advertising a "class and prayer meeting" to be held at Sam Danner's on the following Saturday night between 9:00 and 10:00 o'clock. During that hour, they stressed, the bar would be closed. Everybody was welcome but nobody would be admitted without a ticket that could be obtained, free of charge, from a fellow sitting on a soapbox outside the tent. A ticket was an old playing card, initialed by Sam; it would not only open the portals to the bearer but it would entitle him to a free drink, once the meeting was over.

Sam's big tent was packed to the flaps that Saturday night.

Sam himself, who apparently was not unacquainted with a good upbringing, opened the meeting with a fervent prayer that reportedly went: "O Lord, we pray for full forgiveness of all sins we have committed but what we most repent of is for those we have omitted."

Wash Harris, singer and banjo plucker, led the congregation in a song that sounded, to a reporter who heard it, like this: "Glory, Glory Hallelujahram! Man! Man! Glory Hallelujahram! The poor man looked *(Continued on page 48)*

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ANGEL OF GOLIAD

(Continued from page 19)

force of Texans at Aqua Dulce Creek. The result was the same, annihilation-massacre. Panchita was aghast. A few days later when she heard about the fall of the Alamo, about the "no quarter," and the subsequent killing of all its defenders, she concluded that the Mexican mission into Texas was not altogether a just one.

As General Urrea continued toward Goliad he detached a small force to occupy the Gulf port of Copano. Among the group was Captain Alvarez and Panchita, who had a date there with destiny.

General Urrea, to his surprise and delight, found the fortress of Goliad deserted and learned that Colonel Fannin and his small force of about 250 men had just left and were marching in the open to Victoria. It took his 1000 men only a half day to capture the entire Texan force.

That same day, a Mexican sentry at Copano, 100 miles south, alerted the garrison with the news that an American ship was about to dock in the bay. Within minutes the Mexicans were in defensive position near the shore ready for a possible assault.

On the bay, the American ship *William and Frances* had just dropped anchor after a twenty day voyage from New Orleans carrying Colonel Miller and his 68 Nashville volunteers. It was a long confinement for the company, particulary for some of the younger men; so before a small boat could be launched, some of them leaped into the water and swam to shore, right into the arms of the waiting Mexicans.

The Nashville volunteers never dreamed that the port of Copano was in Mexican hands, and the sudden capture of the shore party was a shock to them. Some of the more imaginative among the captured quickly told the Mexicans that they were unarmed tourists on a peaceful visit to Texas. Colonel Rafael de la Vara, commandant of the Mexican garrison, ignored them, but quickly deployed his men to cover the ship and prevent its departure. Within a day, all the volunteers were on shore as prisoners of the Mexicans.

The prisoners were harshly treated. As soon as they surrendered their arms, they were tied up, more tightly than necessary, and left lying in the hot sun. No food or water was given to them.

Curiosity brought Panchita from her quarters to see the captured Americans. The killing of the prisoners at Aqua Dulce and San Patricio had somewhat conditioned the girl to expect the same this time and she wished to see them before it happened. However conditioned Panchita was, she was aghast to see them bound, lying in the dirt, groaning in pain from the tight bonds and thirst. Panchita literally flew into the Mexican soldiers guarding them and ordered them to untie the prisoners and give them water. She was a colonel's wife and not to be ignored; so the soldiers complied

Panchita earned much gratitude that day from 68 tortured prisoners. She was touched by this gratitude and from that day on saw that they were treated humanely, much to the embarrassment of her dignified husband.

THE following day, orders arrived to bring the prisoners to Goliad to join the other Americans recently captured near Victoria. Colonel Alvarez and Panchita were among the Mexican guards accompanying the prisoners. Panchita mingled with them during the march and was delighted to find that one of them, Private Allen, was well educated, cultured and able to converse with her in French. She sought him out often and found innocent pleasure in their conversation.

The arrival of Colonel Miller's volunteers at Goliad brought the total of prisoners to about 400, a sizable group. By now, Panchita's instinctive compassion for the oppressed had grown strong. When she saw the half starved prisoners all jammed into the steaming hot church with barely room to sit, she went straight to the Mexican in charge, General Portilla. She persuaded him to allow the prisoners out of the church, to feed them and give them water. Later she arranged for a makeshift hospital for the wounded and obtained permission for the American doctors to treat them.

Panchita never for a moment doubted the eventual disposition of the prisoners. She realized that it was only a matter of time before the order arrived. All through the week of March 21st she watched for the messenger. When he finally arrived, she followed him into General Portilla's office. He read the order and disgustedly threw it on his desk. Panchita boldly picked it up and read it. Although it said no more than she had expected, she still was shocked by the cold order to kill all the prisoners without delay. General Portilla was irritated by her presumption, but was so fond of her that he said nothing.

"What will you do," she asked.

"I will do my duty," he answered, and after a short pause, added, "tomorrow morning."

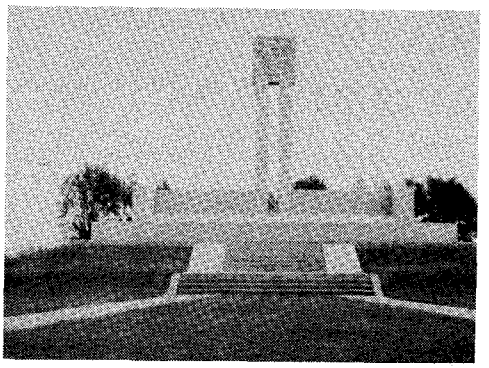
Author's Photos

Monument to the Angel of Goliad.

With tears rolling down her cheeks, Panchita tried to persuade Portilla to delay the killing, but with no success. However, she did manage to get him to delay execution of the Nashville volunteers since they were captured at Copano before they could actually engage in combat against Mexico. Portilla agreed to write for clarification of the order as it affected the Nashville volunteers.

Panchita left Portilla's office and hurried to the prisoners' compound. Under cover of darkness she smuggled a dozen prisoners to her quarters and hid them in the attic. It was an unusually quiet night. There was no sound except the music of a flute playing "Home Sweet Home" at the prisoners' compound.

Early the next morning the prisoners were aroused with more than the usual brusqueness. The men were divided into three groups. These were to be working parties, although, to the joy of one group they were told that they were going to the port of Copano to board a ship for New Orleans and freedom. They were in high spirits as they marched out of the fort and so hardly noticed the many black veiled Mexican women watching. "Pobrecitos, pobrecitos," murmured the women amongst themselves. Even if the prisoners had heard them, only a handful would have understood the Spanish word meaning "poor boys."



Massacred Texans are remembered.

Panchita stood a little apart from the women. She was frustrated in her helplessness. As the prisoners walked by, she noticed 15-year-old Benjamin Franklin Hughes of Kentucky. Impulsively she ran into the ranks and pulled him out by an arm, saying to an officer nearby that she needed him for the hospital. The understanding officer made no objection; but young Hughes struggled to get back because he thought he was with the group that was going home. Young Hughes was one of the few prisoners who was still alive that night, for that morning 253 prisoners were slaughtered by the Mexicans.

The Texan doctors were not executed because their services were required to tend the many Mexican wounded. That afternoon, when Panchita learned that Doctor Shackleford's son was among the slaughtered, she ran to him and with tears streaming down her cheeks exclaimed, "Why wasn't I told that you had a son here? I would have saved him at all hazards."

MORE than a dozen Texan prisoners managed to escape during the mass execution. Some days later seven of them appeared at the door of the Quinn home in Victoria. When Mrs. Quinn saw them she realized who they were.

"I won't send you away," she said, "but if you are found here we will all be shot." Without a word they turned and left.

Later that day the Mexicans found and killed three of them and imprisoned the remaining four in Victoria for eventual execution. Two days later the four prisoners were taken to Victoria market square. The firing squad stood in position with their rifles cocked. Isaac D. Hamilton of Captain Shackleford's Red Rover Company was one of the four to be shot. He later described how, to his amazement, Panchita ran out to the square and stood in front of him and the other prisoners to shield them with her own body. Her gesture was infectious, for she was joined by another officer's wife. When the two women flatly refused to move, the execution was cancelled.

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Panchita's appearance in Victoria seemed miraculous to the Texans. Actually it was a small quirk of fate that put Panchita in a position to save them. She had just arrived in Victoria that morning accompanying her husband, who had just been reassigned.

Undoubtedly, Captain Alvarez had many an uncomfortable moment explaining his wife's actions to his superiors, particularly her latest impertinence, her interfering with a military firing squad. His relations with Panchita must have become severely strained.

Late in May, the Mexican Army began a mass evacuation before the approaching conquering Texan Army, which had just scored a major victory against them at San Jacinto. Captain Alvarez and Panchita fled south with General Urrea and arrived in Matamoras on May 28, 1836. From there Captain Teleforo Alvarez took his wife, Doña Panchita Alvarez to Mexico City—and abandoned her.

One cannot help but wonder how Alvarez could part with a woman of such a rare combination of qualities as Panchita had. However, a careful search of some of the more obscure facets of history reveals that Alvarez was somewhat of an unusual person himself. An old, yellowing letter, now stored in the archives of the

Read
THE WEST'S
companion magazine
GOLDEN WEST

Mexican Ministry of War, reveals that this man, at one time, led not only one dull life, he led two dull lives—simultaneously. This letter is an appeal from a Maria Agustina de Pozo Alvarez for assistance from the ministry to force her legitimate husband, Captain Telesforo Alvarez to support her and their two children. The letter is dated 1837 and states that Captain Alvarez abandoned her in 1834.

Panchita, the young, beautiful, well born, sensitive señorita must have been stunned by her husband's desertion. It is not difficult to imagine her state of mind when she learned that her marriage had been a complete legal farce.

As far as history is concerned, Panchita's existence ceased after she was abandoned in Mexico City. The war ended, and, late in 1836, all the Texan prisoners were released. They had suffered greatly. Many of them however, realized how much harder it would have been but for the intercession of a frail teen-age girl. Perhaps the best tribute we can pay Panchita is to remember her the way one of those she helped remembered her. He wrote, "The señora was hardly twenty, a blackeyed, high bred beauty. God bless her. She saved my life and the lives of my companions." ●

THEY DIED AT PYRAMID

(Continued from page 33)

rock, which makes for some of the odd, grotesque shapes seen in and around the lake. Situated in a minor basin of Nevada's Great Basin, strange winds swirl around the lake, wind currents forced out of their normal course of passage through the hills and mountains. These pick up the loose sand and dust along the lake's edge in little whirlwinds that dance along the shore or over the water.

It was obvious to the Indians that good and evil spirits dwelt here. For generations nearby tribes would gather along the shores every spring. There were feasts and prayers for the good spirits, dances and sacrifices to propitiate the evil spirits. With the search for gold, prospectors came from all over, desecrating the Indians' holy grounds. Chief Winnemucca of the Paiutes, a peaceful leader of a peaceful tribe, negotiated a treaty with the whites.

Most of the white settlers lived up to the treaty, but enough wildcatters and prospectors ignored it to stir up trouble. A popular frontiersman, Pete Lassen, and his partners Wyatt and Clapper, went into the forbidden area looking for the recently discovered-and-lost Black Rock gold mine. Lassen and Clapper were killed but Wyatt, despite a slug in one leg, made his escape.

The killing of Lassen and his partner aroused a storm. Many refused to believe that the peaceful Paiutes would break a treaty, and felt the murders had been committed by a roving band of Pitt River Indians, or others. But to many settlers, Indians had done it, and for most people, that was enough.

TO MAKE matters worse during the months that followed, the area experienced one of its worst winters in history. Blizzards and long periods of near zero temperatures immobilized the Indians, forcing them to butcher cattle to keep from starving. This further angered the ranchers whose animals were killed. They ignored the fact that most of the cattle that was killed and eaten would have died in the cold anyway, for lack of feed.

It served to fan the hatred and resentment that was growing. One cattleman, Jack Demming, already known for his hatred of the Indians, returned home one day after the winter's grip had been broken, to find his ranch house burning, his horses stolen and his brother dead, riddled with bullets. The settlers, convinced that the Paiutes were responsible for this and other depredations, began to store up arms and ammunition, and got together to plan attacks. Governor Roop, aware of the unrest, sent men to parley with Winnemucca. The old chief said he knew nothing of the incidents, but he felt they couldn't have been committed by his people.

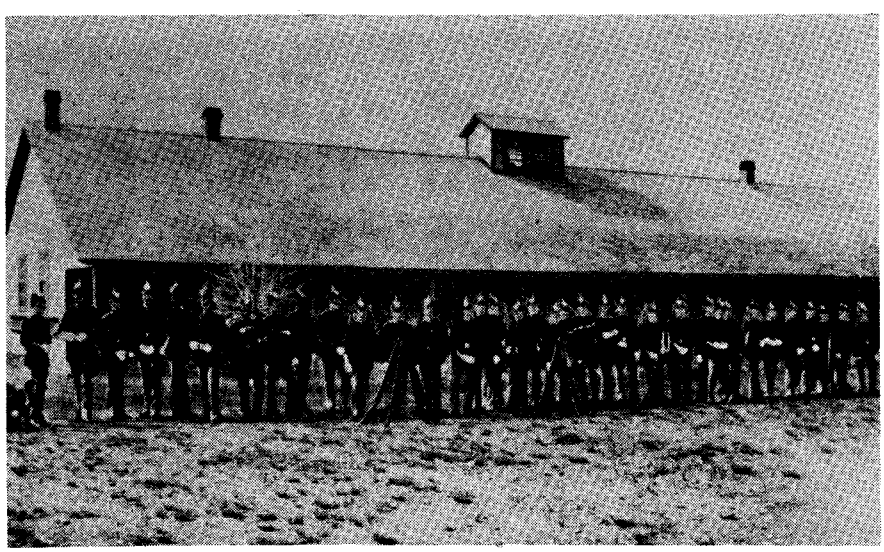
Governor Roop then asked the Military Department of the Pacific for men and arms, and was turned down flat. Nevada, he was told, was a maverick territory, having seceded from Utah and California, and so not under legal jurisdiction.

At the end of April, 1860, when about 3,000 Indians were gathered for their annual spring rites, the atmosphere on both sides was like the air before a thunderstorm. Everyone knew trouble was coming, but where, when and how would the igniting spark fall on the dry tinder? The Indians, mostly Paiutes but joined by a few Bannocks and Shoshones, talked bitterly of the way they'd been driven from their hunting grounds, their treaties broken, their women ravaged. The white settlers, with different grievances spoke the same way.

The Indians decided to band together and wage war on the whites. According to legend, a young chief, Numaga, argued long and brilliantly against war. He got nowhere, and spent the next three days fasting in the desert, and then returned to continue his fight against war with the whites. While talking, he was interrupted by a rider galloping in with the news that the Williams' Station had been attacked and five white men killed.

The Williams' Station was a popular stop on the overland trail. There was no doubt that it had been attacked and five men killed. Williams insisted it was an unprovoked assault. The Indians, however, claimed that some of the men at the station had kidnaped two young squaws and shut them up in a cave. When the braves demanded their release, they were driven off. Indignant, they returned with some of

Officers in front of their headquarters, Fort McDermit.



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their friends and killed two of Williams' brothers, a visitor and two of Williams' helpers. Whichever version of the story is correct is academic at this point. It served as the spark.

The settlers had to do something about it. So the bold, the bored, the outraged, along with those who had no heart for it but felt it was their duty, gathered together under the command of Major Ormsby and set out to gain a decisive victory. They started out with cheers and high hopes, stopping at Williams' Station to bury the dead. Then they went north, up the valley of the Truckee to the First Battle of Pyramid Lake and almost total annihilation.

Twelve days later, on May 24th, when the full extent of the volunteer army's tragedy had become clear, some 544 men, under the command of Captain E. F. Storey, started out from across the Sierras. On June 2nd, 1860, Storey led his men up the Truckee. The site of the previous battle became apparent long before they reached it by circling vultures still hovering over the sun-dried bodies of Ormsby's volunteers.

They stopped to bury the dead, but before they had time to do more than collect a few bones, a scout rode back with the report that the Indians were in the valley below. As Storey's army advanced, the men saw a wide plain bordered by steep ridges, at the end of which glimmered the bright blue waters of Pyramid Lake. Between them and the lake were several hundred Indians, advancing to do battle, while as many more sat stoically on the side ridges, obviously expecting a repeat of the previous massacre.

But this was a different matter; Storey's men were trained soldiers, and the training paid off. The cavalry charged in traditional fashion, having an almost level plain for its operations. The Paiutes fell back into a rugged mass of ravines and gulleys on the eastern side. Using this natural protection they were able to give the army a tough battle, until someone spotted Numaga, the young chief, directing his warriors from a promontory. Storey, with a small group of his men, stormed the strategic height. This bold action cost Storey his life but changed the tide of the battle.

The main body of troops followed up with a valiant attack that upset the Paiutes. In the fierce fighting that followed, the training and deadly marksmanship of the soldiers overwhelmed the brave but disorganized Indians. They spread among the ravines, with the soldiers following in groups.

For three hours the battle raged, the soldiers rounding up the scattered Indians and routing them out from ravines, pushing them back from one position after another in a series of bitter, bloody fights.

The sun doesn't set slowly in the mountain valleys, there is no gradual change from sunlight through twilight to darkness; it just gets dark. In the same way, at sundown, the Indians suddenly disappeared. The fighting stopped because there was no enemy to fight.

How many Paiutes were killed is not known, because each fallen brave was dragged to a cave or put into a quickly dug, shallow grave. The white army, knowing it had won the battle but not knowing about the future, went back to bury Ormsby, and the next day pushed on cautiously to Pyramid Lake.

Not a single Indian was in sight. Only dying fires and the remains of a camping ground hastily evacuated during the night was found. The Paiutes, as a nation, as a menacing tribe, were crushed, never to rise again. They became "reservation Indians" who never joined in subsequent uprisings. Their proud chief, Winnemucca, seemed to wither after the defeat, ending up a pitiful, broken man. There is a town named Winnemucca on the Humboldt River. Next to Pyramid Lake is another lake called Winnemucca, but today it is a dry, dreary expanse, dusty most of the time, muddy at its wettest.

These remains of the namesakes of the Paiute chief are perhaps symbolic of the tribe itself. It had its brief moment of glory, when the settlers no longer looked at the Paiute with contempt, when the name brought respect; then it was over, and no more than a memory, like the men, whites and Indians alike, who died in the Pyramid Lake War. ●

SAM DANNER'S GOSPEL MEETING

(Continued from page 45)

down on the rich man and said, 'I wish you were in Helloram!' Man! Man! Glory Hallelujahram!"

When the last lingering discord died out, Sam called on each soul to confess his sins and devilments, including stolen watermelons and Hallowe'en pranks played on weak-kneed neighbors. One after another, each confessed his peccadillos but none admitted that he'd ever swiped anything of value, nor did he fail to state that he'd been brought up by a good Christian mother, bless her soul.

On proper dismissal, the congregation lined up and passed alongside the bar for the promised free drink.

Afterward, D. S. Chamberlain, who was present, suggested to Sam that perhaps he'd gone too far, that what he'd done might be construed as a "slur on religion."

"I reckon not," Sam said. "We just had a little harmless fun and those 'confessions' brought back our good childhood days."

In remembering that occasion later, Chamberlain stressed the fact that "no ladies had been present," and for a good reason; there weren't, then, any members of the female sex in Tombstone.

"And as a whole, the men were not a bad lot," Chamberlain concluded.

ANOTHER EVENT of historic import took place in the shadow of Sam Danner's saloon on July 6, 1879, less than a year after the first religious meeting.

It began when a young miner named Pat Quinn, charging down Allen Street in a dragon-slaying mood, abruptly halted in front of the tented cantina. A dozen men were standing there, swapping talk, among them Jerry McCormick, superintendent of Tombstone's first mine, the Lucky Cuss.

"I can lick any son-of-a-gun in town," Quinn bellowed, his bloodshot eyes struggling to focus on McCormick.

Since Quinn and McCormick had tangled not long before, McCormick reckoned he'd been challenged and, like a gentleman, he accepted the challenge. He stepped up to Quinn and punched him in the nose.

Quinn dropped to a dusty sprawl but quickly regained his feet and went into a clinch with McCormick. They shuffled, swayed, slapped one another, and at last slipped down together, with McCormick on top. McCormick worked over Quinn's noggin quite thoroughly, and then released him. Quinn jumped up, ran full speed across Allen Street, and disappeared. McCormick went into Danner's saloon.

Following the encounter, Quinn spent three hours hunting around town for his friend John Hicks. Hicks was a Texas import who worked as a well-digger for D. S. Chamberlain. Hicks had been feuding with McCormick for some two months. He was all ears for the tale Quinn told of the run-in with McCormick.

The two gladiators now strutted over to Sam's saloon. McCormick was still there. Hicks went up to him and renewed the quarrel but there was no exercise of knuckles. At last Hicks headed for the door and Quinn followed.

"Where you going now, John?" Quinn asked.

"To my room," he said, "for my gun."

"I'll get mine, too," Quinn said.

"You don't need yours," Hicks said.

Soon after that, Hicks and Quinn returned to Danner's. Someone outside the tent saw them approaching and rushed in to tell McCormick.

"I'm ready," McCormick said. "Let 'em come."

He walked outside and waited.

As they neared the tent they shouted profanity at McCormick and then Hicks went for his gun. But McCormick's aim was truer, his trigger faster. In the moment that Hicks was toppling over from gunshot his *segundo* Quinn was running off as fast as he could caper.

D. S. Chamberlain related that he was sleeping in a hammock in the rear of a nearby building when he was wakened by sounds of gunfire. He slipped off the hammock, rushed out the back door, and ran over to Danner's. Deputy Sheriff Babcock arrived about the same time and put McCormick under arrest.

Chamberlain then fetched from the store a strip of canvas over a yard wide and four yards long, large enough for a corpse to be laid on and covered, an ancient method of coffining that hearkens back to Biblical times. And so, enclosed now in an envelope of canvas, young John Hicks was carried into Sam Danner's saloon and deposited on the backless bench there. Tippling, which had been briefly interrupted, was now audibly resumed.

WE'RE SORRY

But so many readers, who missed the first two issues of THE WEST—March and May—on the newsstands, have written in for these magazines that our supply has been completely exhausted

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On the following day, the corpse was carted to Fatty Smith's saloon where an inquest was held, and a verdict reached, by a coroner's jury.

"John Hicks," the verdict ran, "came to his death by a pistol ball shot by the hand of an unknown assailant."

McCormick was released from shrieval custody while Hicks' body was prepared for burial in the usual Western manner.

Chamberlain looked on while the mortician worked.

"Don't seem right and proper," the undertaker said, "not to put a white shirt on John. But I've looked all over Tombstone and I can't find one."

Chamberlain tapped his forehead.

"It just comes to me," he said, "that I've got a white shirt in my trunk that I brought from California. I'll fetch it."

And thus, properly dressed for the occasion, John Hicks was buried. He was the first occupant of Tombstone's dreary, stone-strewn promontory called Boothill Cemetery. He thus initiated a tradition carefully nurtured in the town's subsequent, rough-tough mining days. ●

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S TREASURE

(Continued from page 18)

Running out of things to throw, Shinn looked about for more rocks. He picked up one slightly imbedded stone and saw the square end of a piece of metal sticking out underneath. He picked it up. It measured five by seven inches, with small square notches on the center of the long sides, and a hole roughly punched in one corner. Shinn later explained that when he first saw the metal plate he thought it was iron and because it was about the size to patch a hole on the inside of his automobile he tossed it into the back seat of the car.

And here the fantastically important piece of metal lay for more than a month, with no thought being given it. Then one day Shinn decided to undertake the repair work and patch that hole now that he had a suitable piece of metal for the job. While inspecting the plate, he noticed what seemed to be some writing on the face of it. Taking it into his house, Shinn scrubbed it with cleanser and a stiff brush. Even with some of the patina cleaned away and the inscription apparent, Shinn couldn't decipher it or decide what to do with it. He showed it to several of his friends, one of whom managed to decipher the word "Drake." At that point someone suggested that Shinn contact the nearby University of California, particularly Dr. Herbert Bolton, then director of the famed Bancroft Library.

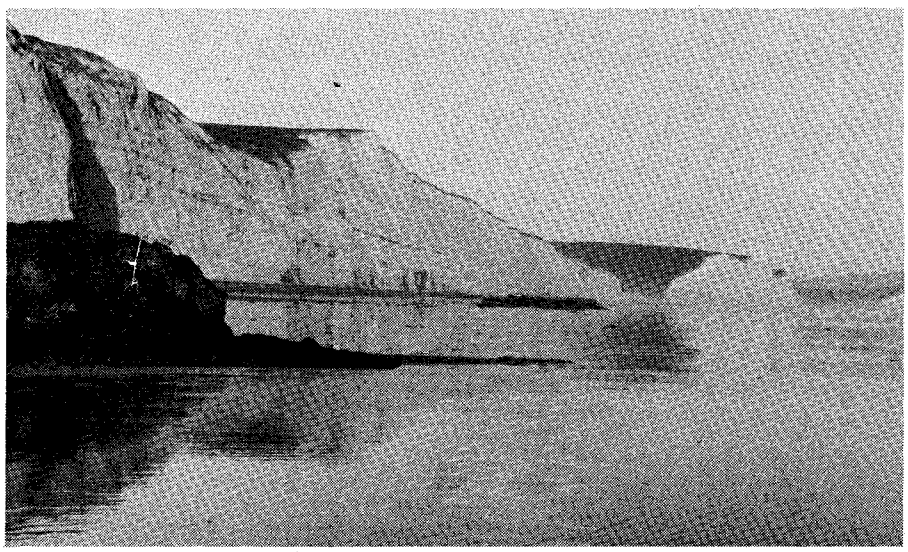
"As soon as the plate was described to me, I suspected what it was," Dr. Bolton said afterwards. Naturally he was excited with the prospect of such a historical treasure being located but he went about the task of authenticating it as an able scholar would. The learned historian unravelled what at first glance was a tangled mass of threadlike engravings in the plate. When he had finished, the message that no white man had seen for 358 years lay before him.

"Bee it knowne unto all men by these presents June 17, 1579. By the Grace of God and in the name of Herr Maiestie Queen Elizabth and herr sucessors forever, I take possession of this kingdom whose king and people freely resigne their right and title in the whole land unto herr Maiesties keepeing now named by me and to bee knowne unto all men as Nova Albion. G. Francis Drake."

Though the silver sixpence had disappeared, a similar coin of the period, when inserted into the hole, fitted perfectly.

Dr. Bolton announced: "One of the world's long lost historical treasures . . . has been found!"

Various historical societies rejoiced, then some doubt began to creep in. Was this the real Drake Harbor? The plate did seem to indicate that Drake had indeed entered San Francisco Bay and that the later Portola explorers were not the first white men, to see the Bay. But soon another curious chapter in this fabulous book of history was written.



Redwood Empire Association Photo

Striking view of Sir Francis Drake Bay in Marin County, California.

A San Francisco chauffeur named Bill Caldeira read the account of the find. He then announced that about four years previously he had driven his employer to a spot along the shore of Drake's Bay to hunt. While waiting for his employer to return, Caldeira wandered down a dirt road. He came to a cross-road about a mile or so inland from Drake's Bay. There he scuffed over a clod of dirt. Some mud fell away, exposing a piece of metal.

Caldeira thought it might be useful for repairs and washed it off in a nearby creek. When it was cleaned he saw some incised writings which he later described as "foreign writings of some sort." That piqued his interest enough to show the small plate to his employer.

"Probably off some ship," he shrugged after inspecting the plate.

Here again the plate was nearly lost to posterity. It was thrown carelessly into the car, where it rattled around for several weeks. Caldeira at length tired of the noise and pitched it out near where Shinn ultimately found it. (The locations don't tally exactly, but scientists believe it may have been moved by a succession of small boys "skipping" it across the sand.)

Though he was not interested in financial reward, the plate was ultimately purchased from Shinn and intensive tests were undertaken. Examination showed that plant cells in the grooves had become mineralized, a process which takes hundreds of years. The patina from the plate matched the various soils, the metal was dated as contemporary with Drake and an Elizabethan sixpence fitted firmly into the hole.

After six months of study, a report was issued which said in part: "It is our opinion that the brass plate examined by us is the genuine Drake Plate referred to in the book, 'The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake' published in 1628."

Though the plate is safely and permanently harbored in the Bancroft Library, there are still some puzzling aspects to the find. And since there is an enormous treasure still unrecovered, there is more than a

Mono Lake, the Dead Sea of California, is now the site of Industry

Young Collection

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passing interest in exactly where Drake erected the great "firme post" and "brasse plate."

Members of the Drake Navigator's Guild have undertaken a search for the exact spot, uncovering nothing more than some pieces of 16th century Chinese porcelain and some iron spikes, which skeptics point out might have come from other ships wrecked near the site.

A new tack was tried: the navigational approach. Drake was an expert navigator and even though the summer of 1579 had been too foggy to get a perfect "fix" he had made an accurate latitude reading which checks with the present Drake's Bay. (or Estero). On the surface, it seems unlikely that Drake would have chosen this small lagoon for anchorage. But by studying tidal charts for 1579 and contemporary air photos, Guild experts found that currents have shaped and reshaped the bay over the centuries so that it may very well have been the "fit harborough" shown on Hondius charts. By careful analysis and elimination, it seems likely that the site now known as Drake's Bay is the authentic site of the careenage.

But to the consternation of everyone, a few months ago a sixpence clearly dated and authenticated 1573 turned up in a San Francisco coin collection. Though its discovery has not been fully confirmed at this time, it is known the ancient coin was found in Marin County between 1905 and 1915 by a resident of San Francisco who is now deceased.

But what happened to the 40 tons of gold and treasure that the journals of Drake's voyage stated had been buried in California? There is no record that any such gold or treasure was unloaded in England when Drake arrived there.

So this gold must still be in California and is certainly worth trying to find. ●

SCALPING OF WILLIAM THOMPSON

(Continued from page 15)

the brutal savages, he lived to raise a family and become a grandfather many years after the horrible incident which happened that summer night along the frontier railroad tracks. It is an untold story buried in the yellowing files of old newspapers for many years. It is Thompson's own account as he originally told it. *And there was never another like it!*

IT WAS 9 o'clock on a hot Tuesday night in August 1867, in western Nebraska. Foreman Thompson had been called out to go up the tracks of the newly constructed length of the Union Pacific Railroad to repair a break in the telegraph wires. The break had been sudden and came at a time when the hum of messages over the system could not be conveniently stopped. The railroad course was infested with hostile savages every step of the way as they constantly annoyed railroad construction crews.

When news of the break was received, Thompson rounded up five of his most dependable crew members, to go out with him and make the repair. They piled onto a handcar in the yard, mustering up needed courage to face the danger which lay ahead of them, and make the necessary repairs.

They pulled away into the night, leaving Plum Creek Station and its rip-roaring night life in the hands of the boisterous railroad crews.

Not far out, the repair crew came to the point where a break was found in the line. A pile of ties, blockade fashion, lay across the new rails. The men knew at once they were in for trouble. Immediately they tried to pull the handcar to a stop but the cart plowed into the blockade, and placed them in a most vulnerable position for an Indian attack. The men immediately grabbed their rifles. and quickly sought cover in the prairie country.

Almost at once a never-ending file of Indians rode from the tall prairie grass that lined the railroad tracks. The attacking savages opened fire upon the six trapped men.

Foreman Thompson and his men fired some shots into the Cheyennes. It was later learned that Chief Turkey Foot headed the attacking Indians. Blood-curdling yells pierced the usual silence of the moonlit frontier night, as rifle fire sounded all about.

The repair crew soon realized they were hopelessly trapped without any possible avenue of escape. They ran from the half-wrecked railroad handcar, derailed in the rubble of the cross ties which the Indians had pitched across the tracks as a blockade. They took off in all directions, seeking cover in the scant growth of native grass along the tracks.

Through the dim moonlight an Indian, mounted upon a small pony, picked out Thompson, and swept down upon him with all the fury of hell. When within about ten feet, the yelling savage opened fire and the bullet struck the arm of the telegraph foreman, causing an ugly and torturous flesh wound.

This however, did not stop the race. Thompson ran for dear life through the tall grass. The Indian swooped down upon the wounded man. He "clubbed" his rifle and knocked Thompson sprawling upon the ground. The Cheyenne jumped from his pony, yanked his knife from its sheath at his side, and stabbed Thompson in the neck.

The savage, thinking the white man done for, without hesitation started his gruesome work. *He twirled Thompson's forelock about his forefinger, and began the rough sawing and hacking away with the knife at the helpless man's scalp.*

Although the pain was awful and he felt sick and dizzy, Thompson later told how he kept presence of mind enough to remain silent, *as though dead!*

AFTER what seemed to have been eternity to Thompson, the Indian, stooped over in a half-crouched position, wielded the last few strokes that removed Thompson's scalp. When the "hair" would not lift away easily, the Indian gave one final, brutal, stiff jerk, and tore it away from the base of the skull.

Thompson winced under the horrible pain but knew enough to keep from screaming for fear the Indian, realizing his victim was not dead, would apply a fatal stroke. Thompson later told that he would have given his eye teeth, if he could have dared to scream out. Thompson told how he thought his whole head had been torn away!

He soon learned, however, that he had more suffering ahead of him!

Once the scalping act had been completed, the Indian turned to his awaiting pony, and mounted. He galloped away, leaving Thompson, with his bare skull showing, for dead.

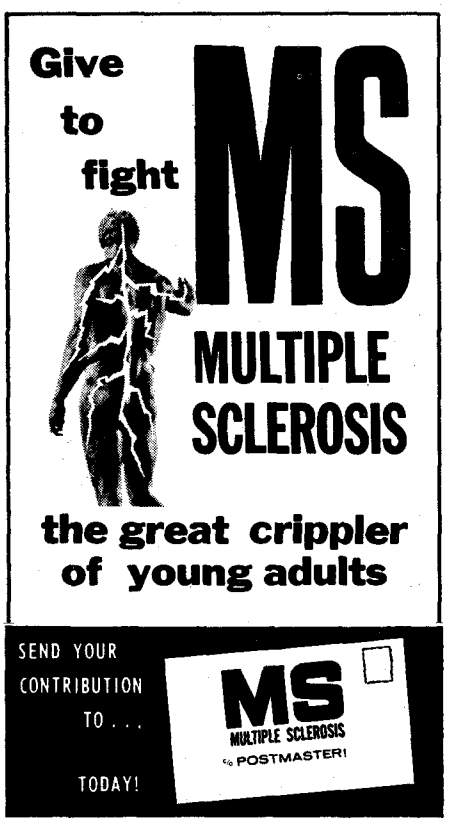
The attacking savages were working through the tall grass pursuing the other five men who had scattered. The five telegraph repairmen fought with the last bit of strength for their lives, and to avoid the observed fate of Thompson.

The savage who had maimed Thompson, had dropped the scalp in the grass, in his haste to mount his pony. Thompson not knowing just why, cautiously crawled through the grass and pulled his bloody scalp to his side. He again took cover and put forth all the effort he could muster to remain quiet and keep composure in spite of the terrific suffering.

The Indians were all over the area, or Thompson might have made an attempt to escape, as he later told. Inasmuch as they thought he was dead, they paid no further attention to him. He remained quietly hidden in the tall grass, while the savages plied their hideous work.

The Indians were romping in all directions, talking and placing more obstructions on the railroad track. They used the length of telegraph wire they had taken from the pole earlier in the night, to lash the cross ties to form the blockade. Thus the savages built an almost unsurmountable obstruction on the track for the small steam locomotives which chugged up and down the new railroad, hauling supplies and merchandise to the advance settlements and construction camps along the line.

About one and one-half hours slowly passed for Thompson, as he lay hidden in the grass, waiting for the chance to escape. Then from far-off, through the silence of the hot August night, he heard the low rumbling of the locomotive. as



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it chugged its way along the tracks. He could visualize, in spite of his terrific pain, what was about to happen. Thompson thought of abandoning his hiding place, to flag the train and alert the crew; but on second thought he realized he didn't have a chance. With so many hostile Cheyennes around, he knew he could never accomplish the task, for they would cut him down once he stuck his head above the grass.

Not much time passed until the approaching train plowed into the barricade. The locomotive sprawled on its side along the grade, in the same heap with the handcar of Thompson's crew. The Indians letting out war whoops, piled onto the cab of the engine, pulled the engineer and the fireman out, and shot and scalped them in the most brutal manner.

The brakeman and conductor in the caboose at the rear of the train heard the yelling and rifle shots, sprang from the rear end and raced up the tracks. They met a train that was following close on the paces of the wrecked one, and flagged it down. The train was at once slammed into reverse, and a hasty return to Plum Creek was commenced, for help and re-enforcements.

The raiding Indians lost no time in taking torches from the firebox of the locomotive and starting a roaring fire all up and down the line of wrecked cars. But not before they had broken into the merchandise cars and plundered everything.

The yelling savages gathered bales of cotton calicoes, boxes of tobacco, sacks of flour, saddles, ribbons, and velvets. One of the cars was loaded with a complete stock of millinery for the frontier women who dressed gaudily.

A few of the half-naked warriors kindled a huge fire nearby, not far from the box cars they had plundered. The warriors of the jubilant old Turkey Foot decorated themselves with gaudy pieces of the bright cloth goods, velvets, and ribbons, making a garish array of many colors. The scalp locks of the chanting warriors were likewise adorned; and the Nebraska frontier scene became one great big jubilant night for the Cheyennes.

TO MAKE BAD matters worse, one of the freight cars was loaded with whisky destined for the saloons along the line. The marauding savages lost no time in knocking one of the heads from the whisky barrels, and swarming around it. They commenced to gulp down the contents in huge draughts. The brains of the savages were soon fired. A vociferous war song soon erupted as they became inebriated, and the warriors danced about and displayed furious gesticulations over the horrible raid they had just made.

All the time this was taking place, Thompson remained hidden, and suffering in the grass along the railroad tracks. Despite the excruciating pain he felt, and the immediate assistance he needed, he remained quiet.

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With the approach of dawn the Indians had the entire train in a roaring fire, and while the flames spread and crackled throughout the line of box cars, the wind added vigor to the spreading flames.

The Cheyennes danced and held high carnival! And old Chief Turkey Foot was well pleased with the damage his warriors had brought upon the railroad people.

When it seemed no other hideous work remained for the savages they gathered up the bodies of the engineer and the fireman and tossed them into the roaring flames of the freight cars. Thompson, gritting his teeth, watched the macabre performance as the stench of burning human flesh spread over the area.

After a time the tempo of the savages seemed to subside somewhat. The whisky was not depleted as there was a carload of it; but the Indians were so drunk they couldn't drink much more. Thompson soon realized his first chance for an escape had approached. He began to crawl away into the night, cautiously. At a little distance from the band of drunken savages, he picked up more speed, *with his own bloody scalp tucked under his arm.*

He soon reached Willow Island Station, not far back up the tracks, and was taken by a party of rescuers to a hospital in Omaha. An engine and a caboose made the hurried run.

Two doctors named Peck and Moore were called to attend William Thompson. They placed the scalp in a bucket of cold water to soak while they made preparations for a grafting. They explained to Thompson that they thought it could be grafted back onto his skull, and commenced the operation.

But something unexpected happened; the grafting didn't "take"!

Despite the failure to replace the scalp, Thompson recovered from the ordeal, and became a healthy man. He lived a long life, in a black skull cap!

For many years his scalp floated in a jar of alcohol, on exhibit, in the Omaha museum.

The raiding Cheyennes of old Turkey Foot were not to go unpunished. On August 9, the North Pawnee Scouts caught up with the one hundred warriors near Plum Creek Ranch. They killed fifteen, and captured two of the braves, one squaw, and a thirteen-year-old boy. It was the last foray for Turkey Foot, and his warriors.

The morning after the Indian massacre, the remains of the fireman and the engineer were fitted into two boxes, thirty by twelve inches in size, and laid to rest.

It might be said that Thompson was lucky that he only lost his scalp. ●

FIGHTING DEVIL OF FORT BERTHOLD

(Continued from page 21)

panies, like the United States Government, offered the salary as a token and expected their employees to line their pockets by engaging in the illegal liquor trade, or whatever other crooked deals they could cook up to exploit and cheat the Indians.

Housing at the post was comfortable if not elaborate, and, since no white women were there, each man took a temporary Indian wife from the nearby village. The Indian girls were eager for such an arrangement, since it was the only sure way to get enough clothes to keep from freezing and enough food to keep from starving.

Garreau, no exception in the matter of the traders' doubtful morals, was not all devilish firebrand and Indian killer. He was described, obviously by a friend, as a man "of good habits." He was a devout Roman Catholic and disciple of the famous Father De Smet. At the end of his life of devoted service to the fort, he was given a glowing tribute in the official records.

As a young man, Garreau had been handsome and well-built. He had flashing, intelligent black eyes, black hair and a large mouth with small, regular teeth. Except for moccasins he always wore white men's clothes, trousers, frock coat, waistcoat, flannel shirt, cravat and a cloth cap rather than a hat.

One of the most extraordinary adventures in his legendary career was a fight that never took place. In 1866 a war party of about 100 Sioux came to attack the Fort Berthold trading post. They gathered before the fort's front gate, various warriors boasting loudly of their bravery, chanting and shouting to anger each other to the point of an attack.

These Indians, well aware that the fur company's men were strictly forbidden to fire the first shot and thus provoke an attack, intended to scale the wall of the stockade, getting safely inside before any defense was put up. Their only disadvantage was not knowing how many or how few white men they would have to fight. Fort Berthold would have been a pushover for them because the "garrison" consisted of only six men!

Pierre Garreau studied the threatening and noisy crowd of Sioux braves.

"Hah!" he grunted. "I stop them talkin'. Look! Every Indian got lariat under his blanket. Pretty quick they come over these pickets like birds. Then, pretty quick, they get through with us."

He strode into his cabin and came out a few minutes later a vividly colorful apparition. He had changed clothes and was now wearing black vaquero trousers, royal blue shirt, a flaming scarlet fringed sash, and an equally bright red cloth tied like a pirate's kerchief around his head. In one hand two large knives glittered.

He burst out through the wicket gate with a wild war whoop and struck a threatening pose. Dead silence fell over the Sioux. He began pacing like a stalking puma from one cluster of warriors to another.

"You brave men," he sneered. "I like hearin' you brave men talk. You so brave." He stopped, glaring at a warrior he recognized.

"I myself brave man," he shouted. "I kill your brother up in Big Bend. You know that! All you know that. Somet'ing else—many moons his scalp hung in my room. Every day I see it an' my heart feel good!"

The warriors muttered, remembering the incident, as well as another one when Pierre had throttled the life out of a great Assiniboine brave. He stalked back and forth holding up his left hand.

"This hand—you all see?—this hand squeeze that Assiniboine dead. You remember 'bout that. I lived in your country many winters an' never foun' a man brave as me. I look for one now, here. One of you, I want you take one of these knives, and I take the other. Then we see who is brave!"

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It was a magnificent bluff. His bravado was more than the Sioux warriors could face. As he strode from one to another offering the duelling knife, they turned away and began to mount their ponies.

"Women!" Pierre Garreau bellowed after them. "You all old women!"

That war party never attacked—Fort Berthold was safe once more. Such was the reputation of terrible Pierre Garreau.

HE HAD SEEN many an uglier altercation before the bloodless affair with the Sioux in 1866, and he would see bloodier ones after it. But finally the time came when his wild days were over and age caught up with the old man. His last few years were spent in retirement in his cabin at the fort. Death came with fitting violence to climax his violent and stormy life.

On August 4, 1883, when he was 92 years old, Pierre sat dozing in his cabin. How fire broke out no one knew, but the old man was quickly overcome by the smoke. Unable to drag himself out of the cabin, he died of suffocation.

In the *Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1883,* these words are recorded in tribute to the old man: "His sunny life, his strict integrity, his high sense of justice and honor, and his unyielding devotion to the Government, and his wise counsel to his people endeared him to all who knew him, and make us deeply feel that a good man has gone."

So ended the glorious days of terrible Pierre Garreau, the fighting devil of Fort Berthold. ●

39 DAYS OF WILDERNESS HELL

(Continued from page 37)

But the effort was exhausting to a man already so fatigued from hunger and beaten by the elements. Sweat was pouring from Everts' brow; his stomach rolled over and over as he imagined his flesh being slashed from his bones by the sharp, tearing fangs of the lion.

Only wit could save him now in whatever seconds remained before the beast would climb the tree for the fatal spring. Everts decided to sit perfectly still. Cautiously the lion became silent. It crouched on the ground gazing suspiciously at its intended prey.

Half an hour passed in tense silence. Then the brute turned, jumped into the brush and was gone!

That danger was past. But now Truman Everts was to face an even worse threat—the threat of tricky weather which destroyed even more wanderers than ravenous cats and the buzzing snakes with their pendulous rattles.

Tired, Everts descended the tree to sleep in the spot from which the lion had dislodged him. Before daylight he was awakened by a heavy, chilling storm of snow and rain soaking through his clothing to turn every stitch into a sopping freezing mess.

For two whole days he found shelter under the wide boughs of a spruce tree. He made himself a crude covering of earth and fallen limbs. Even so, the cold had penetrated his very marrow. Torrents of falling water deposited in his upturned hat provided drink. He became even more famished being unable to venture out in the storm to seek thistle roots.

On the second day a half-numb, small bird fell from a tree and began feebly hopping near him. Truman Everts seized the pitiful creature and tore it apart, barely taking time to remove the feathers from its scant flesh.

The first meat he had eaten in days. Only a couple of mouthfuls, but it tasted better to the starving man than all the pheasant served under glass he had eaten in the hotels of Washington and New York.

The storm subsided into sporadic gusts and growling rumbles from the gray, unfriendly skies. But the day was cold after that forty-eight hour tempest. And Truman Everts, without the means of building a fire, needed warmth.

He remembered that some hot springs lay at the foot of Mount Everts, ten miles away. Painfully, pausing in the shelter of trees between showers, he made his way toward the spot.

The vapors from the springs dried his clothes and were balm to his chilled body as he lay down in fitful drowsiness. For seven days he remained here; during three of them another storm raged. But in this spot he learned essentials of survival that primitive man, through just such necessities, had learned millions of years before.

A small round boiling spring was a natural kettle where Everts could stew the thistle greens. This monotonous fare tasted better cooked, though he wished heartily for a drop of vinegar to sharpen the taste. For better shelter, he built himself a bower of pine branches and fallen foliage under which he slept at night.

Montana Historical Society

T. C. Everts' daughter, Bessie.

YET THESE expediencies could not protect against the inevitable hazards of an urban man trapped in an encircling wilderness. On the third day of his sojourn, his pallet of boughs broke while he was asleep causing him to roll too near one of the steaming springs. One of his hips was badly scalded. This accident compounded the misery of frost-bitten feet that had not healed.

Everts also had the misfortune to lose both of his knives somewhere. He was left entirely weaponless in one of the most menacing jungles of the American continent. This tragedy made the possibility of escape even more improbable since he now had no means of defense against the packs of predators infesting the region. Even more alarming was his lack of anything with which to make fires. He could not stay forever at these springs offering only the dangerous warmth of a perpetual steam bath. And he was weary of being so continually and thoroughly parboiled.

On the eighth day of his imprisonment he awoke to find the weather cleared and the sun shining brightly. He looked toward distant Lake Lewis to see its waters lighting up from the warm rays. Then his intelligence told him what to do about fire.

He fetched the opera glasses he had thought so useless because their short range wasn't much help in tracing the contours of unpredictable forests and mountains. Everts placed a dry twig in his fingers, then held the lenses toward the sun.

A wisp of smoke trickled from the little piece of wood. Everts had fire. All thoughts of failure were instantly abandoned. Now his excited imagination dictated other means of survival.

He ripped a buckle from his vest. By sharpening its tongue on a jagged bit of rock, he made himself a crude knife. With the blade he cut legs and counters from his boots, then shaped them into a pair of crude slippers bound with bark strips, for his tortured feet. Ravelings, slashed from a linen handkerchief, served as thread to mend his tattered clothing. A strand of red tape was fashioned into a line for fishing; a pin that Everts found in a pocket was bent into a hook. Now he meant to have something to eat besides thistles.

Truman Everts had seen swarms of bass and mountain trout in streams where he had stopped to drink or wash bruised, grimy hands. His compelling hunger made him fancy that he could catch them with a makeshift pin hook. Once more, he slashed his boots—a foolish thing—to provide leather for pouches in which to carry his expected catches of fish. The pouches were attached to his belt by the straps.

He had learned how to use ingenuity as a weapon against the wilderness. Only this way could a greenhorn expect to survive an enemy shaped by nature. Yet that complex of stone and fang and thorn had its own ways of striking back. It could make an intruder feel like a gnat bobbing in a flood.

By now, Everts could tell directions. He decided to strike back east toward Lake Lewis where he expected rescue from his recent companions. Fear of the lurking mountain lion, however, caused him to vary his route a bit. This time he followed an easterly course across a peninsula and paralleled the southeast shore of Yellowstone Lake.

His defective eyes began giving him trouble. The medicine which he had used

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to relieve them was among the supplies carried off by his runaway horse. His burnt leg was swollen and inflamed. He didn't realize that herbs, over which he hobbled, might have been crushed into pulp and applied as a healing salve. On the first afternoon of the trek, a cold wind blew down from a murky sky. The sun became overcast. His opera glasses would not coax a spark to build a fire.

That night he kept from freezing by hugging a bleak hillside while walking, running and striking benumbed feet and hands against logs. Next afternoon, he reached the lake to cast his fishing gear into its waters. The fish contemptuously ate the bait of worms that he dug with his hands out of the moist ground on the beach. But none dangled from the pinhook as, time and again, he desperately pulled it up for inspection.

Back to eking out life on thistle roots, eating them boiled in a hollow rock when he could attract wisps of fire from a grudging sun; gorging on them raw when sky or flurries of snow hid its brazen, indifferent face. No longer able to control his frustration, Everts began cursing the companions who had gone on, leaving him to die by slow degrees in this hideous, huge grave of a country.

Everts' face was flushed with a raging fever. His stomach was rattling and rumbling like a Keno box. Angry, frantic with fear, he lost all hope that his associates would show up for the rendezvous at Lake Lewis on their way back to Helena. Or maybe they had already reached it and gone on unfeelingly without him.

His suspicions were confirmed when he picked up on the beach a table fork and an empty can which had held yeast powder used to make the party's bread. He stood groaning, holding an object in each hand. This was proof that he had been deserted. But, at the very least, they might have left food for him somewhere. Yet he found nothing edible when he painfully turned over heaps of rocks and scanned the tops of trees.

Survival—or whatever chance of survival—now depended entirely on himself.

He placed the fork and the can in his pockets. Faint traces indicated that the party was proceeding south toward the Madison Ranges of the Rockies and the white settlements in the Madison Valley. Everts hoped to follow their routes and land in one of these communities where prospectors ripped the ground for gold.

BUT THAT night the wilderness struck at him again, assailing him with its most dreaded weapon: a forest fire!

He had camped farther down on the lake's long shore. With the fork he had dug more thistle roots, intending to eat them from the can which would also serve as his drinking vessel. Before sundown, he had managed to summon enough sparks to build a fire. Afterwards he settled down to sleep under a bower of pine boughs which he had constructed.

He was awakened by the hissing crackles and a tide of smoke inundating his nostrils. Everts rushed from his shelter to see the forest a high wall of flames. The wind had blown a spark from his fire to set ablaze this harsh country for miles around.

In one more miracle of survival, Everts escaped through the thousands of flaming, forked tongues. How he did it he could not relate coherently. His hair was singed closer than a barber would have trimmed it and his left hand was badly burned adding to the excruciating misery of his already seared leg.

During his flight he lost his crude knife, his fish hook and the tape line. He was deprived of all his makeshift tools.

Yet for days longer Truman Everts continued his terrible journey, an unconquerable wreck of a man. The supply of thistles ran out as he kept heading in what was the general direction of the Madison Range. But once in a forest opening, he found the fresh tip of a gull wing. He crushed the bones with a stone and from them made a half pint of broth, drunk from his can.

Once, at a spring poisoned by too much infusion of minerals, he scooped up a bunch of minnows with bare hands. Instinct told him not to eat the tiny fish. Hunger overruled caution. He swallowed a few of them only to writhe on the ground clutching his stomach. Had he swallowed more of the deadly catch, he would have been a goner.

Now his sick, addled mind began imagining all sorts of feasts eaten in grand restaurants of New York and Washington. He saw visions of immense tables spread with the most appetizing viands including the richest oyster stews and plumpest pies. But always the fantasies would dissolve before the grim reality of starvation.

His well-shaped body was emaciated after weeks of this ordeal. His face, so long untouched by a razor, was as woolly as a bear's. His clothes were tattered and stinking. Sparks from brands lighted by the sun had scorched his hands and turned his fingernails into brittle, crumbling fragments. But one thought still sustained him whenever he was tempted to take a way out that was obvious and easy.

"I will not perish in this wilderness," he kept repeating. That resolution — a triumph of mind over matter in the truest sense—kept him going through each day as his steps grew more faltering.

Through another accident, he broke his eyeglasses. Now travel was more difficult with the nearsightedness that had plagued him all his life. From the rims he fashioned another hook and line hoping to catch fish, but gave up the effort after spending half a day stumbling around, half blind, trying to catch a grasshopper for bait.

More calamity hit when he lost his opera glasses on which he depended for fire in the beginnings of another early and frigid Rocky Mountain winter. Everts tracked back five miles to find the lenses at the place where he had slept the night before. But one of his improvised slippers fell to pieces so he was now walking half-barefoot across country infested with poisonous snakes and insects. Everything that crawled or wriggled or walked in the Rockies was an enemy of man.

For five desperate days Everts went entirely without food. Then he discovered a clump of thistle. He wolfed the roots down raw, and put an extra supply in his pouches.

Snow was becoming an almost daily event. The wanderer began fearing that he might freeze while sleeping under one of his icy bowers. One night he crept into a hollow tree that had been appropriated by a bear. Slumber was warm because the bear didn't show up to claim his quarters.

FINALLY EVERTS reached Yellowstone Falls which he recognized. Three days more he staggered along. But as weary feet drew him nearer toward some outpost of mankind, life began ebbing. Why, he wondered now, why not accept death? Death was something no man could escape. Why struggle longer? Why suffer more?

Yet that imperious something in his character kept bidding him: "Struggle on."

Another storm was raging. Truman Everts was inching along a few yards at a time, then collapsing to rise feebly again on that morning when he looked up from the side of the hill to see suddenly a sharp reflection of burnished steel.

He made out the vague forms of what seemed to be two men. He heard a voice:

"Are you Mr. Everts?"

"Yes, all that is left of him."

"We have come for you."

"Who sent you?"

"Judge Lawrence and other friends."

Judge Lawrence was a Helena jurist, and a close friend of Truman Everts. The rescuers were two trappers and veteran mountain men, Jack Baronette and George A. Prichett. Two Crow Indians had also been in the party which had searched for the lost man over a period of two weeks. Bear Gulch was the name of the spot where he was found.

The trappers took the seriously sick man to their cabin on that day of late October, 1870. Two days afterward he was transferred to the cabin of two miners, twenty miles down the trail. These kindly frontiersmen dropped their shovels to kill game for their famished guest. Baronette and Prichett probably collected the $600 reward which Judge Lawrence had posted for his recovery.

Truman Everts was nursed back to health at the Army post of Fort Ellis, seventy miles from the place where he had been rescued. There he learned that he had not been totally abandoned, that several caches of food had been left for him by his partners when they camped at Lake Lewis. But he had not found them. And in the grimmest irony of that thirty-nine day horror, he had almost starved with food in reach.

Two years afterward, Congress created the Yellowstone region, the first of our great national parks. Millions of people have visited it to marvel at its wonders.

Understandably, Truman Everts never became one of its loudest boosters. ●

ORLANDO GOFF, PHOTOGRAPHER

(Continued from page 27)

Sitting Bull stubbornly refused to have his picture taken until he was offered $50.00 in gold. The chief sat stiffly, upright with his pipe folded across his arms. With one exposure made, Sitting Bull collected his money, and hastily left the studio. He also left history on a negative behind him.

Sitting Bull lived only nine years after that photograph was taken, but in those nine years many pictures of him were made. After his confinement, he was removed to Fort Yates Reservation in 1883, where he steadfastly absented himself on ration day. Though game was becoming increasingly scarce, his loyal friends shared their food with the old chief.

In 1890, Sitting Bull adopted a new Indian religion and imbued his followers with the doctrine to such an extent that the Indian agents feared an uprising. When Indian Agency police attempted to arrest

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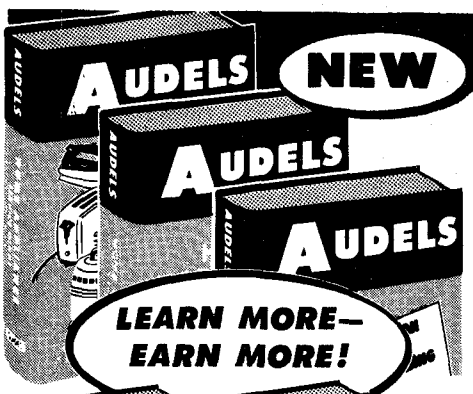

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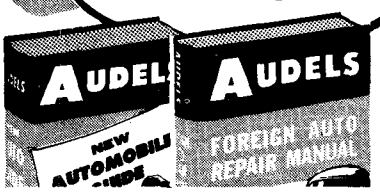

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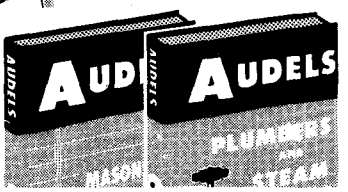

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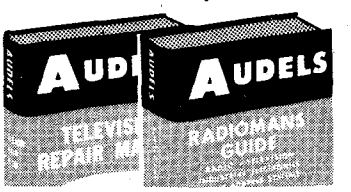

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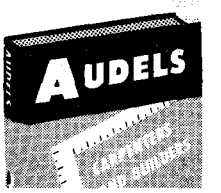

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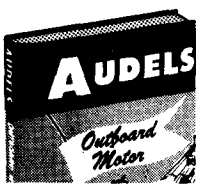

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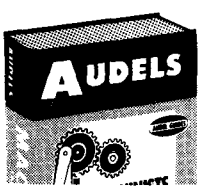

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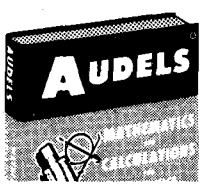

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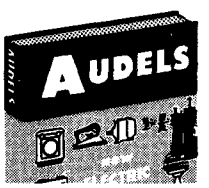

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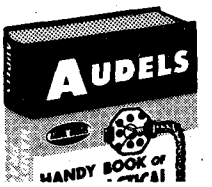

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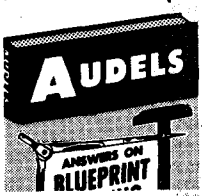

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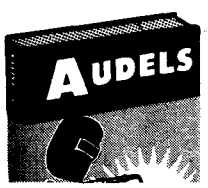

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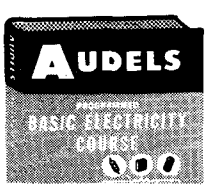

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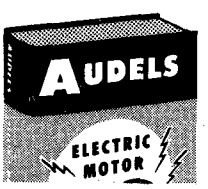

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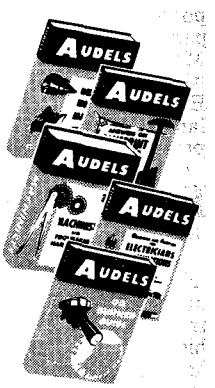

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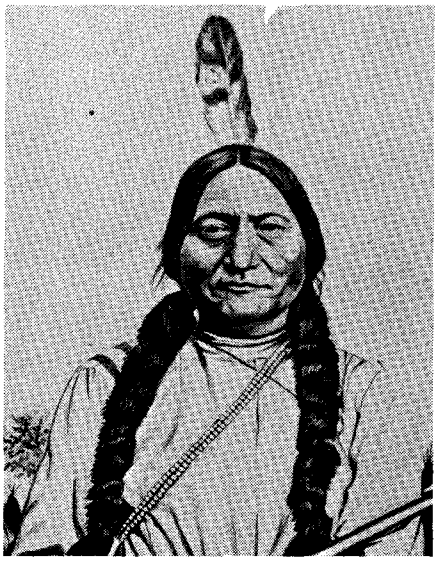
him on December 15, Sitting Bull was slain. He was only 55, and his death marked the passing of a great leader.

Goff was credited with many other memorable pictures during his long, distinguished career as a photographer. Born in Connecticut on September 10, 1843, Goff had volunteered for the infantry at seventeen. He served with the Connecticut Tenth all during the Civil War, then migrated westward following his discharge. It was during 1871 that he arrived in Yankton, Dakota Territory, having picked up his photographic skills somewhere along the line. Though records are obscure, it appears that Goff worked for the Northern Pacific Railroad in the original survey across the wide Missouri country.

It is remarkable that Goff was able to photograph anything worthwhile because he had to do everything from making his own plates to silvering the paper from which prints were made. Lenses were primitive and all photos were "time exposures." Portraits took so long that clamps had to be used to keep the subjects still, or else a blurred photo would result. Goff had to cut his paper to the proper size, and silver it making his prints with the use of sunlight. The finished pictures were straightened and polished in a burnisher, usually heated by a coal oil lamp.

GOFF SPENT a good deal of time around Forts Buford and Stevenson, then later opened a studio at Fort Abraham Lincoln, where he became friendly with General George Custer and other members of the Seventh Cavalry garrisoned there. It was during these years of taking both Indian and Army scenes that he got the experience and made connections which

North Dakota Historical ciety Photo



Copied from Goff's photo of Sitting Bull.

eventually led to the historic photo for which he is now credited.

With his profession learned and his position seemingly secured, Goff took a bride. She was Miss Annie Eaton, lately of the Sherwood School of Music at Lyons.

While she was welcome for her charm and beauty, Mrs. Goff was also popular because of her skills with music. She organized classes in various instruments and singing.

Goff's stature as a cameraman grew with his portraits of Custer's command; many of the pictures were the last the men were ever to have taken before their final rendezvous on the Little Big Horn.

To find a wider commercial outlet, Goff opened a studio in Bismarck where he sponsored a young man named David Barry, who later became a famed pioneer photographer. Barry did so well in fact that Goff resumed his gallery at Fort Custer.

Goff apparently either sold or left many valuable negatives with Barry because the pictures were later copyrighted by Barry, although they were obviously the work of Goff. This fact contributed to the obscurity of Goff's greatness.

Goff had been wounded during his Civil War service and he was plagued by the injury in later years. He moved his studios between trips to military hospitals for care. He still specialized in portraits of military men though many of these valuable negatives were destroyed in a studio fire. Unfortunately, a huge enlargement of Sitting Bull, the portrait which had been displayed at the Chicago Fair in 1893, was also burned along with the Indian's pipe.

Goff eventually retired from professional photography and took up politics in Montana where he was elected to the legislature. He died in 1917, in Idaho where he spent his declining years.

The lore and records of the West are much more complete because of Orlando S. Goff, pioneer photographer. His was a familiar figure as he guided his white four-wheeled rig, drawn by a single spotted pony into the wilderness. The legend "O. S. Goff . . . Views . . . Ft. Lincoln & Bismarck . . ." carried him through dangers where his only weapon was a "shadow-catcher." ●

SONORA, CITY OF SCREAMING MURDER

(Continued from page 40)

Because Mexicans predominated the early camp and had naturally acquired many of the richest claims, there was a great deal of resentment against them, as well as others of the "foreign element" (some of it stemming from the War with Mexico).

To avoid difficulty and bloodshed, the Mexicans, at first, relinquished their claims without a fight. But as more of their compatriots moved into Sonora, resistance stiffened and the Americans were picked off one by one. Murders were a daily occurrence, few of them even investigated except to blame them on the Mexicans.

The situation became critical when the Legislature of 1850 passed a law taxing all foreign miners $20 a month. But it was one thing to pass the tax, and quite another for Tax Gatherer L. A. Besancon to collect it.

Sonora became an armed camp, and no man dared venture out without being heavily armed. Since the foreign element which was to be taxed far outnumbered the Americans (indicating something of the injustice), word was sent out to Jamestown, Sullivan's Diggings, and Mormon Creek for help. Help was sent.

The tax was bad enough in itself but some of the miners took advantage of the Mexicans by representing themselves as tax collectors and taking whatever they thought the traffic would bear, which increased the resistance when the legal collector arrived.

One Mexican found looting a miner's poke was taken out and summarily hung. Three Indians and a Mexican were hauled into Sonora charged with the murder of two Americans.

Because not even the semblance of an impartial jury could be found, the accused were immediately found guilty and preparations made to hang them as well. Evidence of their innocence was uncovered at the last minute, and the four were saved by Sheriff George Work just as they were about to trim a tree branch. Being thwarted of vengeance didn't help the situation in Sonora.

All of Sonora became an armed camp with final result that most of the people, other than Americans, left the area and the bubble of prosperity burst. The local newspaper, the *Sonora Herald*, suspended publication and one local historian lamented that in six weeks or so only two or three men had been shot down in the streets—a far cry indeed from the previous riotous days.

ONE OF THE deaths in the quieter days which followed, was that of Doyle Nigh, a loan shark. It was probably because Sonora had fallen upon evil times that he was murdered and his safe looted.

Only one bit of tangible evidence had been left behind by Nigh's slayer. That was a wide-brimmed, soiled, white felt hat, a design which wasn't too common and was vaguely familiar to some of the residents. They believed it to be the possession of Jesus Garves, a miner who hadn't had notable luck in his prospecting efforts. That, along with the fact that someone remembered seeing him near Nigh's dingy shop and that Garves seemed uneasy, later was reason enough to launch a search.

Garves wasn't hard to find. He was lounging in one of the cantinas whose customers were mainly the Mexicans of Sonora. He was without a hat and offered no particular resistance when one of the local vigilantes wanted to take him into custody.

The vigilantes went through the motions of a trial and he was found guilty at once. Jesus Garves, said nothing until the rope was thrown over a stout limb. Then seeing the situation was hopeless he simply said his prayers.

Without further ceremony they hanged Jesus Garves.

A trio was selected from the mob to give Jesus a proper burial, and someone suggested that it might be a nice gesture to bury the fatal white felt hat with him. One of them lifted up the cold head to put on the hat, and then the realization struck!

They hanged the wrong man.

The hat was so large that even if Jesus Garves had worn it , it is unlikely he could have seen to shoot Doyle Nigh!

Justice of quite another sort was exemplified by Major Milton Duffield, lately of Kentucky. The Major and a down-east Yankee named Glyas Abbott devised a clever dodge in selling salted claims to verdant tenderfeet and they did very well indeed. So well, in fact, that they squabbled over division of the spoils and a challenge to a duel was made and accepted.

Major Duffield was known as a marksman and Abbott's friends warned that he had better withdraw or suffer certain death. But Abbott paid no attention to the warning.

The meeting was scheduled for dawn on a meadow not far from Sonora. "Knock-kneed Bill" Lane was in charge of arrangements.

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With the final chances for apology and withdrawal made and refused, the contestants were placed back to back and Bill began counting: "One . . . two . . . three . . ."

The men turned and faced each other after the count of ten had been completed. The duelists raised their weapons.

"Just a moment, Major," Abbott said suddenly. "You have that gun pointed directly at me!"

The Major was so disconcerted that he lowered his pistol. Abbott took advantage of the moment and fired. His ball hit the Major's hand and put him out of action. It was still bandaged long after Abbott had disappeared from the Sonora area away from the Major's sworn vengeance.

The Major wasn't always that easily tricked, however. A few years later in Sonora, Jim Lyons, a famed hardcase in the area, along with two companions picked a fight with the Major. He called all three of the men out into the street. In the ensuing gun fight, the Major killed Lyons, wounded one of the others and scared the remaining member of the trio out of town. Major Duffield went down with his guns blazing, as a U.S. Marshal in Arizona, when he unsuccessfully tried to dispossess some claim jumpers.

WHILE THEIR STORIES properly belong in other sections of Western lore, no story of Sonora would be complete without mention of John Shine, who was a crack stagecoach driver like Chip Hodgkins. Shine had the additional honor of being the first driver to be held up by California's greatest bandit, Black Bart. At that time Shine, nor anyone else for that matter, knew who the hold-up man might be. In 1883 when Bart was apprehended after a hold-up on Funk Hill he confessed that his first robbery had been at the same point years before. The day he cited was the same one Shine reported that he had encountered the poetic bandit.

Another story of Sonora concerns Arabella Ryan, the delinquent daughter of a Baltimore minister. She operated a brothel in Sonora and later went with Charles Cora to San Francisco where she witnessed his hanging by the Vigilance Committee. He was hanged along with a man named Casey who had murdered a newspaper editor.

Few camps had regular judges and in many cases, one was elected in an emergency and often served with reluctance. Sonora was an exception for they had a fiery Texan: Major R. C. Barry. Some say he was chosen for the high office because of his strength of character despite his abysmal ignorance of the written law. Others aver that Barry had grown too stout to dig and once he was elected justice of the peace he prefered to stay on in that easy position.

Few, if any, could remember just when he had been first elected but he devised a novel system to perpetuate himself in office. When it seemed appropriate, usually when most of his friends were available, Barry simply gathered up a number of them and had a meeting at his house.

Then he made a brief speech:

"Dearly beloved," (he also performed marriage ceremonies), "we are gathered here today for the purpose of uniting one man in one job. All of you in favor of retaining me in office raise your right hand, then step over to the bar and drink up on me. Them's as don't want to vote for me may be held in contempt of 'court' and had better not ever appear before me in any action."

Since he was always elected unanimously, there were many rounds of drinks. The next day word was circulated that elections had been held and Judge Barry had won against all opposition. All was well because no one wanted the job anyway.

Judge Barry's drinks were considered costs of his court, and he always managed to collect those in the best, most novel manner possible. The loser was usually made to pay but when he had no money, the costs were then assessed to the winner. Justice was always exact on this point: someone must pay.

In one case, Barry made out both ways. He collected his costs of court and at the same time, exhibited his contempt for any Mexican audacious enough to appear before him.

Recorded on some old paper bags, Judge Barry set this one down as No. 60: "This was a gambling scrape in which Tim Smith, the monte deeler shot and wounded Filipe Vega. After heering witnesses on both side, I adjueded Smith gilty of the shooting and fined him 10 dolars, and Vega gilty of attempting to steele 5 ounces.

"I therefore fined him 100 dolars and Costs of Coort. Costs of Coort, 3 ounces. R. C. Barry, Justice Peace. U. H. Brown, Constable."

Judge Barry was capable of handling more complex cases as in the case of "Swede," a miner who had a poke of gold stolen from a tunnel where he had cached it. A few days later, Sheriff George Work and Constable Brown collared three men and brought them before Judge Barry.

As trials went in those days, it was a long one lasting two hours. There was even a couple of attorneys to clog the wheels of justice, along with the extra factor that half of the $3,000 in Swede's gold would be a reward for its recovery.

After hearing the trial go this way and that, one of the men was considered innocent and having had nothing to do with the gold. He was out of the way so now the other two could be properly dealt with.

The other two accused men were also judged to be innocent but since they were miners and had been following their trade when they stumbled on to this gold, it was considered a reward for their labors. The fact that the gold was neatly sacked when it had been found was considered merely fortuitous.

Since Judge Barry claimed the reward for having found this gold, he automatically took $1500!

The remaining $1500 was to be divided among Swede, (the actual owner), the two lawyers, the two thieves, and of course, Judge Barry!

Swede hollered like a turpentined cat over the settlement. So did the two men who had been accused, then acquitted. The gold they had in possession was being divided. The other thief who had been acquitted and sent on his way wanted some too.

Judge Barry studied the situation for a minute then awarded the Swede $400 of the remaining $1500. He also granted the third thief a $50 slice of the gold melon. But he inveigled both of them into a poker game, using the Judge's cards. The amount he won was exactly $450!

"Man is the only animal what can be skinned twicet," Judge Barry observed solemnly.

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"This was a caze in which Jim Touer had jumped a piece of grun that the Wide-awake Co., claimed as part of thear claim. Upon heering the evidense of all witnesses on boath sidz, and takin the caze under avisement, I came to the folowing conclusion that boath parties is at falt. I therefore decree that the grun be equaly divided, and one haf be returned to Jim Touer and one haf to the Wideawake Co., and that each pay one haf of the Costs of Coort share and share alik. Costs of Coort 6 ounces, and that each stand comited til each of them pays thear amount."

Judge Barry's concern for the costs of court was always uppermost in his fine judicial mind.

As a city official he wore many hats, among them that of the county coroner. To make sure that the costs of "coort" were always paid, he had every corpse searched, then confiscated all its property to satisfy his costs.

"T. Newly killed by Fuller who shot him with a gun January 30, 1851. I found no property on the diseased. After trying Fuller and finding him gilty, he was comited by me and sentenced by the coort to 2 years confinement. He broke jale and run off."

Judge Barry managed to insert his own dynamic personality as indicated in a final recorded "caze:"

"Inquest on the body of a Chileno boy, one of Snow's murderers, hung by a mob on Dargun Creek. Nobuddy seems to no who did it. He deserved to die." ●

MAKING OF A CHEYENNE WARRIOR

(Continued from page 25)

entered, clad only in a breech clout. Escorted by the Medicine Chief they were taken to the inner circle. The Medicine Chief arranged them in a circle the way he wanted them, got out of the way, and gave the signal to begin. Immediately, the dancers begin the slow, monotonous, awkward Indian dance around the circle, always looking toward the center.

The dance, similar to the Sun Dance of the Sioux, was a test of endurance, a trait greatly admired by the Indians. Some of the younger braves participating in their first Medicine Dance, showing off or being carried away by religious enthusiasm, jumped high into the air and beat upon the ground vigorously. But the veterans, the older braves, kept to a slow, steady pace, using as little energy as possible, knowing they would need all their strength before they were finished.

THE WILL OF the gods would be known by the effects of the dance on the participants, and until the Medicine Chief announced that he was satisfied, the dance continued, the dancers making their weary rounds without sleep, food, drink, or any way to answer the calls of nature.

It should have been dull and boring, particularly at the beginning, for the first few hours, while all the dancers still had their strength. But the crowd sat and watched as though hypnotized — except that it was noisy; individuals called out encouragement to members of their families, or particular favorites.

It wasn't until the dance had been going on for eight or ten hours that fatigue began to take its toll. The already noisy lodge became a babble of sounds as bone-weary dancers began to totter and fall. They tried to recover their balance and rhythm, aided by the encouraging shouts of friends and family. Some continued, some fell by the wayside.

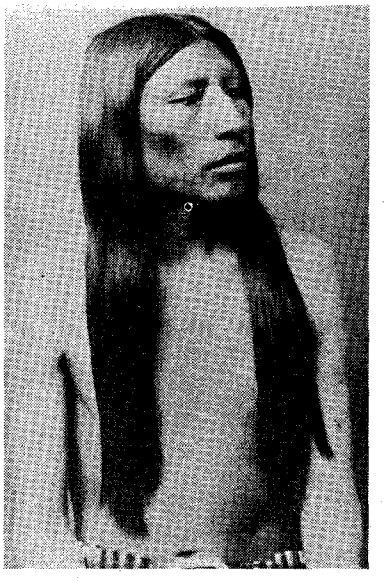
As each warrior fell, there was a rush of women to the fallen body sternly met by the guards who were there for just that purpose. The guards dragged the recumbent, usually unconscious form away, out of the dancers' circle and into that of the guards'. The Medicine Chief painted symbols and hieroglyphics on the fallen warrior's face and body using special medicine paint. If this did not bring the exhausted man back to consciousness and strength, he was dragged outside into the open, and revived by buckets of cold water thrown over him. This caused the women to set up shrieks of delight, and surrounding the Medicine Chief, they begged him to let the exhausted dancer go home with honor.

The Medicine Chief had power to let the man go, or order him back to the dance. Usually he let the dancer go home to recuperate, aided by all the "babying" and care his women could give him. The Medicine Chief could be influenced by the entreaties of the women, or by the promise of a horse or horses, depending on the wealth of the dancer and his family.

The death of a dancer was considered very bad medicine, so it was rare for the dancers to be ordered back to the inner circle. The Medicine Chief, satisfied that he received signs indicating the will of the gods, called off the dance. Now the young braves who have waited for their tests, had their big moment. If the Medicine Chief so ordered, this could be done while the dance was still taking place, but that was not too common.

When the Medicine Chief was satisfied and stopped this dance, only two men were still dazedly, almost automatically, making their way around the circle. Little Bear waited and watched the Medicine Chief approach. There was only one other young man to be tested this night. Little Bear didn't know whether he wanted to be the first or second—not that he had a choice. When he saw the Medicine Chief would start with him, he decided he was glad. He'd rather go through with what he had to, without having his fears further raised by watching what happened to his friend.

Wyoming State Archives



Early American Indian warrior.

The Medicine Chief approached, knife in hand, and walked around the young man, mumbling some prayers. The knife could be used in front or in back, on the chest or on the back.

Little Bear felt the Medicine Chief stop behind him, readied himself for what he knew was coming. He tried to brace himself It took all his resolution, all his pride and courage, not to cry out or wince as the knife's sharp point dug into his flesh, and slashed downward.

His face didn't change but he was holding his breath and his stomach muscles were rigid as he waited for the next slash—there had to be four.

The next one come almost at once, and didn't seem quite as bad. There was a slight delay as the spots were selected for the next two cuts. These seemed worse than the first ones, possibly because his resolution had been weakened. But he held his legs steady and his posture straight despite what was being done to him.

Men hurried up then, with horsehair ropes about three-quarters of an inch thick, and wooden toggles. He knew what would happen, and this was worse than the knife. The men reached into the soreness of his new cuts, their clumsy fingers pulling the flesh away from the bone and passing the rough horsehair rope under the straps that had been made of his flesh, rubbing every awakened nerve with a pain he couldn't believe. He tried to tell himself that others had lived through it, but it couldn't have been this bad. Someone must have bungled, to make this so painful. And couldn't the clumsy idiots get done? They took forever, talking among themselves as they tied the ropes to two wooden toggles—each movement of the rope a new agony—and then tied the wooden toggles to two short ropes that joined a longer one.

At last it was done. He wanted to breathe a sigh of relief, but he was stopped by a new, excruciating pain. The horsehair ropes had been passed under his skin, through the slashes made in his back, so that he was fastened by a rope on each side.

The long rope, joined to the two ropes attached to him, went to the top of the lodge through a sort of block and tackle. The new pain came as, at the Medicine Chief's order, the men started to pull on the free end of the long rope, hauling Little Bear off the ground, dangling a few feet from the earthen floor, suspended by his own mangled flesh.

Little Bear had seen this before, he even knew what he looked like, a ridiculous figure, bent over and swaying as he struggled. The Medicine Chief had cut two deep gashes at about the level of his shoulder blades, gashes about four inches long, about two inches apart. Through these, the horsehair ropes had been passed. This, one of the tests of manhood, was also a religious ceremony.

Little Bear was a Cheyenne, but this ceremony, or one quite similar to it, was common to all the Indian tribes of the Plains. It wouldn't have helped Little Bear at all to know that, in the Middle Ages, Christians, too, went through tortures like

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this in the same belief that self torture is an act most acceptable to God. Each felt that the extent of God's pleasure is measured exactly by the amount of pain and suffering he can bear without flinching. Many religions have their flagellants.

SOMETIMES A proven warrior underwent this torture, because he had committed some deed that angered the gods, or that he thought had angered the gods, and he tortured himself, for atonement. Then, instead of being fastened to the rigid lodge top, he would be tied to a stout, pliant pole fastened into the ground for the purpose. After the incisions had been made, the ropes passed through and the wooden toggles fastened, the top of the pole is bent down and the rope fastened to it.

The self-chosen victim then had to fight his own pain and the bending of the pole, which offered little resistance to his efforts to tear himself free. Because the whole idea was to get free from the horrible yoke of one's own flesh. The only way this could be done was to have the ropes tear open the flesh under which they have been passed. The faster this was done, the more heroic one proved.

Of course, the Indian would hang there in intense pain, deprived of any food, water or sustenance, an object of curiosity, even jeering if he did not get free. In time, the unbearable stress upon the tender flesh weakened the fibres sufficiently so that he dropped free. With a pliant pole, this sometimes took several days. When the rope was fastened to the rigid hoch-e-a-yum, the loosening process was somewhat faster.

Little Bear looked down at the familiar faces below him through bloodstained eyes. They were all looking at him with curiosity, talking to one another, perhaps guessing how long he would last. All but one. He finally located Blue Dove in the sea of upturned faces and tried to read her eyes. Sometimes she had her head turned away, as though she couldn't bear to watch, as though she could feel the terrible tearing agony of his body. Other times she was looking at him with admiration, and he would redouble his frantic efforts to free himself.

He wondered whether it had ever happened that a man hadn't been able to get free? Would the Medicine Chief cut down the rope or let him die there of hunger, thirst and pain? Die there, dangling like a man being hung?

He wasn't hungry now, he couldn't have eaten if the finest venison, the best buffalo steak were offered to him, despite the fact that he had been fasting and meditating for several days before this ordeal. He wasn't hungry, he wasn't thirsty, he wasn't even sure he was thinking, he was such a mass of pain. Pain so intense that it was almost ecstacy, and he thought the gods should be pleased.

He didn't know how long it was, it seemed like days to him, but the same people were still there, even though he had not only lost track of time, he was unconscious from time to time, but evidently only for brief intervals.

Suddenly, he got a second wind, so to speak. The pain was just as intense, but somehow seemed removed a little, as though it weren't happening to him but to someone else whose body he was inhabiting, but not quite completely. He wanted to tear loose as fast as possible, because that was what was expected. To do that quickly would hurt more—but he would be a warrior, he would be a man, he would prove himself, he would please the gods.

He tried! He would jerk himself loose. He gathered up his body and suddenly slumped, putting as much strain as possible on the horrible searing straps made of portions of his back.

The first time he tried it, he almost lost his composure and cried out in pain, but he thought he felt something tear on his left side. Maybe he should concentrate on that, because surely if one side tore loose, the other side would go quickly, unable to sustain his weight.

He tried it again but he didn't know what happened. The pain was so intense that he passed out for a minute. Think, he told himself, maybe you did that too fast, maybe you have to give your body a little time to recuperate.

So he hung there, his head down, dangling by the back.

The crowd below, not knowing his pain, watched him hang motionless, making no effort to get free. They started to jeer at him. Let them yell, he thought, they're not up here, I am, and I have a plan.

He waited until he thought it was long enough, and then hunched his body and slumped again, putting all his weight on his left shoulder. He thought he felt something tear again. He waited, this time with few jeers, as though the crowd now knew what he was trying to do. Then he tried it again, and knew the skin on his left side was giving.

One more try, and his left side tore loose. Even as he fell, he thought: I was right, as soon as one side gave, the other wasn't strong enough to hold me.

THE MEDICINE Chief and others rushed to him. They rubbed something on his back, and each time they touched the torn flesh it hurt more. They talked among themselves as they worked on him, and he tried to listen but couldn't concentrate. Then they were through ministering to him.

The Medicine Chief nodded, as though satisfied, and even the great Chief came over.

"That was very good. Few men have ever done so well, so fast. You will be a great warrior."

Little Bear got up, shaking, unsteady, but back on his feet. Somehow, the pain didn't matter so much any more. His mother and father were waiting for him, looking more pleased and proud, and his brothers and sisters, all younger than he, were jumping up and down with glee.

Little Bear knew the wounds would heal. He didn't know what herbs and potions had been rubbed on him and hurt so, but he had seen other warriors and knew the healing process would soon begin, and eventually the scars would fade away almost completely. (Though the the flesh was ripped open and often held open for some time, there is no record of infection or death ever resulting from this practice, even in the hottest weather.)

He looked over at Blue Dove. Her face wasn't turned away now, she was looking at him admiringly, proudly. There seemed to be a promise in her eyes.

He looked at her coolly, letting his eyes linger for a moment, eying her up and down appraisingly without expression, like a warrior, like the great chief he was to become, before he looked away. Then he looked back at her, hungrily, like a seventeen-year-old young man. ●

BILLION DOLLAR ANSWER

(Continued from page 41)

head. On what would it grow? With the gold gone from the placer streams, what else was there to build towns for, except farming, and the land was too hilly for farming.

McKnight rubbed his arms with his hands and realized the afternoon had turned chilly. It was October; the night would be crisp. He turned to George Crandel, a slender 17-year-old boy, just then peering into his sluice pan. "Well, I'm goin, home," McKnight told him. "I've got to pick up some pitch pine for my fire."

Crandel nodded. "This is my last pan. I'll be up the hill right after you."

"Don't get too rich," McKnight called, with a laugh.

"Not around here," Crandel replied disgustedly.

McKnight climbed up a pine-covered hump east of Boston Ravine and filled his arms with pitch pine. Then he turned toward his cabin on the hump the Wolf Creek miners optimistically, and with customary exaggeration, called Gold Hill.

As McKnight plodded toward his small, rough cabin he stubbed his toe against a ledge of rock hidden by a thick layer of pine needles, and kicked loose a chunk of odd-looking stone. Being an unexcitable man of orderly habits, he set his load down in a neat pile before he picked up the stone and rolled it in his hands. In the heart of the crystalline rock were thick yellow clumps. The stuff looked like gold, but who ever heard of gold imbedded in quartz? This was something new.

A few of the miners resting in front of their cabins came up and looked. McKnight handed the mineral around. The miners shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders. Maybe it's just a freak of nature, they said. No use getting upset about it. The real gold comes so you can wash it free. This stuff will never dissolve.

But one person there knew history in the making when he saw it.

George Crandel, attracted by the goings on of the older men, took one glimpse of the shining yellow and went tearing back down the slope to Boston Ravine, shouting "Gold Gold!"

The men in the camp did not stop to ask questions. Grabbing their picks and shovels, they ran in the direction Crandel pointed. By nightfall Gold Hill was aswarm with miners. Claims of 30 by 40 feet were staked off, and the frenzied prospecting began.

THE FIRST RESULTS were almost unbelievable. As deep as the men dug, the gold quartz was still visible.

One man paused long enough to throw his arm around McKnight and yell: "Why, this is a bigger discovery than Jim Marshall made at Sutter's Mill!"

But some of the miners began to worry.

"There's so much of it," they complained, "it won't be worth any more than iron."

This fear was overwhelmed by the excitement that spread up and down the state and over the land. Within a few days every manjack in the whole Mother Lode was seeking a rich vein of his own. Not a

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hammer nor an anvil, for 20 miles around Grass Valley, was used for anything but pounding the quartz to dust so as to remove the gold. There was a run on the drug stores for mortars and pestles. Every cabin near Gold Hill became a quartz mill.

Soon rich lode findings were reported along the whole length of the Mother Lode. Every day brought word of a new strike. Each hump of earth was explored by probing fingers, every suggestion of a vein was resolutely followed to its source.

To the hills of Grass Valley came a surge of placer miners, abandoning their long toms and rockers. This was big stuff. Not a creek bed that could be worked out in a few days or weeks, but gold that ran deep in the earth and grew richer with each foot of digging. Within a six mile radius of Grass Valley a hundred mines were dug.

Overnight, mining camps throughout the northern diggings sprang up like weeds. One day there was nothing but a man and his claim; the next day a community was being built. Within a year dozens of settlements had skyrocketed into existence.

Grass Valley mushroomed. In the spring of 1851, the 15 or 20 dwellings had grown to 150 buildings, several stores, a hotel, a number of saloons, and a dozen shops. In 1852 Nevada County could boast of 22,000 people, including 3,226 Indians and 3,886 Chinese.

As in placer diggings, few men made it rich at lode mining. There were a hundred heartaches for every success. Nature played coy tricks on the miners, exposing a small vein of gold and then abruptly breaking off the gold quartz and turning the ledge barren. Sometimes months and years would be required to trace the "lost" veins. And there were fierce struggles for claims, some ending in pitched battles where men were killed or wounded.

No sooner had lode mining begun than a problem arose—how to get the gold out of the quartz so that wealth could be realized. The primitive methods used by the first miners were time-consuming and unprofitable. A better way had to be found. Mexican arrestras, run by mule power, were used to grind the quartz, but this operation was also too slow. Quartz-reduction mills, employing giant stamps, were built, and after costly experimentation were developed to perfection.

When the mills were still in their infancy, a novel idea for freeing the gold from the rock was suggested by a "Dr. Rodgers," a worldly gentleman who rode into Nevada City from points unannounced. His proposal was the establishment of a smelting company—with himself as president, of course, since the secret formula was his.

In no time the good citizens of the area had put $80,000 into the shrewd doctor's enterprise. When all the money available had been gathered, a furnace was built, gold quartz put into the oven, and a fire started. From miles around the miners came to watch. Most of them camped by the smelter for the two days the fires burned, not daring to stroll off lest they miss the great moment.

At the end of the two days the fire had burned itself out and the stack cooled. To the accompaniment of whistling, shouting and banging of revolvers, Dr. Rodgers unlatched the iron flume door and surveyed his scientific achievement. Not a speck of gold was present—everything had been reduced to ashes!

"There must have been a slight error in my calculations," explained the doctor hastily. "I must go to my hotel to check my figures." He was never again seen in those parts. Whatever other unorthodox formulae he knew, the astute doctor adhered staunchly to the old standby that fly-by-nighters had been following since the first sucker was fleeced: get out while the chumps are still scratching their heads.

LONG AFTER the placer diggings were played out, the great mines of the Mother Lode were still booming. Of the $87 million taken from Columbia alone, the greatest part came from quartz. From Jackson to Plymouth, gold worth $160 million was dug from the ground. The richest takes, however, were from the mines near the site of Gold Hill. The Empire-Star mines yielded $120 million, the Idaho-Maryland more than $64 million. Gold Center, just a few blocks from Grass Valley's business district, was good for $2.5 million. In nearby Nevada City gold and silver worth $12 million was hauled out of the Lava Cap.

A month after McKnight stumbled onto gold quartz, some of the miners thought they had reached down as far as they could ever go; they had burrowed into the earth to the depth of 75 feet. The Empire Mine operations later reached a mile beneath the surface and the Kennedy, near Jackson, went even deeper. More than 75 miles of channels were cut inside the Empire alone.

McKnight's discovery led to a revolutionary change in the gold-mining industry. The pick gave way to the shaft, the sluice pan to the stamps. Small claims were combined into giant holdings. As the placer camps gave up, the lode-mining towns grew and stabilized themselves. The predominantly male settlements were replaced by family communities. The primitive techniques of individual production yielded to the more profitable methods of large-scale production. And the social organization of the mining towns, however simple and placid it appeared on the surface, grew as complex as the intricate mining machinery.

From the very first, Grass Valley was the cradle and laboratory of the industry. Here new ideas were born and tested; here equipment was tried and judged; here specialists received their practical training. A minor who could say he was once in Grass Valley—though to himself admitting he had spent only a night there—was sure of a job in any gold mine in the world. To have directed the operations in a Grass Valley mine was the highest distinction a mining engineer could receive. It was worth more in honor and prospects than the highest degree granted by any university.

One hundred and twelve years have come and gone since that October rush to Gold Hill. And what of McKnight, the forgotten man who started it all? Few books mention him. Only in the yellowing pages of obscure long-forgotten pioneer family histories are found the strands of evidence to weave a tale of what happened that October day. There is no record of how McKnight looked; not even a tiny portrait of him has ever been found. A plaque on Gold Hill is the only public reminder of him that exists. And—to show how little attention has been paid—his name on the plaque is misspelled, the "Mc" being omitted.

Gold Hill is a seldom visited mass of rubble now, and Boston Ravine is only a filling station and a one-man garage.

But Wolf Creek still flows, and all around Gold Hill there are small, simple cabins, some of them looking like the miners' shacks of sluice pan days. With a little imagination one can see McKnight in this setting, stubbing his toe, picking up the stone, curiously examining it, and wondering if it had any value.

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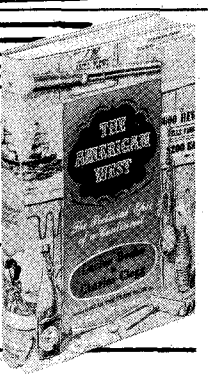

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FIFTY YEARS ON THE FRONTIER

(Continued from page 13)

campaign of the winter of 1868-69, conducted by General Philip Sheridan, General George Custer and Governor Crawford. This resulted in the practical extermination of Indian warriors and brought lasting peace to the settlers, with the exception of minor outbreaks as late as 1874 and 1878.

With the passing of the Civil War and the menace of Indian attacks the country developed rapidly. Settlers soon lined the valleys and land was broken out in larger tracts.

The rotting of the sod brought malaria, or ague. It fastened itself upon the whole population; few were exempt. The victims would burn with fever one minute and freeze the next. It was said by a neighbor that when his whole family were shaking with ague the chinking between the logs of his cabin was jarred loose, and that he "was too sick to live and not sick enough to die."

Doctors were few and the "Common Sense Medical Adviser" became the family Bible. Blue-mass pills, calomel, quinine and Ayer's Ague Cure were the chief medications. There were times when half the population was salivated. In rainy seasons vegetation was rank, and, rotting upon the ground, added to the virulence of the dreaded disease.

For a time it seemed that nature itself rebelled against the inroads of civilization. The sodded prairies shed water like the roof of a house, and at times torrential rains fell and flooded the valleys from bluff to bluff. Our family was twice rescued from the log house on the backs of horses, which had to swim to reach the highlands. One night after a heavy downpour of rain and hail we went into the yard to hear a terrible roar like the approach of a wind storm, but father said "It is water." We walked to the creek bank to see 150 head of cattle rolling, pitching and tossing on top of a wall of water eight feet high, through brush, driftwood and timber. Forty were drowned. The hail had caused them to seek the timber for shelter, and they unconsciously met disaster.

One of the floods came after harvest. It swept the fields clean of the shocked wheat and landed it in the tops of trees in the timber downstream. The wheat's salvage was not a labor of love, but one of necessity. It was finally rescued and little loss was sustained.

THEN CAME the menace of prairie fires. Tall trees grew abundantly everywhere especially in the rail fences, which always led to the stock yards, barns and buildings. This grass killed by frost and dried by the wind became a constant menace through fire. Fire guards were made around each farm by plowing a furrow on either side of a strip of land fifty feet wide, and mowing between while the grass was green, then burning off the hay when dried by the sun. This afforded ample protection except when the fire was driven by a gale of wind. New settlers unfamiliar with the country often set fire to the grass to burn off a camping ground or to clean land for breaking, believing they could put it out when desired.

Sometimes they negligently allowed it to catch from camp fires or discarded matches and torches. They did not know, but soon learned, that a prairie fire started in the wind is uncontrollable. Only a back-fire started from a road, furrow or firebreak by an experienced man can turn it aside. The heat, from a prairie fire started on a perfectly still day, when it attains any magnitude creates air currents which drive it forward toward the burning grass. If a strong wind is blowing it becomes a gale, and the fire a thing of terror unimaginable. The tall grass seeds out into a feathery top which burns like gasoline.

The approach of a fire miles in length, driven by a gale, fills the air with suffocating clouds of smoke, ashes and burning cinders, through which leap tongues of flame often ten to fifty feet high, making the whole heavens a fiery cauldron through which no living thing can pass. The flames jump and roll forward with terrific force and speed, driving birds, rabbits, wolves, cattle, horses and all living things before it to safety beyond the streams or death in its seething furnaces.

The tops of the grass burn first, and the flame was often 100 yards in width before the grass burned to the ground. A horse of fastest speed has difficulty in keeping ahead of such a fire. Cattle caught out on the prairies run ahead of the fire until exhausted and then perish in the flames. I once saw sixty head of fine cattle that had thus burned to death. I have seen a whole community devastated by such a fire; all feed, grain and stables went up in smoke, though no houses were destroyed.

But there is a brighter side to the picture. The pioneers were almost all hardy young men and women. The first old man I ever saw was the village cobbler. He came to our house to visit. His face was wrinkled and old and his hair was white. To my brother and I he was a freak. We would peek through the window at him and then run away and laugh. We were but the youngest of the young pioneers who looked upon the wrinkled face of old civilization with derision.

The new land was full of adventure and freedom and hope. All comers were welcome guests; there was no caste; "the richest were poor, but the poorest lived in abundance." There were neighborhood dinners innumerable, and tables were burdened with a wealth of food now unknown. There was buffalo meat, venison, prairie chicken, quail and other wild game. Guests came from long distances and sometimes remained for weeks.

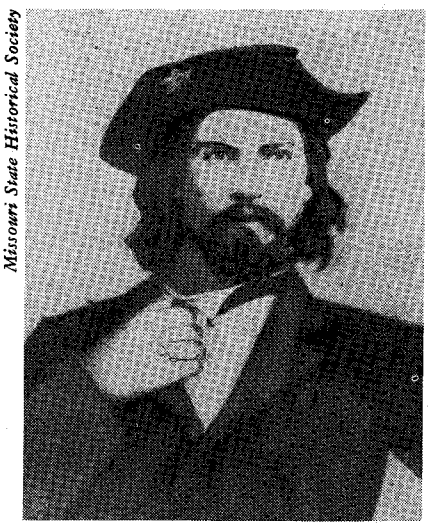
Horace Greeley's *Weekly Tribune* furnished our political economy and *Harper's Weekly* was a regular visitor, while Petroleum V. Nasby furnished the humor of the day. Itinerant preachers, peddlers and trappers were always a delight.

Around the fireplace I have listened to most animated and profound discussions on the immortality of the soul, whether the Bible was inspired, foreordination, transubstantiation, baptism by immersion or sprinkling, infant baptism and infant damnation, the doctrines of John Calvin and the infallibility of the Pope.

The controversy sometimes waged all night, and each disputant proved the correctness of his position by the Holy Writ. In the morning no one was convinced but all were satisfied and happy.

Camp meetings and baptism through holes in the ice were especially entertaining to us boys. The mourner's bench was our theater. Samp Pearson, the community fiddler, got religion, confessed his sins and joined the church in one week, backslid the next, got drunk the next, fiddled for a while to make up for lost time, and then repeated this cycle year after year.

THE COMPANION, guide and friend of my boyhood was my uncle, Peter Clark. Though of slight build and medium height, he was young, muscular, athletic and active. He was a skilled wrestler, and I have never seen a man who could throw him "square holts." I have known him to lift the champion athlete of the Kaw Indian tribe—though much taller and almost twice his weight—sheer from his feet, and throw him over his head to a heavy fall on the flat of his back. The vanquished brave was so surprised and humiliated that as soon as he could regain his breath he jumped to his feet and ran into the woods to hide his shame and escape the taunts of his fellows, who called him a "squaw man" because he had allowed the little white man to throw him.



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Captain Bill Anderson, gang leader.

Clark loved the wild, open fields and woods and was fond of hunting, trapping and fishing. From him I learned these arts, and the memory of our many traps through the fields and forests and along the streams is a joy to this hour. In pursuit of game he was as noiseless as an Indian in moccasins. He could closely approach wild birds and animals without giving alarm. After long practice he became an expert shot. I have seen him kill prairie chickens and wild ducks on the wing with a rifle.

In those days the buffalo had gone farther west, though their range was a comparative short distance away, and out on the plains there were countless millions of them. Indian and white hunters and trappers kept settlers constantly supplied with fresh and dried buffalo meat and with luxurious tanned buffalo robes. There were deer and antelope in the country, and prairie chickens, wild ducks, quail, squirrels and rabbits were abundant. The streams were well stocked with fish.

Prairie chickens reared their young and roosted in the grass on the prairies. In winter, particularly in snowy periods, they flew into the fields and stock yards for grain and food. They would light on adjacent trees, often right over the house, so near we could shoot them from the windows and doors. I have seen them so numerous at such times that sitting close together, their weight would break the branches.

I once saw thirteen killed at one time by a deadfall made of a barn door set up with a figure-four trigger. The ground under the deadfall was cleared of snow, sprinkled with shelled corn, while a section of ear corn was stuck on the end of the trigger. The chickens pecked on the corn, and this threw the deadfall.

Many wild ducks remained all winter, swimming on the unfrozen riffles of the

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streams and feeding in the cattle yards. They furnished the hunter winter sport, while in the spring and fall great flocks of wild geese and ducks by the thousands lined the sky from horizon to horizon, filling the air with the music of their regular cries as they winged their way with incalculable speed to and from their summer and winter homes. They often alighted in sloughs, swamps and fields to feed. Truly the country at such times was the hunter's paradise.

Uncle Peter was a shrewd trader. He once treed a coon in the hollow branch of a very tall sycamore. The tree was too large to cut down, and he could not climb it, cut off the branch and capture the coon alone. While he was contemplating the situation, an athletic Indian came along. A bargain was soon struck, by which the Indian was to climb the tree and cut off the branch containing the coon. If there should be two coons each was to have one, and in any event the Indian was to skin the game; and if there should prove to be but one coon, Clark was to have the pelt, worth several dollars, and the Indian was to take the carcass for meat. The Indian climbed the tree, cut off the branch and came down. There was but one coon. The Indian skinned it. My uncle took the pelt.

The Indian then intimated that he had been given the bad end of the bargain. He really thought there were two coons in the tree. In disgust he threw the carcass on top of an old shed and indignantly left it there. However, in about three weeks, after the wind and weather had seasoned it, the Indian came back and took the carcass of the coon to his wigwam and the family had an Indian stew. He lost nothing after all.

Our first schoolhouse was a log cabin, three and one-half miles from home; the seats were slabs with wooden pegs for legs. The term was three months, and it almost caused a neighborhood feud when my father, who was on the school board for almost fifty years, insisted on a nine months' term and a teacher worth seventy-five dollars a month. He got both, and at least some of the children afterwards graduated from the State University, the Agricultural College and the State Normal School.

IN THOSE DAYS the cattle range began with the sunrise and ended with the sunset. The herds multiplied rapidly and the settlers prospered when they learned that cattle more often died from hollow stomachs than "hollow horn," and cut up the corn to carry them through the winter. Small tracts of cultivated land were fenced with rail or "worm" fences. Cattle and horses were permitted to roam the boundless prairies at will. They chose for themselves the most favored ranges, contiguous to water, where rich and tender grasses grew luxuriantly. They were "turned out" in the spring poor and bony, and covered with long, rough hair from the scarcity of nourishing winter feed. In a few weeks they were fat, round and sleek. They soon became semi-wild, and in their emerald kingdom they developed forms of marvelous beauty and perfection. It was a wonderful sight to see them grazing in the valleys or upon the hills. At the approach of strange objects or the occurrence of unusual noises their heads were erect, their eyes aglow with life. At the apprehension of danger they would scamper away to points of safety where they would stop, paw the earth, and fill the air with their defiant bellowing or wild neighing.

The population grew and to the great disgust and derision of the settlers on the "bottom lands," immigrants began to occupy the prairies that were considered worthless for other than grazing purposes by the pioneers. But they kept coming, and the highlands were converted into farms by degrees, the range was cut off, the herd law was passed, and the boys became herders on the hills. The herding of cattle in small droves was a dreary and monotonous task. The grazing season began in June and did not end until the last of October. Sunshine or rain, hot or cold, the herder had to be on duty.

The herded cattle were restless and they did not do as well as those permitted to range at will. They persistently wanted to graze on forbidden ground and the herder was constantly compelled to restrain them. This task required eternal vigilance on his part and endless and swift riding to round them up and turn them back. They looked with longing eyes on the rich, green verdure which seemed to grow everywhere just beyond their reach.

Sometimes in the fall the weary herder fell asleep on duty, or he would wander away himself in search of more inviting pastures, to some well-known copse where the trees were arbored with ripening grapes for which he had waited all summer, or to some plum thicket, laden with lucious fruit, or, in company of a kindred herder, to some near-by watermelon patch whose owner was absent from home.

While he was thus satisfying his hungry soul and palate, the cattle, in full realization of their freedom, would rush to the nearest and most inviting pastures, usually some neighbor's field of ripening corn. Once

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this occurred, and the cattle tasted the rich and satisfying juices of the corn they became intoxicated with a desire to repeat the spree, and were almost uncontrollable. This occurred more than once. We had an old brindle cow who became the sentinel and leader of the herd. She would stand and watch me with the eye of an eagle, and the moment I passed over the hill or dropped out of sight, she would start at full speed, the whole herd after her, for the cornfield of our neighbor, Warren Johnson.

His farm was inclosed with a stake-and-rider "worm" fence; but the old brindle cow would rush up to it and put her head under the rider, toss it in the air, and then jump over, the whole herd following her. It is remarkable the amount of damage a herd of cattle can do to a cornfield in a few minutes. Many a race I have had trying to head off this aggravating brute and her followers. I have at full speed lashed her with a long cattle whip until her hide was cut and bleeding, but I could not break her of the habit. I think it was through her I became proficient in the art of swearing —a habit common to the frontier.

IN THE LATE sixties and early seventies the cattle trails leading from Texas began to swarm with herds of longhorned cattle being driven from that state to northern pastures or to Abilene, Kan., from which they were shipped over the Union Pacific railroad to the Kansas City and Chicago markets. The Texas cattle barons and cattle speculators organized regular outfits, consisting of camp and supply wagons, together with the necessary accompaniment of cowboys, each equipped with a lasso, long cattle whip, and a brace of revolvers. The herds varied in size from a few hundred head to thousands. The drive of from 800 to 1,100 miles would begin in the early spring; it would move northward by easy stages, that the cattle might graze on the succulent and nourishing northern grasses that sprung up in April and May and reached their greatest perfection and abundance in June. The northward march often consumed several months. The trails widely deviated, but usually followed or crossed streams which furnished an abundant water supply and along the courses of which the richest grazing lands were found.

Those long-horned Texas cattle, accustomed to graze on the buffalo and bunch grass and to wander the wastes of sand and chaparral of their native state were long-legged, gaunt and thin. They were built more for speed and endurance than for beef, but they thrived on their northward journey, and when fattened on the nutritious grass found on the way they made excellent beef. They were wild, and when frightened could equal the speed of the swiftest horse.

On the way north these herds occasionally passed near our range. It was estimated that one of them contained 10,000 head of cattle. The herds, sometimes miles in length, when driven near cultivated lands were huddled close together and driven fast, to prevent them from trampling down the fields of grain. In spite of all that could be done, crops were often totally destroyed. The bill for damages was, however, usually settled immediately without controversy. When traveling in close formation the long horns of the animals would constantly strike together, making a sharp, popping noise, which, with the trampling of their hoofs upon the hard prairie, created a thrilling and startling sound.

Their horns were of incredible size and length. Only a few years ago I saw a mounted pair of these horns in the Stockyards Exchange Building at Kansas City that was eight feet from tip to tip. I presume they are still there. They did not seem longer than those I saw on the cattle trails.

As these herds were passing through it was difficult for the settlers to prevent their domestic cattle from mingling with them, and when once absorbed they were as good as lost, as it was difficult if not impossible

Two of a kind
THE WEST
GOLDEN WEST

to cut them out. The cowboys were not vigilant in their effort to prevent the adoption of domestic cattle. They always carried a convenient branding iron, and if an unbranded calf (in the cattle country called a maverick) was picked up, it soon had the brand of the Texas herd emblazoned on its hip or side, and it thereafter belonged to the immigrant band and was lost to its real owner. While I never had trouble keeping our cattle separated from the migratory herds, many settlers had wild rides and wars of words, sometimes verging upon personal conflict, to recover their own. This method of increasing the trail herds was so common and so well known that eternal vigilance was adopted as the price of safety. The practice is well illustrated by the following story.

The Texas steer was a wild and restless animal, nervous and constantly on the alert, ever fearful of an approaching enemy. The appearance of any strange object—a man on foot, the howl of a wolf, the screech of a bird, a sudden clap of thunder, even the shadow of a passing cloud—would fill him with terror and he would bound away with the speed of an antelope, and with him the whole herd would stampede and rush over the prairies with the irresistible force of a cyclone, destroying everything in the course of the moving mass, devastating fields of grain, breaking down fences, trampling out every vestige of grass, filling deep ravines with their own bodies, from which life was crushed, to bridge the gully over which the succeeding herds passed in safety.

I once saw a trail made by a stampede beginning eight miles north of our home, near the farm of William Hooper, and going east in an almost straight line for eight or ten miles. There was not a vestige of vegetation or a fence left in the whole course of the stampede, which occurred in a heavy rainstorm accompanied by vivid lightning and terrific thunder. The earth was trampled into a mud mush.

A stampede taxed the courage, endurance and skill of the cowboys. They rode like the wind with the leaders of the herd in an effort to turn them and cause them to run in a circle until they became wearied or quieted and would finally lie down. The accomplishment of this object is fraught with danger. If the steed of the rider could not keep ahead of the mass, if he fell, or the rider was thrown, death was inevitable. Sometimes the herd was turned by shooting ahead of the terrorized brutes, or even killing the leaders; but the human voice is the most soothing influence to stop the stampede, and once the herd was turned, above the rush and roar of the running animals and the crashing of horns the voices of the herders could be heard singing, "Nearer, My God, To Thee," "Home Sweet Home," or some kindred melody. But all this has long since passed. It is now only dimly recorded in the book of memory, and perhaps few will believe that it was ever a living reality.

In the peace and prosperity of passing years the pioneers built new and larger homes and lived in comfort, if not in luxury. Their cellars, fruit cupboards, their smokehouses, eaves and granaries became storehouses of abundance. I often marvel at the knowledge and skill they possessed. They made their own butter and cheese, killed and cured their own pork and beef; they mended their own harness; half-soled their own shoes, and made the wooden pegs and waxed-end thread, with hog bristle points to do it with. They scored and hewed the logs to build their cabins, and sawed the lumber and made the shingles for their buildings; they made flails, mauls, axe handles, wagon tongues; made wagon spokes and put them in, set wagon tires, made their ox yokes and bent the bows without splitting the wood. They built churches and schoolhouses, educated their children, made laws and constitutions, and made Kansas a great state. ●

(Reprinted from Kansas Historical Collection, Volume XV, through the courtesy of the Kansas Historical Society.)

SAMMIE BROWN'S STRANGE RIDE

(Continued from page 8)

whose tracks were seen in the vicinity of the fort."

Brown's father had been appointed a special agent of the Interior Department to collect the Minnesota Sioux and assemble them at Fort Rice to meet with United States peace commissioners. He had dispatched some trustworthy Indians to the north to negotiate with the still hostile bands in that area. And the moccasin tracks at the place "where they cut bows" were these same peace messengers.

Brown's situation was now impossible. If the cavalry hit these friendly Indians the entire territory would again explode in a repeat of the Mankato bloodbath. Now it was his embarrassing task to ride back over the same route he had taken to cancel the alarm.

Without rest, stopping only long enough to saddle a fresh horse, he headed back toward Wadsworth.

"There was no moon or stars to be seen. The North Star which had guided me on the way over, was now completely hidden, and I was with nothing on which to chart my course except flashes of lightning."

A storm was on the way and despite furious riding, it caught Sammie Brown in the open. Rain, driven by a howling wind and punctuated by blinding flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder, soon followed by sleet, hail, and finally snow, nearly did the hardy scout in.

As Brown put it, "Death stared me in the face. The roar of the storm, the inky

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blackness of the night and the thought of being lost or frozen or waylaid or scalped and being given a sepulchre as the wolves give, all combined to terrify me. But in spite of it all, I managed to keep the wind at my back and pushed on."

Slush, mud, and flooded creeks made the going an agony. Twice the tough little pony went down, throwing Brown into icy water.

"Fortunately for me my hair lariat, one end of which was fastened to the bridle bit and the other tucked under my belt, prevented the pony from getting away."

At one point he came upon a lake surrounded by thick masses of tall reeds and rushes. The storm had reached such fierceness that he decided to crawl into the rushes and wait out the storm.

As he pulled his horse to a halt he thought, "Some war party passing along might have already taken refuge there, and acting upon the maxim that 'discretion is the better part of valor' I struck the pony with my rawhide whip and went flying past the reeds and on over the prairie at a rate that would have put a Giplin, a Sheridan, or a Rankin to the blush."

Soon Brown's clothes began to freeze from the sleet and his two spills into the icy water of flooded creeks. His situation was rapidly reaching a point of desperation when he struck the edge of the Coteau Hills west of the fort. Ascending the chain of hills, he found the fury of the storm to be greater than ever, but the snow was lighter and the air had cleared, making breathing much easier.

Soon familiar landmarks could be seen in the distance.

"Away to the northwest and about a mile distant is the ravine or coulee where Lieut. Thomas Thompson of the 2d Minnesota Cavalry, with a detachment of 15 or 20 soldiers and a dozen scouts and myself, camped of a night the spring before, after wandering about on the prairie all day in search of Indians.

"There just to the southeast, and about five miles away, is the butte, or high peak overlooking the James River flats, and called the Hawks' Nest or Buzzards' Roost."

Brown could also see a place on the flats about three miles away where General Corse and his staff from the St. Paul District Headquarters, along with a number of soldiers from Wadsworth, had come on a herd of 30,000 buffalo the fall before.

A young officer on the general's staff had become so excited that he shot his horse in the back of the head with his revolver.

On the same hunt Brown was chased three miles into camp by a wounded and maddened buffalo. A fellow scout shot the animal.

The shivering scout suddenly realized that the landmarks put him about 25 miles from the fort. "The wind having shifted from the west to the northwest or north, I had without knowing it changed my own course accordingly."

The wind had again grown so fierce that Brown found it almost impossible to face, and he couldn't help but cringe at the thought of the long ride ahead.

The wooded ravines and draws beckoned invitingly as a haven against the storm but he dared not take advantage of them because of war parties that might be lurking in the underbrush. He spurred his horse and galloped on.

The little pony finally began to show the effects of battling the seemingly inhuman storm. Only considerable urging kept the tough little animal going. Finally in desperation and completely lost, Brown gave the pony its head and allowed him to pick his way up and down hills, across frozen creeks, around lakes, marshes and swamps, at an ever slowing jog.

Suddenly the military agency which he had left the evening before loomed out of the darkness.

"I proceeded directly to the agency building, or more properly speaking, being played out, the pony took me to it. Then I rode up to the stockade, which was built out of substantial oak posts or pickets 10 feet high, around the building, with portholes for musketry and bastions or blockhouses at the angles, for the purpose of defense in case of attack from Indians and dismounted, or rather rolled off the pony and fell in a heap on the ground, bereft of the use of my legs."

At the age of 21 Sam Brown had ridden 150 miles in one day. He was in time to stop the message that could have brought on fighting that would have stained the Dakota prairie with the blood of settlers massacred by the proud Sioux seeking revenge.

Sam Brown would also never again take a natural step. Permanently paralyzed from the freezing conditions he endured on his heroic ride, Sammie Brown lived nearly 60 years after his historic ride. He will always be remembered as the Paul Revere of the Dakotas. ●

STRANGE SAGA OF FORT CLARK

(Continued from page 43)

never stationed there according to war records, but did remain there long enough to hold court in a log cabin. Today that edifice is known as "the place where Lee held court." War Department records attest that Lee also attended courts-martial at nearby border forts, Brown and Ringgold. It is highly probable that he visited Fort Clark while leading raids from Camp Cooper which is known as "Lee's Home in Texas."

The physical description of the fort when completed was as follows according to the comprehensive files of Lee Myers, well known Western historian and writer of Carlsbad, New Mexico, who makes a specialty of thoroughly researching many of the old military installations west of the Mississippi. The description given herewith is that of the fort as it appeared in 1872 according to records of the War Department.

"Fort Clark was located at the head of Las Moras River, opposite the village of Brackettville, 30 miles north of Fort Duncan, Texas, and 17 miles from the Rio Grande, The fort was in 29°17 latitude north and 100°25 longitude west. The quarters accommodated two hundred men and were built of stone. There were seven sets of officers' quarters, four of stone and three of pickets with thatched roofs. Storehouses consisted of a two story building 31 x 56 feet, with the second story occupied as offices for the quartermaster and commissary and the storing of quartermaster supplies. The ground floor was used as a salesroom and for storing provisions. A stone building attached to the main storehouse, 14 x 132 feet, was divided into two rooms. One was 14 x 104 feet and was

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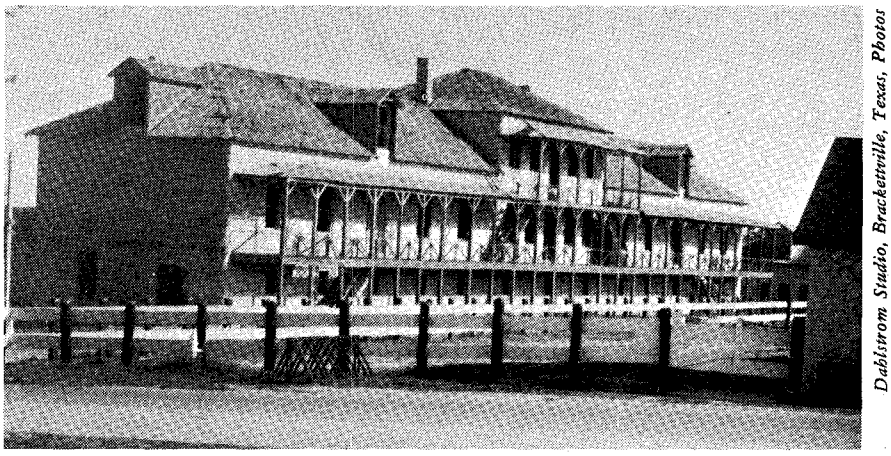

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The Quartermaster Building at Fort Clark, Texas.

used as a granary with a capacity of three thousand bushels. The other room was 14 x 28 feet and was used as a carpenter's shop. There was no mention of a hospital or guardhouse at that date. (The surgeon's report of 1870 describes a guardhouse as a stone building with four cells, guard room and prison room.)

(Also in the 1870 report mention is made of a hospital, so it is safe to assume that Fort Clark had both the above facilities.)

"The supply depots were located at San Antonio, Texas, 126 miles distant. A wagon road led to the fort, said road being open all year. Supplies were generally hauled by contract. The water was good since it came from La Moras Springs. All wood was supplied by contract. The site of the garrison was on land leased by the government. Fifty dollars monthly was paid for said land and the lease which was dated July 1, 1852 was to run for twenty years or until 1872.

"There was no arable land within the post limits except about two hundred acres in the bottom which could be irrigated but which was subject to overflow. These bottom lands were heavy with timber while mesquite brush grew on the highlands. There was an abundance of mesquite grass.

"Wild animals, namely black bears, panthers, wild cats, lynx, leopards, lions, gophers, red squirrels, racoons, pole cats, red deer and antelope were to be found in the region. Wild turkey, ducks, grouse and plover also abounded. The streams held an abundance of fish, trout, sunfish, bass, cat and buffalo."

WHEN the Civil War erupted and Texas allied with the Southern cause, Confederate troops took over Fort Clark. Five years later on December 12, 1866, Federal troops once more occupied the garrison.

The next year, 1867, saw great wagon caravans, some with as many as 300 mules, passing through Fort Clark from San Antonio to California, laden with freight. Fort Clark was the watering place for these trains and the town of Brackettville, opposite the fort, founded some time after the establishment of the post, swelled into a busy frontier city. Gamblers, merchants, buffalo hunters, teamsters and freighters made up the huge crowds which thronged the streets of the little border metropolis. Cattle rustlers, claim jumpers, outlaws and wanted men also hied themselves to Brackettville. In those days nearly every man wore a gun.

The Indians still raided the vicinity and the troopers of the garrison were detailed to protect the wagon trains from the red depredations. Both the savage Comanches and the Kickapoos harassed the area. The wily redskins would strike and then swiftly retreat across the Mexican border knowing that the soldiers could not cross in pursuit. In the year 1869, Major J. M. Brown with the 9th Cavalry succeeded in completely routing the Lipans from the lower Pecos.

Trackers and trailers were desperately needed by the troopers for scouting out the Indian raiders. Lieutenant (later General) John Bullis then began an experiment which proved highly successful. He enlisted Seminole Indians as scouts and trackers to follow the hostiles. These expert trackers could read signs in broken twigs, animal tracks or bent grass.

The story of why and how the Seminoles were used has its place in the history of Fort Clark. After the Seminole War the Indians had been removed from Florida to an Oklahoma reservation. With them were Seminole Negroes, who had been runaway slaves and who had taken refuge with the Indians in Florida. The Negroes lived in their own village, owned their own livestock and had their own leader. They gave an annual tribute of corn to the Indian chiefs but otherwise they were entirely free.

Life on the Oklahoma reservation was not to the liking of either the redmen or the Negroes. Many of the latter were kidnaped and taken back into slavery. In 1850 a great number of the Negroes and Indians moved to Mexico, the redmen under the command of Chief Coacoochee, (Wild Cat) and the Negroes under John Horse, who held the nickname, Gopher John.

From Mexico quite a few of the colored men and the red enlisted as scouts at Fort Duncan, located at Eagle Pass, Texas, also on the Rio Grande border. Then, in time, some transferred to Fort Clark, thirty miles distant and became scouts there. They did a fine job tracking down the raiders, for by the time the railroads came to the area, the depredations had ceased. The rails missed Brackettville entirely.

Many famous military figures were stationed at Fort Clark during its lifetime. Chaplain Cephas Batemen, who served there, had this to say, "To have 'served at Clark' was at one time nearly equivalent to honorable mention, for such an entry in one's record was a sure token that the individual had really been initiated into army life."

Chaplain Bateman also observed, "It was during a tour of inspection of Army posts, which included Fort Clark, that General Phil Sheridan is said to have professed a possible preference for the Inferno rather than Texas as a place of residence."

The chaplain put it rather mildly for Sheridan actually said, "If I owned both Texas and Hell, I'd rent out Texas and live in Hell."

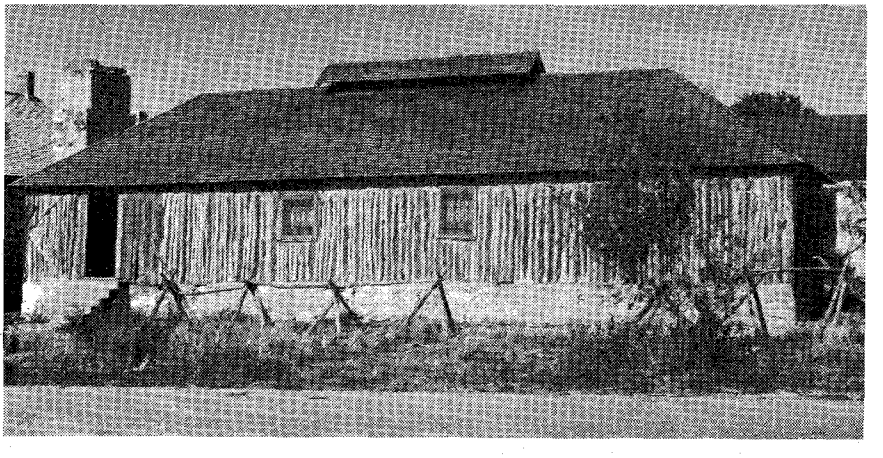
General George Patton of World War II fame was once a commander at Fort Clark. Jonathan Wainwright served there as a young lieutenant and then returned as post commander later. From Fort Clark he entered the Pacific Theater during World War II. He visited the old fort in 1951 and stayed at the same house where he lived as a commander.

IT WAS from Fort Clark that the famed Indian fighter General Ranald Mackenzie staged his best known raid. With his Fourth Cavalry he arrived at the border garrison in April of 1873, and made camp to await the removal of the Ninth Cavalry. While still in this temporary camp, Mackenzie learned that the Secretary of War and General Sheridan were en route to Fort Clark to consult with Wesley Merritt of the Ninth, on plans for a campaign to halt the marauding redskins.

Sheridan arrived, but the details of his consultation were not made known to the personnel of the post. However, a month after Mackenzie's arrival, orders were issued for the men of Fort Clark to "pack up" and get ready to move. For the weeks preceding the orders the Fourth Cavalry had undergone rigid training. Only one officer other than Mackenzie knew what was "in the wind" for the Fourth. That man was his acting adjutant, Captain Robert G. Carter.

In *On The Border With Mackenzie* Carter said the great Indian fighter had confided that he knew the identity of the

Robert E. Lee Headquarters at the famous fort.



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ndians who had committed a massacre at Howard's Wells in which a Ninth Cavalry officer was slain. Mackenzie had ascertained where the Indians lived across the Rio Grande. He informed Carter that he was preparing to lead an expedition against them, even across the border into Mexico. He promised Carter that he would punish the hostiles to such an extent that the raids would end.

Then Mackenzie decided that the time to strike was ripe. In great secrecy he led his troopers to the banks of the Rio Grande seventeen miles from the garrison. He then informed his officers that he was about to cross into Mexico, but he neglected to tell them that he was acting without the authority of the U.S. Government.

The night was clear, the moon a bright disk in the sky. Guided by their half-breed scouts, the troopers splashed across the muddy Rio Grande.

Soon it was seen that the pack mules were slowing the progress of the Cavalry. The packs were dropped and the soldiers carried their rations and ammunition in their blouses. The mules were then led along with the cavalry minus their heavy packs. The column continued on at a smart clip until they were fifty miles into the interior of Mexico. Then they reached Rey Molina and Mackenzie informed them that they were nearing their target, an Indian village. At the foot of a slope the troopers were able to see the crude huts of the rednen.

Mackenzie ordered the charge. Firing their guns and yelling, the troopers swooped down on the sleeping village. As each platoon shot the first round it swung to the rear of the other platoons in order to reload. The cavalry rode down the length of three Indian villages, shooting a heavy barrage as they thundered through.

The Indians were taken by complete surprise. The braves poured out of their huts, many half naked, screaming and running in a frenzied effort to escape the deadly fire of Mackenzie's raiders.

Then the villages were put to the torch and the Indians captured. Many bucks made their escape, but many were also taken prisoner along with the women and children.

Now that Mackenzie had struck the raiders in their homes it remained for him to lead his men safely out of Mexico. His scouts brought the news that both Indians and Mexicans were approaching the village. Mackenzie hastily mounted and gave orders for his troops to head for the Rio Grande. In five days the exhausted command was back at Fort Clark. The men had covered 160 miles in 32 hours of marching time. Many of the men had made the campaign by going as many as three nights without rest or sleep. En route home the troopers had been constantly plagued by the hostiles who kept on their heels. When the command had camped on the Rio Grande for necessary rest, Mackenzie had anticipated an assault at any moment but to his surprise he had not been molested.

Back at Fort Clark, Mackenzie, expecting a revenge raid from the Indians, had taken the precautions of doubling the guard and placing the women and children in a refuge. He had also stationed pickets around the entire garrison. But evidently the savages had a wholesome respect for the daring Mackenzie because the post was not attacked.

The Mexican Government was loud in its condemnation of Mackenzie's raid into the interior while the Texas Legislature was just as loud in its praise. But most important was the fact President U.S. Grant upheld his great Indian fighting general.

In the end the raid had exactly the results for which Mackenzie had hoped. The Mexican Government finally agreed to a reciprocal treaty whereby American and Mexican soldiers could cross the international boundary to pursue escaping criminals.

Fort Clark remained active until 1946 when it was deactivated and sold to private parties. These parties converted the old post into a resort now known as Fort Clark Guest Ranch. Employed by the ranch are some of the descendents of the Seminole scouts of the early days.

Even though the ranch has been modernized and "dudes" now parade the grounds, it is quite easy for the visitor to be whisked back into the last century and imagine Indians lurking in the woods and to see in the mind's eye the brave troopers drilling on the old parade ground. ●

MATTHIAS SPLITLOG'S SALTED MINE

(Continued from page 24)

suspect or believe that the white man could ever outwit him on a business deal. His money bought the services of educated men: bankers who kept an accurate count of his gold pieces stored in their vaults; lawyers with keenly trained minds to interpret the papers on which he placed his thumb mark; sons and grandsons educated in the white man's schools, who were always with him to read the fine print in any agreement. He was Splitlog, the Indian millionaire, elegant in his correct white linens and his good suits, tailored in Kansas City, and adorned with the heavy, gold watchchain he always wore.

After Bena met Splitlog and negotiations began for sale of the land and the mine, the big swindle almost flopped. Here were two emotional Frenchmen meeting as brothers. Splitlog had news of Canada for he was a great traveler; Bena had been away from his homeland for a long time. They sat over a bottle of wine and talked and talked and even sang together, a gay old *chanson* that had come down from the days of the *coeur de bois*. Bena looked at Clay reproachfully when, at last, the lawyer suggested that they talk business.

All the time, Splitlog fondled the ore samples on the table. Gold! It was a magic passport to everything he wanted; more power for himself, better living for his family and his tribe. He was then in his sixties, but he felt as young and vital as he had when he ran a fishing boat on Lake Michigan or swung an axe to clear his land claim in a Kansas forest.

However, he was cautious. The assay must be made; then he could tell these two new friends a secret that had been in his mind for a long time—he wanted to build a railroad!

Finally the day came when he told Alex to "make papers." From that moment, Splitlog's financial fate was sealed. With the glamorous vision of a mining empire blotting out reality, he plunged into developing a mining town and building a railroad.

THE SPLITLOG Land and Mining Company was organized in the winter of 1886; Splitlog was president and Clay, the

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business manager of this new operation.

Things began to move as reports of the assay claiming heavy deposits of gold and silver, spread over the countryside. A fever of excitement gripped the whole area. The town of Splitlog was laid out and a daily stageline began to operate between it and Neosho, some twenty miles distant. The roads were lined with white-topped wagons bearing the slogan "Bound for Splitlog."

The new company bought leases and hired miners. By the next year other mining companies were coming into the picture as men from St. Louis and Philadelphia and Kansas City sought to grab off part of this Ozark bonanza.

The plan for the railroad went on; the line eventually would be a part of the Kansas City Southern but for years would be known as "The Splitlog Line."

Neosho residents in a dramatic town meeting raised forty thousand dollars to have the railroad routed through their town. As the towers of the courthouse sprang into brilliant light against the dark skies, anvils boomed and the whole town went mad. The new railroad was going to link Neosho with the gold field where Splitlog was building a town.

Stories of citizens carrying gold nuggets from the mine were carried in local papers and in view of what happened later, they probably were instigated by the wily Clay. Editorials were glowing concerning the future of southeast Missouri and Matthias Splitlog was the unsung hero. Clay was taking the bows for the promotion, Splitlog Indian-like was not talking, just providing the money.

The new town buzzed with activity. It had a sawmill, a blacksmith shop, wagon yards, a post office, a depot waiting for the train that would come, and a newspaper. It even had a telephone.

The most luxurious building was the Splitlog Hotel, a 22-room structure with double walls where gold could be hidden. The hotel was a scene of backwoods' refinement and gay living. Curious country girls now walked by to see the city "drummers" and to hope secretly that they might be invited to some of the gay parties. One room of the hotel was reserved in which to pile the silver that was brought by the wagonload—silver to meet the payroll of Splitlog's workers.

Meanwhile, the railroad inched across the hills into Neosho but it was two more years before it reached Splitlog City. During this time Clay and Splitlog had parted company. Splitlog had gone into court to try to recover some of the money he now believed he had been swindled out of by Clay.

REMEMBER
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ON AN October day when the blue haze of autumn hung over the Ozark hills, the little railroad finally reached Splitlog City. The first train, a two-car passenger pulled by a high stepping little teakettle engine that belched its smoke importantly across the horizon, puffed into town carrying notables of the countryside. A band which Splitlog had organized was playing as the old man drove the silver spike that signified the completion of the Splitlog line.

He promised the cheering throng, "I go on. I make Splitlog and Cayuga biggest towns in the Ozarks."

But bad news was just around the corner. The crew began clearing a roadbed southwest toward Indian Territory. Engineers were drawing plans for a bridge to span the Cowskin River, almost in sight of Cayuga. Then the bubble burst!

Splitlog was told that the mine had failed to live up to its first rich promise. He would not believe that his friends, Clay and Bena, had actually shot the gold ore into the rocky ledges of the mine or that all the money he had poured into the venture was lost.

It was a bitter, confusing time. During the next few months one of his sons, Joseph, died mysteriously, murdered some say. Eighty thousand dollars of his railroad stock disappeared and since one of his lawyers had absconded to Canada with several thousand dollars of Splitlog's cash, it was assumed the bonds had also gone with him.

Clay, who was later sentenced to prison for his part in the Splitlog swindle, is said to have avoided serving any time and thus escaped punishment. In addition to the mine deception, Clay had forged the name of Splitlog and his wife to a power of attorney, authorizing him to sell some c their land near Kansas City. Under thi power the lawyer had conveyed two tract of the land to railroad companies.

The newspapers of the day were not to concerned that the old Indian had bee fleeced of his money. Under the headin "Kansas Plumage" the Wichita (Kan. *Eagle* quipped in its edition of June 26 1887: "Matthias Splitlog of Wyandotte the wealthiest Indian in the United State was swindled out of $140,000.00 in lan and money recently by Moses W. Clay Mr. Splitlog still has $864,000 left and wil not be reduced to want."

On top of all this crushing disappoint ment the old man was dealt a heart blow His beloved wife was dying and the church he had been building to please her was no finished. In 1894, the huge bell importe from Belgium, which had just been place in the tower, began to toll its mournfu message across the Cayuga hills. Eliz Splitlog was dead.

The following spring Splitlog tried t resume work on the church but the old man's heart was breaking with sorrow fo the loss of his wife and because of the betrayal by people he trusted.

In December, 1896, he was called t represent the Seneca tribe in Washington By the time he reached the Capitol he wa ill with pneumonia. He died in January 1897

Once again the bell tolled and Fathe Edward, the priest who was stationed i the Quapaw Nation, came across the prairie and over the rivers to sing the Requiem Mass.

The passing of Splitlog meant the pass ing of Cayuga Springs although this did no happen immediately. It was believed he had hidden two large suitcases of gold shortly before his death. For a while it was thought he might have put it in the cornerstone of the church. Some of his family believed it might have been hidden in a Canadian bank, but it was never found.

Today only the old church keeps its lonely vigil on a little-used road, where old Cayuga used to stand. It broods over the countryside, and is an object of interest to all who pass by and visit its little cemetery, and wonder where Splitlog, mysterious to the last, hid the gold he managed to salvage from the Ozark mining boom. ●

THE MAIL POUCH

(Continued from page 6)

DEFENDS CUSTER

Gentlemen:

In your March 1965 issue there appeared in the letters to the editor section a very fine letter by Ralph Von Kuster of Silver City, New Mexico in defense of Sitting Bull. This very excellently composed letter, in answer to Mr. Edward Burke's account of Major James McLaughlin as agent at Standing Rock, was probably written during the heat of the moment and consequently contained a very glaring historical inaccuracy.

Mr. Von Kuster writes, "Sitting Bull had made a haughty general eat his words and for this brash act he must be brought to heel. Being an egotist, Custer was inclined to brag and had said that with eighty good men he could ride through the entire Sioux Nation."

George Custer never made that remark. The remark "with fifty men I could ride through the whole Sioux Nation" was made by Captain William Fetterman in 1866, ten years before the Custer defeat on the Little Big Horn. Captain Fetterman had requested fifty men to lead an expedition to strike the Sioux camps along the Tongue River and Colonel Carrington refused his request. Later pulling rank on Captain James Powell, Captain Fetterman with 79 men went to the relief of the wood train near Fort Phil Kearney under the following written orders which were also repeated verbally. "Relieve the wood train. Under no circumstances pursue the Indians beyond Lodge Trail Ridge." The rest is history and is known as the "Fetterman Massacre."

May I congratulate Mr. Von Kuster on his defense of Sitting Bull.

Very truly yours,
Willard K. Baker
Tucson, Arizona

Mr. Baker has requested that we do not print his street address, but letters addressed to him sent to this magazine wil be forwarded to him.

MORE ON VIGILANTES

Gentlemen:

I picked up a copy of THE WEST mag azine from the newsstands, the April 196 issue, and I was very much interested i the article, "Vigilante Justice on th Prairies," by C. N. Offen. I am not sur that the date of the election, November 10 1870 is correct. I was a youngster at th turn of the century and I remember hear ing my parents talking about this event I believe, but can't be sure, this all hap pened at a later date.

Augusta was county seat in 1870, th first county seat. In that year my mothe was only ten and she remembered the nigh in 1870 when some men from Eldorad came over to Augusta with a wagon and span of oxen and stole the courthouse. (I was only a one room shack.) They tool it to El Dorado. The next night the me from Augusta went to El Dorado to get i

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back. The El Dorado men were waiting with guns for them. The Augusta men backed down and nobody was hurt. My grandfather was in the group of men from Augusta and I have heard him tell of those exciting times.

Despite the removal of the one room courthouse to El Dorado, Augusta remained the county seat until the election. The Augusta men countered the theft of the courthouse by providing another building to serve that purpose. The county seat fight continued until the election. The information about the ring of horse thieves is all correct.

You have a swell magazine.

Yours truly,
Clarence Esley
36 Oak Knoll Loop
Walnut Creek, California

FROM A WESTERNER

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading the last issue of your magazine. The stories are an excellent means to spend what spare time I have to enjoy. The pictures are beyond compare. Never have I read a better magazine. My congratulations to you along with the subscription enclosed.

I am from the West and have visited most of the places in Nevada which you write about. My father had an uncle, Jim Potter, who also was a teamster in Nevada. How about an article about St. Thomas beneath Lake Mead (behind Hoover Dam)?

Again, I say thank you for your articles.

Sincerely yours,
Charles H. Trevort
HQ &HQ CO. USATSCH
Ft. Eustis, Va. 23604

GRAT DALTON

Dear Editor:

In your December, 1964 issue, Vol. 2, No. 1, your article "Grat Dalton's Fatal Looking Glass," you stated Bill Dalton lived in California in the year 1891 yet in another Western magazine Bill Dalton is riding horseback in an escape from Selph's Liberty Barn in 1893 getting the horse shot from under him by U.S. Marshal Shadley, then killing the same marshal. Eyewitnesses still living can verify this. Can you clear this matter up for me.

Yours truly,
Harold Monkress
Route 1, 75766
Jacksonville, Texas

There seems to be no great discrepancy in dates here.

BOUNDARIES OF THE WEST

Dear Sir:

I think of the Old West as beginning at the Mississippi River.

Those pioneers who followed Daniel Boone to Kentucky and on across the Mississippi into Missouri stopped, for a time, the big westward movement, when they reached the place where the Big Muddy swings north.

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They thought of the land beyond Westport, Leavenworth and Sioux City as the jumping off place into the Wild West where life was hazardous and only for adventurers.

The Wild West they thought of was the Old West we think of today. It is the Great Plains country, the Rocky Mountains and beyond.

It was here at these jumping off places that the prairie schooners left the security of the settlement for uncertain journeys. It was the beginning of the Santa Fe and other western trails. It was where the river boats left for the Northwest. It was where the mountain men and the freighters outfitted for the Old West. It was where the railroads had stopped and where they began when they opened up the Wild West.

It was beyond the Missouri where the big cattle ranches began and the cattle drives ended.

It was where Indians and buffalo made their last stand.

Yours,
Victor W. Miller
Box 156
Cotopaxi, Colorado

A MUSTANG BREED

Dear Sirs:

The article "Mustang" printed in the ARAB HORSE JOURNAL under my name may be an answer to a letter to THE WEST, issue April 1965, from Mrs. M. Jordan of Scottsdale, Arizona regarding mustangs.

I was born in 1899 on a ranch near Chivington in eastern Colorado. Through my youth, eastern Colorado was still a great cattle country before the days of the plow and dust storms. Here I associated with mustangs and the men who knew them best, the old-time cowboys.

The accompanying photo was taken in 1903. I knew the rider but I did not know that particular horse. However the horse is representative of the average mustang of that day. Not one of the best, but he shows somewhat the type. Notice the head. I'm sure his ears must have been crimped inward at the tips. Other features also show mustang.

I did not know until after I wrote this article that a movement was underway to establish a mustang breed. A worthy project indeed. I believe a breed of "using" horse can be developed which may well make the people of the horse world sit up and take notice. But great care must be taken in introducing any *common* blood into this new breed. The mustang was an *uncommon* horse.

Sincerely,
Chet Dawson
Box 51
Yarnell, Arizona

EARLY DAYS WITH INDIANS

Gentlemen:

A neighbor gave me the February copy of THE WEST and I enclose a check for $4.00 to pay for a year's subscription.

The magazine takes me back to my boyhood days when this part of Nebraska was still wild. I am 78 years old and can remember when there were more Indians than white people around here.

The folks never had any trouble with them and some of them were always camping here. One morning, when I was a small boy, I was drying the dishes for my mother and one of Yellow Horse's squaws came in and saw what I was doing.

She gave a disgusted grunt, jerked the dish towel out of my hands and finished the dishes herself. I have liked Indians ever since then.

My father freighted through here from Lincoln to Rapid City, during the 70's, and thought no one would ever be foolish enough to try farming here. He settled here in 1880 and started raising cattle and horses. The country was soon thickly plastered with homesteaders but most of them soon were starved out and left.

Your respectfully,
James E. Deming
Stuart, Nebraska 68780

EARP AND THE HOY SHOOTING

Dear Milt:

One of the many arguments about Wyatt Earp that goes on and on and is never settled is whether or not he fired the shot that hit the cowboy, George Hoy, who later died. From the newspaper account taken from the July 26, 1878 issue of the Dodge City *Times*, the citizens of Dodge City must have been equally confused about who fired that shot.

"Yesterday morning about 3 o'clock this peaceful suburban city was thrown into unusual excitement, and the turmoil was all caused by a cantankerous cowboy who started the mischief by a too free use of his little revolver.

"In Dodge City, after dark, the report of a revolver generally means business and is an indication that somebody is on the warpath, therefore when the noise of this shooting and the yells of excited voices rang out on the midnight breeze, the sleeping community awoke from slumber, listened awhile to the click of the revolver, wondered who was shot this time, and then went to sleep again. But in the morning many dreaded to hear the result of the war lest it should be a story of bloodshed and carnage, or of death to some familiar friend. But in this instance there was an abundance of noise and smoke, with no very terrible results.

"It seems that three or four herders were paying their respects to the city and its institutions, and as is usually their custom, remained until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when they intended to return to their camps. They buckled on their revolvers, which they were not allowed to wear around town, and mounted their horses, when all at once one of them conceived the idea that to finish the night's revelry and give the natives due warning of his departure, he must do some shooting, and forthwith he commenced to bang away, one of the bullets whizzing into a dance hall near by, causing no little commotion among the participants in the "dreamy waltz" and quadrille. Policemen Earp and (James) Masterson made a raid on the shootist who gave them two or three volleys, but fortunately without effect. The policemen returned the fire and followed the herders with the intention of arresting them. The firing then became general, and some rooster who did not exactly understand the situation, perched himself in the window of the dance hall and indulged in a promiscuous shoot all by himself. The herders rode across the bridge followed by the officers. A few yards from the bridge one of the herders fell from his horse from weakness caused by a wound in the arm which he had received during the fracas. The other herder made good his escape. The wounded man was properly cared for and his wound, which proved to be a bad one, was dressed by Dr. (T.L.) McCarty. His name is George Hoy, and he is rather an intelligent looking young man."

Hoy died about a month later, August 21st, of blood poisoning from the wound in his arm. If you can figure out from this newspaper account who fired that fatal shot, you have to be something of a Houdini. One wonders where the pro-Earp buffs get their information to make Earp a hero out of this killing and where the anti-Earp school gets its information to blast Earp. It just doesn't make sense.

Keep up the good work with THE WEST.

E. Burkman
Route 2, Pickering Road
Phoenville, Pa.

MOMAN PRUIETT, GENIUS OF HATE

(Continued from page 31)

and signed my name to it. That idiot thought it was me and voted an acquittal. I'll have you arrested for jury tampering."

"Now just simmer down, Sam," Moman said, offering him a drink. "You're just mad because you got outsmarted. You got a couple of sure-things on the jury and now when I've tricked them, you're gonna do all sorts of things. Forget it."

"Yep, Moman. You're right. But how-in-hell did you ever get that old cuss Tom Adkins to vote acquittal right from the first?"

"Remember that doll old Tom has been sparking?" Moman asked. "She's Ashton's half-sister and she'd do most anything to help out. She did most anything, and she did help out."

SAM GARVIN'S grudging admiration was matched by that of almost everyone else in the Territory, and Pruiett's fees for murder cases were in the four figure class thereafter. But Pruiett never turned away anyone charged with murder. If they had no money, he defended them for nothing. There were no variations from that rule.

Pruiett successfully defended Jeff Adkins and received $3,000. That same night, he met Red Fox, who could make a deck of cards sit and spit apple juice, and Pruiett lost heavily.

Liquor temporarily spelled his fantastic gambling losses but both instilled a guilty feeling. His only relief came when he was able to do something for a poor client,

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thus proving perhaps that he wasn't entirely worthless. He was as likely to fly apart as quicksilver whenever he was reminded of his prison record. A disgruntled officer snarled, after an acquittal, that Pruiett was the crook that ought to be in jail.

"You're nothing but an ex-con, Pruiett."

Moman Pruiett fired point blank at the officer, Jim Croter, but only nicked his arm. Sam Garvin got him away.

"Stop this drinking and this nonsense, Moman," Garvin counseled him. "You're killing yourself and you're likely to kill someone else."

Pruiett, heading for disaster, began to believe that he had prescience, indicated by noises in his head. Once he had a feeling that something was wrong at Paul's Valley and left a case to go home. He found his son near death with diphtheria. Shortly thereafter his wife also died.

With the sad duties concluded, he closed his office and disappeared for more than a month. He never said where he spent the time but there was no doubt that he had been punishing himself, from his appearance upon return. But he soon married his secretary, Leda Sniggs, and reentered the maelstrom of murder and mayhem.

Civilization gradually mellowed the Territory, which in time became a state. Moman Pruiett, too, seemed to be quieting down. He moved to Oklahoma City and announced that he would no longer handle criminal cases but would specialize in corporation law. But Pruiett found he couldn't hate a corporation. He needed an outlet for his inner violence which always needed nourishing. Civil law just didn't satisfy him. It took a sensational case to unleash again his special talents.

The Rudolph Tegler murder case had caused a furor in the Southwest. According to the indictment, Tegler had murdered Jim Meadows, a Pioneer Telephone Company official. There was even an official confession to prove it. In a saner moment, Tegler repudiated the statement but two juries had believed he was guilty. Through judicial error the higher courts had twice set aside the verdicts and ordered new trials. The third time seemed decisive.

Moman Pruiett resisted taking Tegler's defense for the third trial right up to the time when the family offered him a $10,000 retainer. Though it was now the Twentieth Century, Pruiett proceeded on the theory that juries could still be confused and befuddled just the same as when the West was young. He was right. His legal pyrotechnics worked, with Tegler being set free.

Once back in the fray, murder cases followed in rapid succession and Pruiett startled the legal world with a new gimmick. It originated in the trial of Patrolman G. S. Crow, who had won an argument with a bookie to whom he owed a large sum of money by simply firing five bullets into the chest of Nick Kaufman—while Kaufman was confined in a jail cell.

Since there was no known defense for such antics, it took some doing on Pruiett's part to devise a dodge which would spring his client. Carefully he laid the legal groundwork for the emotional mental stress felt by his client when he realized his career, social standing and everything else was in the hands of this wretched (but jailed) gambler.

"He was impelled by hysterical insanity to kill this man," Pruiett announced dramatically. "He was mentally ill and therefore not responsible for his actions."

Since there was a reasonable doubt, the jurors had no choice but to acquit Pruiett's client. There was doubt indeed. No one had ever heard of hysterical insanity before but this novel plea was the forerunner of many pleas of mental aberrations which are offered in modern courtrooms.

MOMAN PRUIETT returned to his fine, panelled office. Now he drank his liquor from a glass, even pouring drinks from a cut glass decanter. His clothes matched the new decor; they were tailored. Patent leather shoes had replaced the boots of the frontier days. There was even a newfangled typewriter to use in preparing briefs, letters and things.

Everything seemed changed, Pruiett reflected. Everything except human nature. His reveries were interrupted when his phone rang. It was a long distance call from Fayetteville, Arkansas. Such a call in those days, all the way to Oklahoma City, meant something important.

"Pruiett, this is Red Fox . . ."

Pruiett bristled when he heard the voice and recalled the $3,000 for which he had been clipped by this man.

"Remember me?" the voice, crusted with fear, asked.

"Remember? Remember? I should!" Pruiett yelled. "You owe me $3,000 you double-dealing dog. I don't know what they got you for but hanging is too good. . . ."

"Murder! Murder!" Red Fox knew those words would stop Pruiett before he could cut him off. "They've got me for murder and they'll hang me sure as hell if you don't do something."

Red Fox knew Pruiett well. The lawyer arranged to come to Fayetteville, even though he hated the man he was going to defend. It was almost with grim satisfaction that Pruiett found Red Fox almost helplessly enmeshed in a crime from which there seemed no escape.

Red Fox and Gus Sartin had robbed a respected old southern lady, Carrie Winklman, then wantonly murdered her. Part of the $20,000 loot was found on Red Fox, the rest on his partner. But Sartin had escaped punishment by hanging himself in a jail cell.

"It'll cost you $8,000 to have me represent you," Pruiett said after talking with the murderer. "My fee is $5,000 and the rest is the $3,000 you stole from me."

Red Fox winced at the amount, but he realized there was no choice. He scribbled a note to a man who paid Pruiett—probably from the money Red Fox had stolen from the murdered woman.

The Winklman family was just as determined that Red Fox would pay for his crime, as Pruiett was determined that he would escape punishment. He was faced by the best lawyers from both Arkansas and Texas.

In a way, Moman Pruiett savored the situation. It was here that he had grown up, a waif of the streets, and had first been sent to jail. He had been mistreated by some of the august lawyers who now faced him as equals, and though they didn't know it, two members of the jury had been connected with his childhood. It was indeed ironic.

The evidence against Red Fox was monumental and conclusive. Pruiett paraded witnesses across the stage to prove that Red Fox had been far away when the crime was committed but even the great Pruiett could see that he was fighting a losing battle this time. A legal miracle was still possible and two men on the jury seemed the key. Pruiett had to be secretive so the opposing legal talent could not torpedo his attempts.

One of his opponents unwittingly provided the perfect opportunity. Enoch Fagan, a red haired special prosecutor, couldn't resist taunting Moman Pruiett.

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Pruiett was slumped in his chair when a shaft of sunlight ignited a facet of his diamond ring. Fagan indicated the valuable gem.

"Look at that diamond ring, will you?" he told the jurors. "It should be a bloodstone. It was bought with the blood money of victims and given to Moman Pruiett to save murdering necks from being stretched."

He continued to berate Pruiett, pointing up what a bloated, rich lawyer he was.

"Thank him, you murdering lout," Pruiett whispered to Red Fox. "That man has just saved your life."

When the summation was presented, Pruiett spent only brief moments reviewing the evidence before answering Fagan's personal attack on his character. He began by relating that he had lived in this very town, Fayetteville, and had worked incredibly long hours simply to survive.

"Objection, your honor," Fagan yelled, when Pruiett began the personal recital of his hard times.

"Over-ruled," the judge thundered. "This comment would have never been admissible if you hadn't taken it upon yourself to heap such abuse and calumny upon Mr. Pruiett. He now has the right to answer. You opened the door."

Pruiett first centered his remarks on one juror, elderly F. L. Van Zant. Pruiett recalled the days when he was a street gamin and shined shoes to help his family. Once, Pruiett remarked, he had shined the shoes of Mr. Van Zant and the brush had slipped and blackened the socks of his customer. Angered, Van Zant had slugged the boy, who was taken to a doctor for emergency treatment.

That night there was a crisis and there was some question of the lad's survival. Now the man who had inflicted that wound sat on the jury. Van Zant listened with moistening eyes.

Satisfied that he had won that man, Pruiett then turned to another.

"Noah Stockburger, you surely know what honest work is. You must remember when a little boy came to help you with your cattle, working long hours to help save your farm. I was that little boy. . . ."

Moman Pruiett continued relating his childhood experiences with these men and all of the jury members were visibly moved.

"I call these matters to your attention to show the value of Mr. Fagan's judgment. Anything I have, I earned. You know that. Are you going to believe me or someone who has such a low opinion of honest people working for a living?"

There was little question as to the outcome of the verdict. Red Fox was immediately acquitted on the strength of Pruiett's boyhood experiences.

MOMAN PRUIETT'S ability became a legend. He was the subject of many feature stories and magazine articles, one telling how he freed four murderers in one week. Along with his popularity, Pruiett's fees also soared to astronomical heights.

Perhaps one of his largest was $50,000 extracted from George Hopkins, who stood accused of murdering his father in Lawton, Oklahoma. The fee represented money and property willed the suspect by his father. Another barrister objected to such an outrageous fee for defense.

"If he's convicted the money isn't worth a damn to him," Pruiett observed. "If he's acquitted, he can make more. Besides, no killer should be allowed to profit from his crime."

Hopkins was acquitted, ostensibly because his lawyer arranged to have his name forged on a hotel register for the night of the crime. Hopkins had been so blatantly guilty that a mob charged the courthouse when the innocent verdict was read. Pruiett and client escaped through a coal chute.

Moman Pruiett became such a one man scourge to justice that an organization called The League of Law and Order was formed to offset his influence and scuttle his efforts. But even these aroused citizens were bested when Pruiett went to great lengths to publicize their efforts to destroy his effectiveness as a defender of the poor and distressed.

Moman Pruiett's fame had its penalties. It cost him a large fee in one case.

Near Ada, Oklahoma, old Gus Bobbit, former U.S. Marshal, turned cattleman, was having trouble with Jess West and Joe Allen, two cattlemen of dubious reputation. Jess West and Allen, assisted by a cowboy, B. B. Burrell, and a paid killer, Lee Miller, bushwhacked old Gus in a canyon near his home and killed him. Rage in the county rose to a high pitch against West and his companions when it was learned old Gus wasn't armed.

West and Allen were arrested and two days later Miller and Burrell were picked up in Fort Worth, Texas, and taken back to Ada to stand trial for murder. West sent a frantic call to Moman Pruiett to defend him. He made the mistake of sending the message to Pruiett via the local telegraph office. The telegraph operator, a friend of Gus Bobbit, gave out the news of West's wire to Pruiett and Pruiett's answer that he would be in Ada the next day to arrange for West's and his companions' defense.

The citizens of Ada and the county had no intention of letting Pruiett use his courtroom tricks to free West and his fellow killers. The next morning when Moman Pruiett arrived in Ada, ready to collect his juicy fee in advance, the sheriff told him his clients were not in the jail but he would take him to them. The sheriff took Pruiett to an old barn where his four clients were dangling at the end of a rope, dead many hours.

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That was one fee Pruiett never collected.

Pruiett, though flamboyant and capable of twisting the law into a pretzel if that would serve his client, was responsible for a number of precedents which still stand today. Though it was not a sensational trial when viewed in the light of many Pruiett triumphs, his handling of blind Senator Thomas P. Gore's defense in a blackmail trial is still cited as a model of conduct in trial procedure, even though it took place back in 1913.

Pruiett couldn't begin to handle all of the cases where his assistance was requested. Even his office staff was overwhelmed. Volumes cite his activities. At times Pruiett was so continuously occupied that checks amounting to thousands were not even cashed. They were carelessly stuck in desk receptacles until some one thought of them and took them to the bank. But Pruiett didn't stint himself, nor his family. They resided in a handsome mansion. He was first to buy a horseless carriage and by 1913 owned the most gaudy and expensive Cadillac in Oklahoma, with a liveried chauffeur to wheel him about from court to bootlegger to court to bootlegger.

Moman Pruiett never lost his love of fine clothing and his dedication to gambling and booze was equally constant.

THOUGH IT would have seemed that he had outgrown, outlived and outworked the Trail of the Serpent, it coiled about him again when he decided to enter politics. Naturally, his opponents used his prison record against him. While Pruiett had never denied it, over the years he had forgotten the pain of the humiliation. He now turned away from public life, seeking solace in the jug. His resentment nurtured on alcohol and now it flared again into uncontrollable revulsion and hatred against the world. He was seldom without a drink, save when courtroom hours demanded sobriety. He was viciously ruthless with juries and courts, and as a measure of his contempt, Pruiett hinted rather broadly that judges and juries were bribed to assure his run of unequalled victories.

His disintegration crept slowly but surely upon him. He drank more and he drank alone, rejecting companionship. His chauffeur was then ordered to drive him aimlessly about the city until Pruiett passed out.

It was on a Thursday, July 21, 1919, when the end appeared over the horizon. Pruiett had been drunk since the first of the week and had finally wandered into Joe Patterson's place, a deadfall at 615 First Street. Exactly what happened there has never been candidly explained.

There were pistol shots and Moman Pruiett was found with a gun in his hand, babbling drunkenly:

"I shot 'im. I killed that ——."

Editors dusted off their largest type when they printed: MOMAN PRUIETT HELD FOR MURDER. It made every newspaper in the United States, and many journals in other countries. There was a coroner's inquiry and Pruiett, now sober and canny, represented himself. He claimed self-defense though there was only one weapon, *and he was freed.*

That adventure had taken its toll, however. Pruiett seemed to have left his spirit behind and the end of his fantastic career was in sight.

He was presenting a case in court when his voice cracked. He was excused from the summation and a doctor examined him. Cancer. Pruiett's answer was liquor—lots of it—fifty cases.

He was going to tour the world while he drank himself to death. Neither goal was achieved. He didn't make it around the world and he didn't die of cancer. Determined to conclude his affairs, he was in Austin tying up some financial strings when he met a doctor he had defended many years before. The medico insisted upon examining his throat—and refuted the cancer diagnosis.

Pruiett, jubilant again, resumed his law practice and his usual way of living. He moved to Florida where he was involved in a few notable cases. One involved the KKK which he won by covertly joining the Klan to secure information.

Tiring of Florida he returned to his old haunts in the West. He opened an office in Oklahoma City. The hate that had anguished his personality for years finally began to take its final toll.

Sam Wilkerson and his wife were arrested for the murder of the pawnbroker, Isaac Heminway. Moman Pruiett represented Mrs. Wilkerson, but the old magic and spark were gone.

He pleaded with the jury not to send this daughter of Oklahoma to prison but his old trickery, his old amazing brilliance of mind and speech, were lacking. Mrs. Wilkerson was found guilty and got twenty years.

That was Moman Pruiett's last case. Despite all the vast sums he had earned as a lawyer, he was broke and destitute. A senile old man, dependent on welfare, he died in 1947. ●

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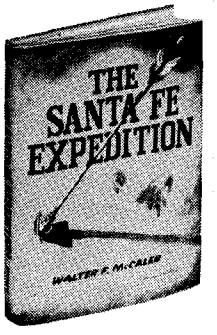

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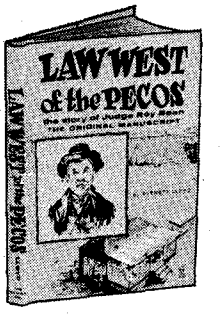

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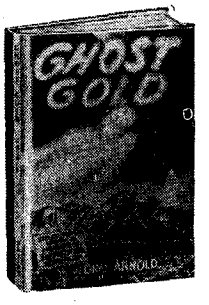

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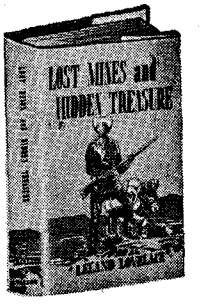

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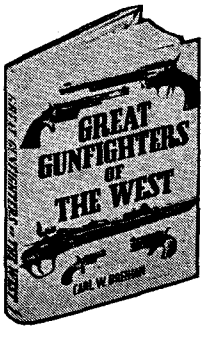

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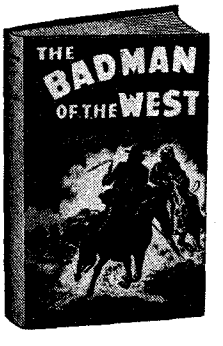

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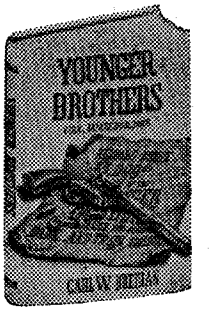

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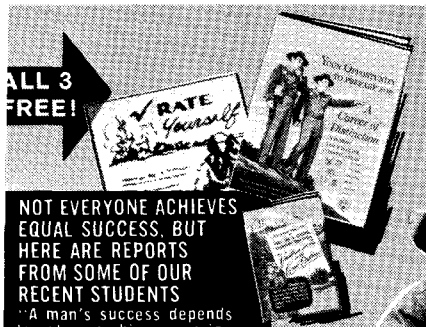

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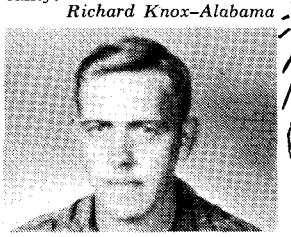

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